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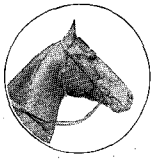
A HORSE-FAIR PILGRIMAGE

By E. S. Nadal



THERE is one peculiarity of natural scenery that I always associate with the agricultural fairs, which I am in the habit of attending in various parts of the country—the reason being that these fairs occur in the late summer and early autumn, when this peculiarity exists. I mean the mist which you see in the distance. A transparent veil of autumn haze dims the surrounding country, which seems to revive under it with the verdure of a deceptive spring-time, and lies upon the distant meadows with a touch infinitely soft. The mist is always there. The horses contend around the track, and the big, handsome bulls doze and chew the cud before the grand stand, while the judges walk round them; the parachute man goes up, and the trained elks plunge thirty feet into water, and the man and woman in tights and spangles perform on the trapeze. But still that mist dreams on, its blue, inward, musing eye resting upon some thought, remote from earth and human things.

Wherever I attend these fairs, whether in New England, Virginia, Kentucky, or the Western States, the mist surrounds me. One has a consciousness or half consciousness of it, as one watches from the grand stand the jogging of the horses round the track. It obscured the limits of the burnt-up country, suffering from a prolonged drought, during a visit to a State fair held not long ago at the capital of one of our Western States. The Western fair-grounds are, as a rule, more imposing than those of the East. The full-mile track looks generous and prosperous when compared to the half-mile tracks common in New England, although these again have an attraction of a different sort in their casual and informal character. The Western fair-grounds are kept in perfect condition, and have a smooth and clean appearance; the track itself, the fences, and outlying stables all suggesting an agreeable thrift and prosperity. They look best in a flat country, as, for instance, at Terre Haute, or Springfield, Ill., or in an undulating country like blue grass Kentucky. The track at Terre Haute is particularly clean and smart; that at Lexington has a little more of the Southern negligence, but suggests, nevertheless, the easy-going prosperity of that country. None of the fair-grounds I have seen are smarter and more thorough than those at Springfield. There are similar grounds in Iowa, Minnesota, and other Western States.

During a week spent at one of these fairs, I was in the habit of going to the fair-grounds in the morning before the show had begun. If you go early enough, you will have the stand almost to yourself, and you may sit in the shade and see the horses worked. There will be, perhaps, a dozen of them being jogged. You will see their legs wink around the track, and hear the beat of their hoofs, thump, thump, thump (how can legs and feet stand it!), as their feet strike the hard, smooth road-bed. You think you could close your eyes and tell the pacers from

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the trotters by the sound of their hoofs, in which you would probably be mistaken. It is not altogether easy at times to tell pacers from trotters with your eyes open. This may be so even when the horse is right in front of you; at the distance of a half mile it is quite impossible to tell the difference. Indeed the difference is less marked than used to be supposed. The pacers and trotters are all from trotting stock, the pacing habit, however, being stronger in certain families than in others. The trait is constantly coming out in unexpected ways. In Iowa, last year, I saw a pacing colt out of a trotting mare, and by a trotting-horse, and he was the fifth pacing-colt that this mare had dropped, all by trotting-horses. I saw him a few hours after he was foaled. I clapped my hands and ran after him, and, in what were probably the first steps of his earthly pilgrimage taken out of a walk, he broke into a pace. The trotting instinct is just as decided and original. If you run after a trotting-colt, he may break into a canter to get away from you, but, if you still pursue him, he will, to increase his speed, go from a canter into a trot. How close is the relation between the two gaits is shown by the fact that most trotters pace and most pacers trot. You will notice on the track that pacers, when they go slow, trot, and trotters, when they go slow, pace.

The whole question between trotters and pacers is very interesting. I suppose there is no doubt which is the handsomer gait. But pacing has its advantages. It is easier for the animal. It is sometimes said that pacing is the device of short-bodied horses to prevent interfering. A pacer advances both legs on the same side at once, so that his fore leg is out of the way when he advances his hind leg. A trotter does just the reverse. He advances at the same time the fore and hind legs on different sides, so that his fore leg may be in the way when he advances his hind leg. But I do not see that pacers are shorter bodied than trotters. A short-bodied horse is likely to avoid interfering by resorting to the ugly device of going wide behind. My belief is that pacing is the expedient of the animal to lessen the shock of the resistance of the hard ground as he increases his speed. As a matter of fact pacing is not so hard on horses as trotting. I said to a blacksmith in a Western town, a devout man whose prayers and exhortations I had heard at the village prayer-meeting and in whose shop, a pleasant retreat cooled by some umbrageous maples, I loved to pass the morning hours; a very nice fellow, from whom I thought I got the real truth a little straighter than from anyone else in the neighborhood: "Now this is a great country for harness-horses, and you shoe most of the horses about here and ought to know their feet better than anyone else, which do you say last the longest, the feet of the trotters or the pacers?" He said, "Undoubtedly, the pacers."

The pacing habit is common among animals. Many animals pace—cattle, for instance; and, among dogs, setters. I think you will observe that a woman, when running for a street-car, usually paces, although this is probably due to a sense that it is the more feminine and modest method of progression. I believe pacing to be a rather more natural gait than trotting. Trotting, as it exists in our fast horses, is scarcely a natural gait, but is rather the result of breeding and education. Trotting is fast walking, and it is not natural that a horse should walk at the rate of a mile in two minutes and some seconds. The natural change, when increasing speed, is to a run, the next most natural to a pace. The fact that, among all horses except trotters, the record is held by stallions, whereas among trotters, until recently, it has been always held by mares or geldings, is an indication that the gait is artificial. (I mean speedy trotting, of course.)

I heard a story of what you would call a natural pacer from a young man sitting by me in the stand one morning. This horse, when he broke, would go from a pace into a gallop, but, when he ran away, he would go from a gallop into a pace, and would pace over everything, over the tops of fences, taking the sulky with him. It is pleasant to hear a yarn like this on a bright morning from a chance companion, a sociable and apparently truthful fellow—the horses meantime jogging back and forth in front of you. There is a good deal of such exchange of criticism and anecdote among the experts sitting together, stop-watches in hand, to whom the history of the horses is known.

Let me say here that trotting, whether natural or not, is certainly beautiful, and

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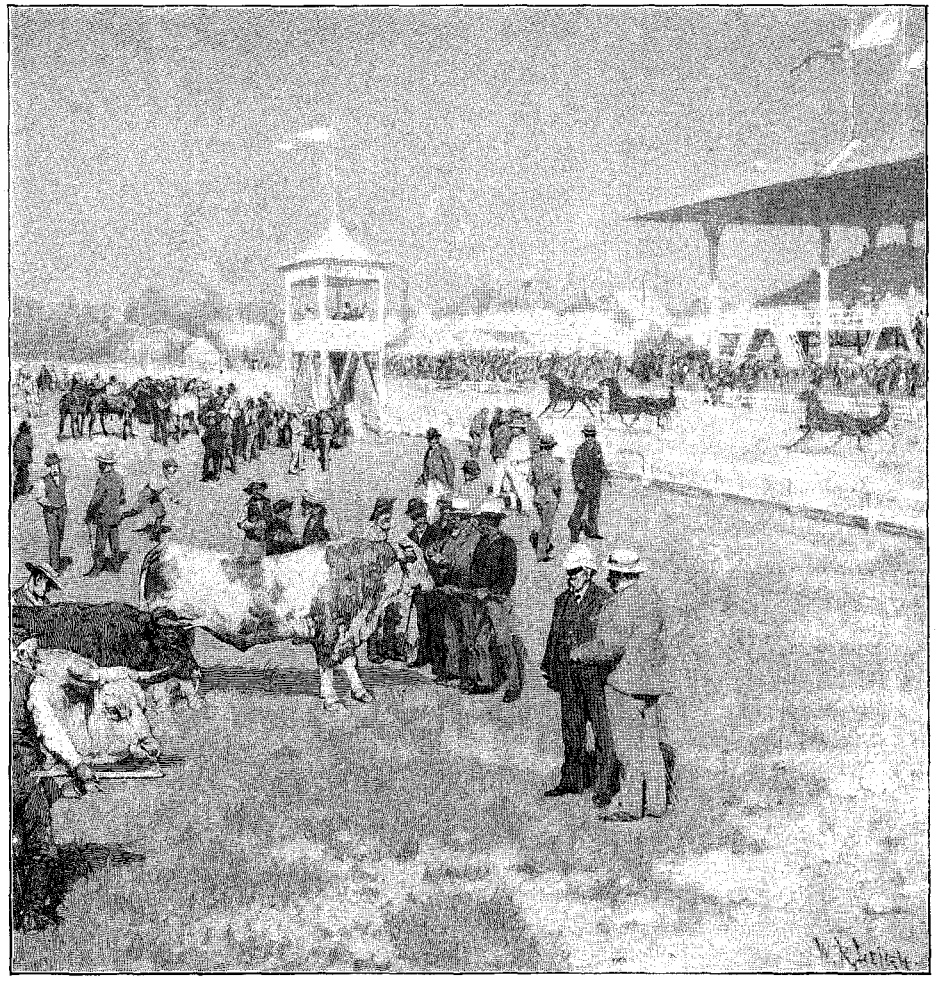

While the judges walk round them.—Page 387.

that the trotting-turf is worthy of preservation and encouragement, as the fly-wheel in which is stored up, to be dealt out as needed, the fine trotting action of our steppers.

Later in the morning the judging begins; and then is done much of the less popular, but still, very important and scientific judging, such as the judging of sheep, cattle, and other animals for breeding purposes. There are in a class three or four big bulls, very stately and handsome, and looking extremely bored. "Do you know anything about cattle?" I said to one of the most noted horsemen in the country, who was standing by. He said: "Nothing whatever," and no doubt he thought so. But presently I heard him say, contemptuously and with some feeling: "That bull has a very common face." The incident illustrated the closeness of stockmen to animal life, which is so novel and pleasing to men from town.

The judging of trotting-horses and the trotting and pacing races are reserved for the afternoon, when the crowd comes. Ordinarily not much is made of saddle-horses at Western fairs. But about a dozen Kentucky and Missouri horses had been brought here, and at the saddle-horse competition in the afternoon three or four good ones appeared and a half-dozen tolerable ones. The three or four good ones were much of a kind, and one was put to one's trumps to make up one's mind among them. The little bay was the best, and

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next to him the chestnut; and yet you were a little perplexed, not quite sure, and you probed the depths of your consciousness in search of the nicest and most exact justice.

But what is this approaching, quite ten minutes late?—a black stallion, head up and ambling forward in a leisurely manner and with reprehensible swagger and an expression of laying out the whole field. It is the famous Rex McDonald. No need now to probe the depths of your consciousness, for by the vote of every man, woman, and child in the multitude looking on, the blue ribbon must go to him.

Later in the afternoon the crowds increase, the grand stand becomes a dense mass of people, and there are crowds of people everywhere about the grounds. To save time the various races are run together. After the first heat of a trotting-race has been run, and while the trotters, having been rubbed down and blanketed, are being led to cool off, the first heat of a pacing-race is run. An odd five minutes between races is utilized to give a bay trotting-stallion a chance to make a record. If he can do the mile in 2.30, it is a great thing for Flanagan II., the horse in question—much too handsome a creature, by the way, to wear such a name. Few people pay attention to this; the crowd regards it as a kind of recess; but it is very amusing to me. Can he do it? He makes his way around the mile, doing pretty well, you think. If you have no stop-watch, or are not skilful in the use of one, you must wait for the result from the judges' stand. He has missed it. From the stand are displayed the figures 2.31½. But he will have a chance later on. After another pacing heat, the bay again appears. This time he has it. The judges hang out 2.29¼.

I could get a better view of the more important judging and racing by going down to the judges' stand, to the neighborhood of which my press badge admitted me. I sat down on the steps leading up to the stand, by two little bare-footed boys, without jackets, and with one suspender each, who had got there in some way known to themselves, and were trusting to their insignificance to be allowed to remain, and to that gift of invisibility which the small boy, himself all eyes and ears, shares with the divinities of Homeric story when they mix themselves up in human actions. But presently one of the starters spied them. I don't mean the chief man who does the starting, the big, handsome, ruddy-visaged old man, with the stentor voice, who, with his hand on the bell, shouts to the crowd of rushing charioteers, each trying to get some unfair advantage: "Keep back that pole horse; if you gentlemen don't stop that, I'll fine you twenty-five dollars." (This is not at all an empty threat; he will do it, and much more, if he is sufficiently provoked.) It was not he, but one of his assistants who caught sight of the boys, and drove them off with the words: "The next thing you boys'll be wanting to keep time." The cruel sarcasm sped after the little retreating figures. You could see the blighting effects of the taunt in their ragged backs and dirty little heels, as they moved away. They to keep time!

There were sixty thousand people there the afternoon Star Pointer and Joe Patchen paced. The entrance-fee was fifty cents, so that the fair could well afford to pay the owners of these horses four thousand dollars for a single race. They got this besides the stake. I saw the horses worked around the track in the morning. I think I never got from any horse such an impression of leonine power as from Joe Patchen, when he was ambling before the sulky at five miles an hour. I saw the first two heats from the stand, and, after the second heat, crossed over into the enclosure which the track surrounds, where they were rubbing down the horses. To see a trotter rubbed down after a race is of the nature of a moral Turkish bath to the observer. The combination of sun heat, and animal heat is very strong; the heat of the animal sensibly raises the temperature in the immediate neighborhood of the horse. Under the fine dripping coat, from which the groom tosses off the perspiration with a scraper, the network of veins distends. Those upon the small, bony head are fullest, the refined face wet and black with sweat, and the large, melancholy eye rolling with the luxury of the rubbing. A certain pride is noticeable in the group standing about, a sense that this is a significant and important occasion. "That is Star Pointer," is the

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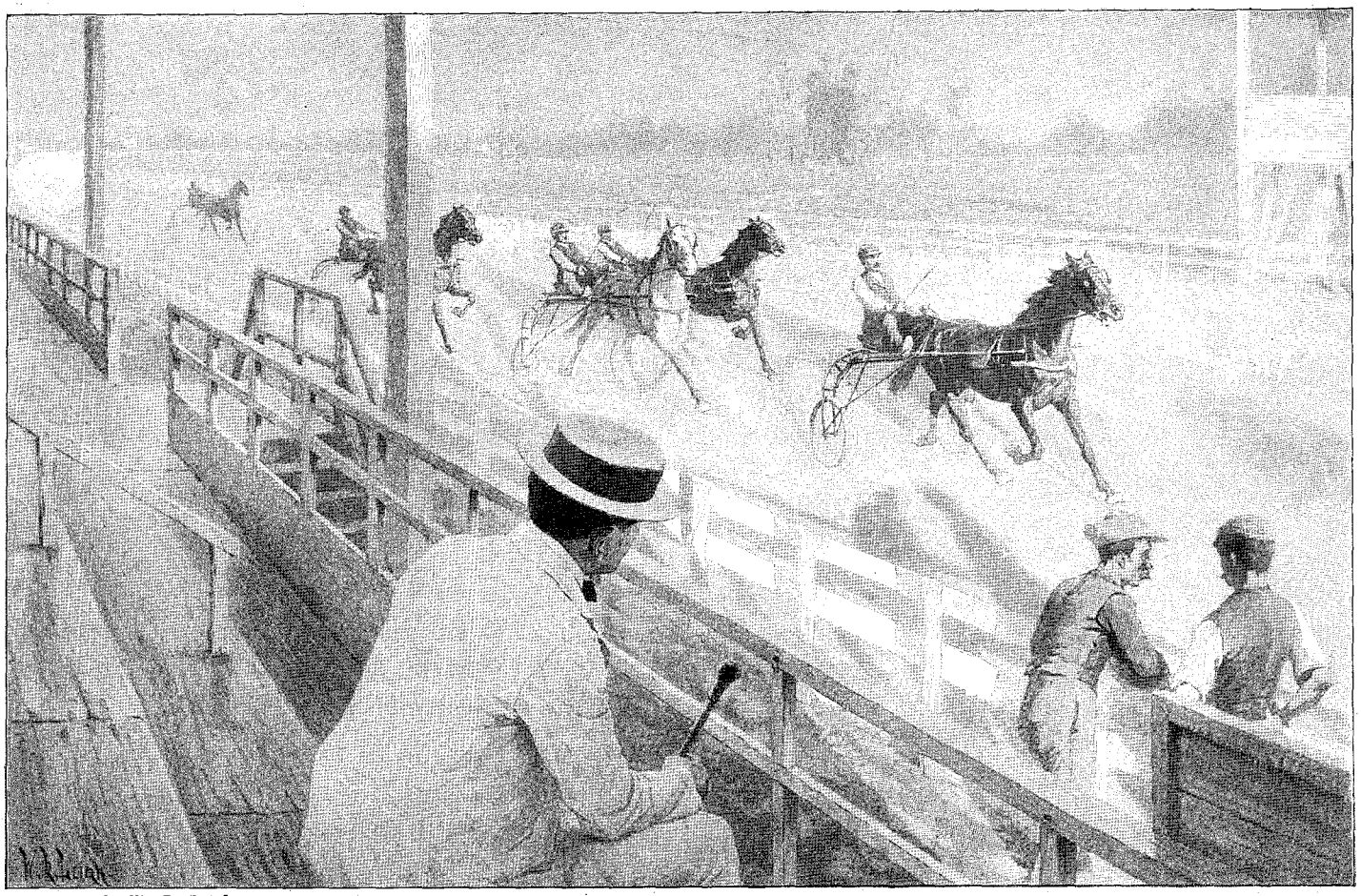

Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

Early morning—You may sit in the shade and see the horses worked.—Page 387.

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thought of each of the little crowd of touts, small boys, darkies, and tramps looking on.

Leaving Star Pointer in the hands of the rubbers, I crossed to the side of the track opposite the stand, where John Hughes's saddle-horses were stabled. Hughes brought out Rex McDonald for me to see—Hughes himself, a fine example of what blue-grass Kentucky can do in the way of raising men. He stood there, tall, deep-chested, and broad-shouldered, his chest the broader for the great expanse of shirt-front, in the middle of which was a gigantic diamond pin that made one think of the big Kentucky prices. Rex McDonald is a singularly beautiful horse. He is thick in the shoulder, being in this respect like his father, Black Squirrel, which great horse the Garrett boys showed me in Kentucky when I was there just before his death. I suppose they called him Black Squirrel because of the high tail he carried. Rex McDonald has the light Kentucky cannon-bone, of which one can only say that one could wish it were only heavier, and yet that it does not seem to matter very much. I was sorry, however, that I could not convince myself that he was able to trot squarely. Nor could one of the eleven gaited horses trot quite true and square.

The cruel sarcasm sped after the little retreating figures.—Page 390.

I should add, however, that I was somewhat unfortunate in this experience. I have seen Kentucky horses and, for that matter, gaited horses from various parts of the country, that were good singlefooters, and could also trot square. Lou Chief is such an animal. She will rack up the street, and turn round, and trot back perfectly square. The ability to do this I have always found rare, and have accepted it as an indication of great natural cleverness in the horse. But I have, of late, seen reason to modify my notions upon this subject. My view used to be that, while there could be no objection to teaching a horse to singlefoot if it did not spoil his trot, as a matter of fact it *did* almost always spoil his trot, and that it was, therefore, best not to teach it. But I have, of late, been surprised to see many horses that could both singlefoot and trot. Now, if we can have singlefoot without spoiling the trot, it is certainly desirable to have it. The habit of riding continually at a trot is hard upon horses' feet, legs, and shoulders. It is better to vary the trot with a canter, and still further with singlefooting. Whether singlefooting is easier upon horses than trotting, as pacing is, I am not sure, but I am inclined to think it is. In a singlefoot there is the same lateral contact with the ground as in a pace. It is hard to tell, by watching him, what a singlefooter does with his feet; if you attempt it, you will probably end by looking in the dictionary. [How the dictionary man found it out is none of your business.] It is, of course, a highly artificial gait. As for the comfort of it, I have known some singlefooters in whom the gait was a lullaby.

As we stood there a colored man from Missouri rode by on a stallion that had been shown that afternoon. I said: "That Missouri horse ought to have got something." Hughes answered, with that rough and friendly tone of Kentucky banter: "Why, man, where are your eyes; look at his hocks?" They were a little rough. We were standing by Rex McDonald, discussing him and his history, when Star Pointer and Joe Patchen were seen approaching in the third and final heat. They thundered past us about twenty feet away. The young reporters

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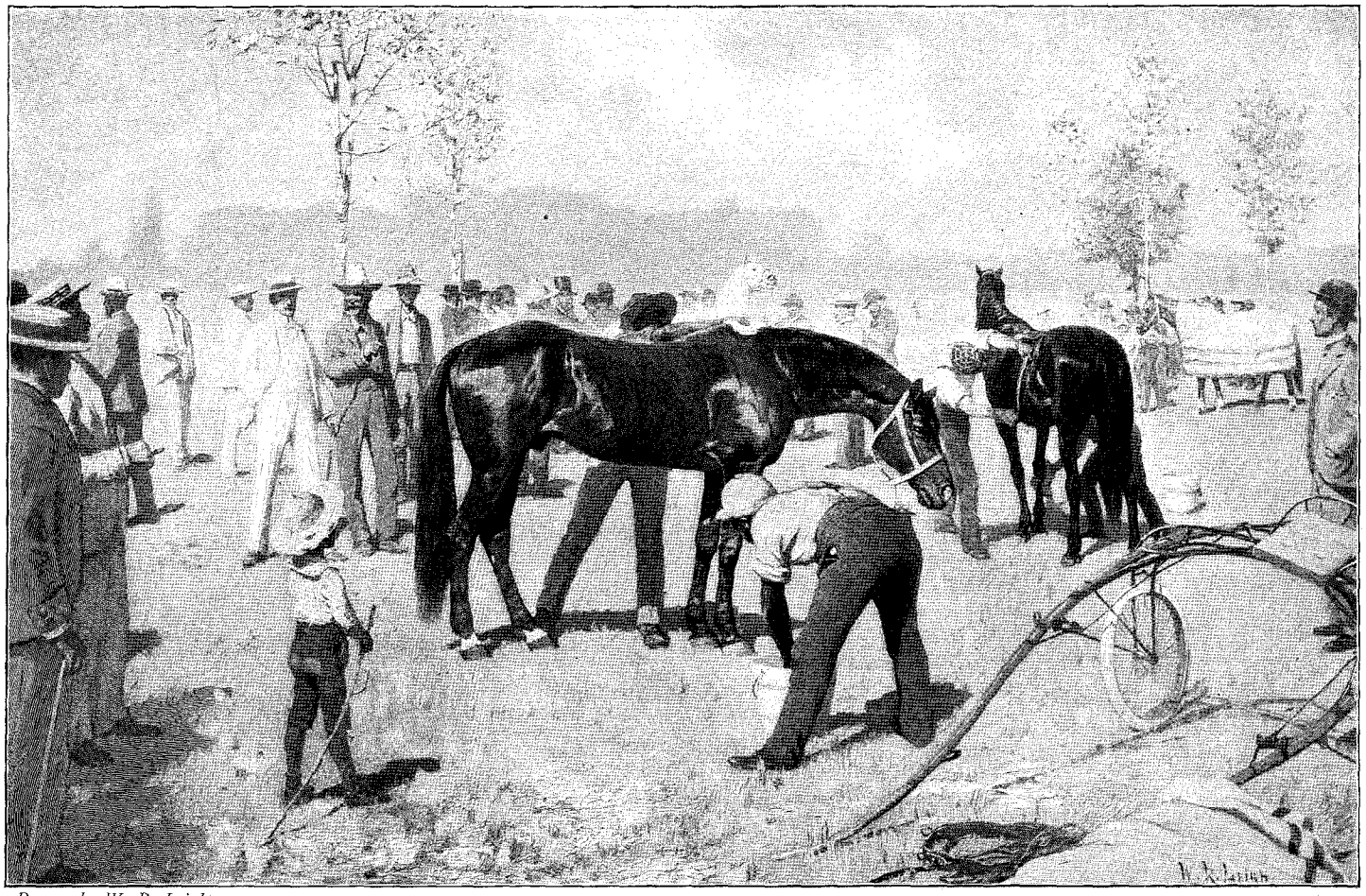

Drawn by W. R. Leigh

"That is Star Pointer."—Page 390.

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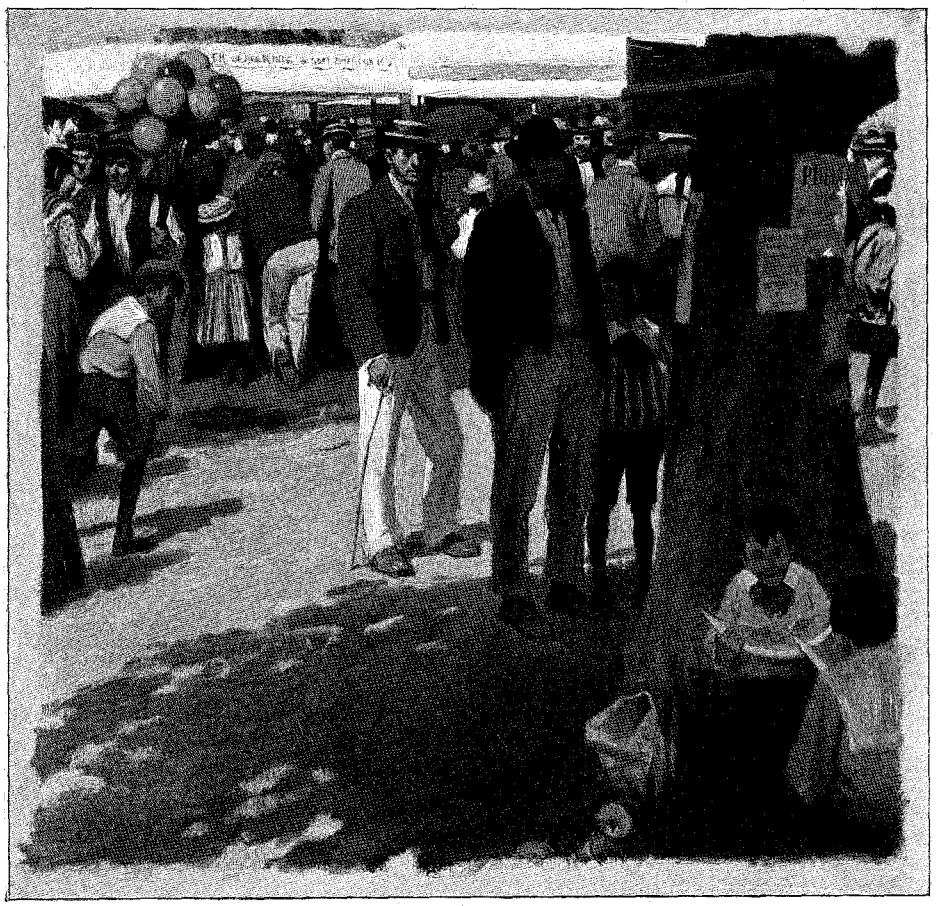
spoke of Star Pointer as moving like a lion, in which they were wide of the mark. A pacer may rarely be said to go like a lion, pacing being a less animated gait than trotting. I noticed, as he went by, that Star Pointer's action was particularly placid. He moved with the equanimity of a fish paddling with its fins in clear, still water. But he did that heat in two minutes.

The very hot weather that prevailed at the fair may have helped these horses to make this low record. The fair was held early in October, but the weather was as hot as August, quite 90 degrees in the shade. There had been a drought that had lasted for weeks, months even. As you drove about the country, you could hardly see the land for the dust. The corn-fields were burnt up, and even the woods parched in their inmost recesses. Everywhere there was the utmost vegetable disarray and confusion. Ceres stood in tatters in cornfields. The red and yellow apples shone like flames amid the sun-dried foliage of the orchard, and lay thick upon the ground. The pumpkins were heaped up or rolled about the fields, and the almost naked corn-stalks, upon which a few dry blades rattled in the dust-laden wind, held up their burden of ripe ears. And yet, hot and arid as it was, you had a sense of great agricultural wealth. The heat, of which the oldest inhabitant did not remember the like, seemed unnatural and unprecedented. My notion was that the chariot of the Sun-god had veered from his course, and passed nearer our planet, burning up the fields and woodlands and, from his heaped-up cornucopia, scattering the earth with litter and largess of autumn fruitfulness. For some reason the old



A notice that the ladies of the First Methodist Church would, for fifty cents, give a dinner.—Page 395.

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The food, I found upon nearer acquaintance, very clean and Christian.—Page 396.

classical fables were always in my head. I fancied that the divinities of the ancient world, which were after all borrowed by the Romans from the Greeks, had found in this stretch of flat prairie a most appropriate theatre for their activities. In particular the old myth of Proserpine and the struggle between the powers of the upper and the lower worlds became very real to me. I never saw the struggle so fierce before. Ordinary autumn warm weather is even more suggestive of the end of the summer than cold winds and rain are. You walk out under the trees of a warm autumn afternoon, the atmosphere a golden fluid, perfectly still. The maple leaves, of a pale and dying verdure, scarcely stir. There is no air to move even the spider-woven film that depends from the branches. The whole scene, of a sicklied yellow, reminds one of some fruit, fair and ripe at the rind, but with disease and death at the core. The hot weather of those October days was not at all of this feeble and apologetic character. I thought rather that the powers of life had sent a fiery challenge to Pluto, deep under his crust of twelve-foot thick black prairie; that there would be no more winter; that this time the daughter of Ceres would not be given back—for Proserpine, long due in the under world, still wandered among the corn-shucks and pumpkin-vines of Sangamon and Cass Counties.

I thought I could see the results of the agricultural wealth of the country in the looks of the people. The rich soil had brought prosperity and with it good food and lodging, which are causes of beauty in human beings as in other animals. The average of good looks, both among men and women, impressed me as very high, and I saw many beautiful children. I had one opportunity of making a somewhat closer acquaintance with the people than would usually fall to the lot of a stranger. It was my habit to spend the whole day at the fair-grounds, coming early and staying till night. It was, therefore, necessary for me to dine there, and the moving about among the live stock made one hungry by noon. Most of the stands offered food of an untidy appearance. But I saw, nailed up on a tree, a notice that the ladies of the First Methodist Church would, for fifty cents, give a dinner at the south end of the Steam Plough exhibit. Now, I was brought up in that denomination and I am not without

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my denominational preferences and sympathies, and I had an instinct that the proposition of the ladies of the First Methodist Church was one to close with. I walked through an interminable collection of agricultural machinery, at the end of which I found the pavilion in which the dinner was given. At the door there sat the figure of a large young woman with a handsome and benignant countenance, her lap full of silver dollars and half dollars. What, I thought, some more mythology! Is this Fortune? Are you Plenty? She looked precisely as if taken from a book of classical woodcuts. The countenance was handsome enough and the figure noble enough for one of the lady deities of Olympus, but she wore upon her lips an expression of benignity, to find the like of which you must go to the canvases of Christian art. I take it that those Olympian ladies were very well as long as you pleased them, but they had a rough side and could, upon occasion, be most unkind; witness the treatment of Paris by Juno and of Æneas by Venus—egotistical actions, unrestrained by a sentiment of pity or considerations of abstract justice, which would now receive the severe condemnation, not only of the graduates of Girton and Wellesley and other representatives of the higher education, but of every tea-table throughout the Christian world. For, say what you will, since our era, woman, from her background of hope, innocence, and an instructed ethical sense (these qualities gathering force and refinement through the ages), has looked upon mankind with an exquisite natural kindness, a radiant innate joy and keen, fine light of the intelligence and the affections not to be found in quite the same kind and degree among the women of the heathen world, so vaunted by artists and poets. So much I thought I discerned in the countenance of the young woman who was the doorkeeper of the truly benevolent institution with which I now made acquaintance. But to what flight of the fancy is a hungry man not equal who sees around him indications that he is about to have a good dinner. The table-cloth was spotless and the plates and glasses clean. The food, I found upon nearer acquaintance, very clean and Christian, and with a flavor of domesticity. The chicken and vegetables were good, and the ice-cream grateful in the terrific weather. We were waited upon by some half-dozen young ladies who, as they handed you these excellent dishes, beamed upon you and kept on beaming, their voices in the meantime very charming with their invitations and excuses.

It is unusual to find so many saddle-horses at a Western fair as there were here. You find them at the fairs in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. In Indiana, Illinois, or Iowa you would ordinarily see but few of them. These would be from the trotting stock of the country. In Kentucky they get many saddle-horses from this stock, and there is no reason why this should not be done in other parts. Among trotters anywhere you will see from time to time an animal with the neck and shoulders of a saddle-horse, and the right kind of hock action. You can make a good saddle-horse out of such an animal, although I am told by breeders and trainers that it takes somewhat longer to do this than with the regular saddle-bred Denmark horse or with thoroughbreds. Of course, thoroughbreds anywhere can be made into saddle-horses. There are a certain number of thoroughbred stallions scattered throughout the Western country, and from one of their colts you may now and then get a good saddle-horse. I saw in Iowa a singularly interesting example of this kind of horse. He was that rare combination—a thoroughbred head and neck set upon a body of extra substance. Old English prints constantly represent this horse; they show him as a hunter and as a harness-horse. The walls of stables are covered with representations of him. Of course, you may have as many pictures of him as you like, but of the animal himself you will not see one in ten thousand. The horse at this fair was as good a specimen of the type as I have seen in this country or in England, and good enough to be in a picture. He had the long, tapering neck of a thoroughbred, with that little bend near the head, and was beautifully cut out in the throat. He was very handsomely marked besides—a red chestnut, with four white stockings up to his knees. The prejudice against white feet, by the way, is now a thing of the past. It is well it is so, as there are so many white feet. Lincoln said, "I

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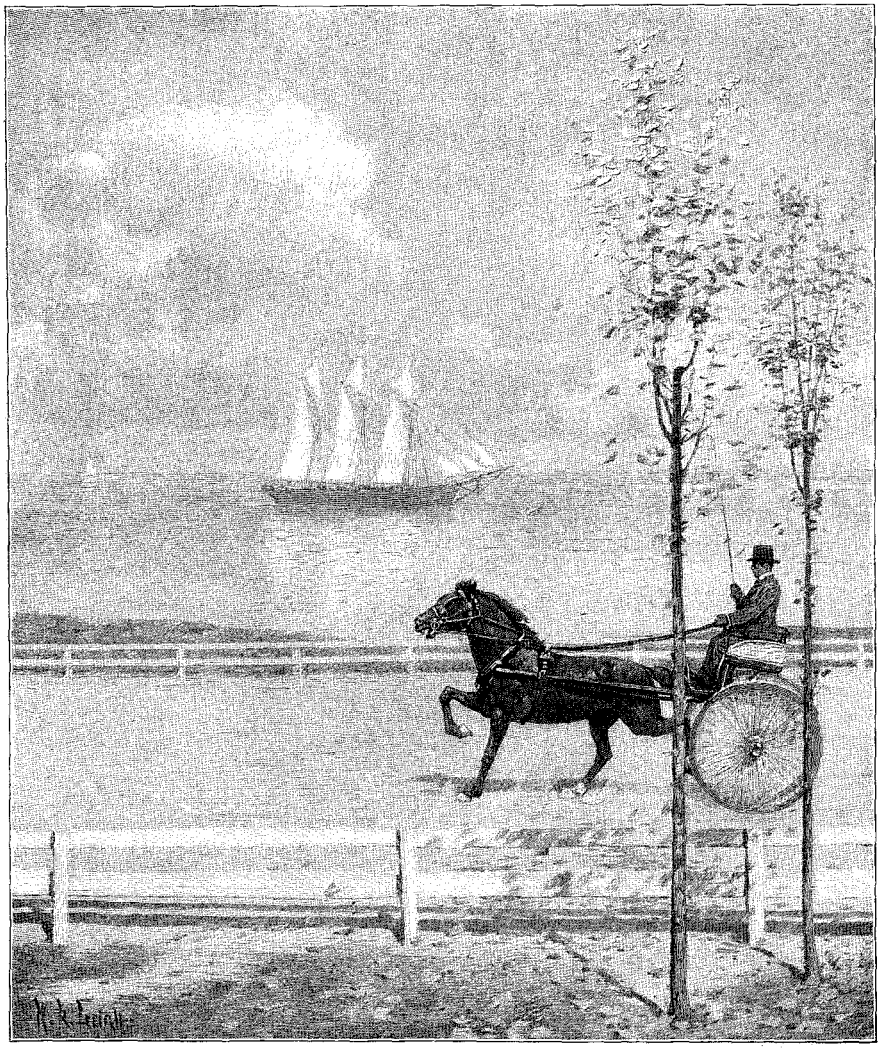

South Africa at the Fair-Grounds at Toronto.

believe that God must have liked plain people or He would not have made so many of them." One cannot help thinking that God must like white feet on horses, or He would not have made so many of them. Some clever person should, before this, have explained the reason of the prevalence of this marking; just as the reason of the white tips on dogs' tails has been explained to be that the dogs, when in a wild state and members of a pack, might signal to one another over the top of the tall grass. Modern taste has accepted the marking as good for purposes of decoration, certainly in the case of chestnut horses. There is an agreement between white and chestnut, either red or dark (liver-colored). Anyone must have been pleased by the association of white with liver-color or chocolate on the back of a pointer dog. The combination of these colors on horses is just as good, and the combination of white with red chestnut, or even sorrel, is still more brilliant.

As a rule, however, harness-horses rather than saddle-horses are to be found at these fairs. The horses most in evidence are, of course, the speed horses entered in the trotting and pacing races. Besides them there are the horses for breeding purposes, the trotting, hackney, and French coach stallions and the brood mares, with their

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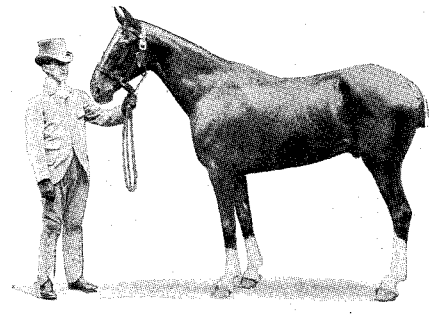
South Africa.



Thoroughbred head and neck, and body of extra substance.

colts. But there are also a limited number of horses ready for market, coach and carriage horses, horses for dogcarts, etc. There are not many such, as the purpose of these fairs is different from that of a horse-show; but the few there are you see under natural and attractive conditions.

I saw the black mare, South Africa, at one of these fairs, her great attraction being the buoyant strength and momentum with which she moved. She took many prizes throughout the West last summer. The first time I saw her was one afternoon on the track at the fair-grounds at Toronto, which are beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Ontario. It was about four o'clock, and the sun was shining. I was looking over the track, out toward the water, which was blue, but not with the bold, salt blue of the ocean. In the place of this, the lake had a color the like of which I might have expected to see on a vase or jar, but not on water. The blue of the ocean was dulled or clouded to a delicious hue, of a kind to baffle the imagination and elude the memory of the poet and to vex, with its exquisite precision, the emulous soul of the painter. A big schooner was moving upon the water, the sun glistening upon the bellying sails, as if upon cumulus cloud, the swelling canvas, of a fairy grace and lightness, flung to the midsummer zephyrs—the whole white mass of piled-up sail sliding along this plain of blue china. The black mare was moving between me and this scene. But better still I saw her the next morning, when the lake was flashing under the sun and had the freshness and freedom of that part of the day. She was descending a slight declivity—the tan-bark rings of indoor horse-shows have no declivities—with an abundant and steady force and that ease which is the condition of all beauty in action.

This mare was hackney bred, by the way, and she had unusual speed for an animal of that breeding. There has been of late years a good deal of talk against hackneys. But there is a place for these horses. It is said that they have not the force and courage of trotters. That may be, but for that reason they may suit people who wish especially to have safe and quiet horses. An Englishman, who has been a great exhibitor of show horses in this country, and who began with a natural preference for hackneys, told me that he now preferred trotters. As showing the superiority in courage of trotters, he said that, when his trotters were lying down in the stall, he could get them up with a word, but that he had to take a whip to get the hackneys up. I don't see that that objection would be serious to people anxious to have safe horses, which are at the same time strong, handsome, and have good action, qualities which hackneys certainly have. A breeder of hackneys to whom I mentioned this incident said: "What nonsense that is!" And he added: "Of course hackneys have not great speed, but they can go as fast as carriage-horses ought to go." He made this further claim for hackneys, that he could win in the show-ring with a mare or gelding of hackney breeding, while nearly all the trotting-bred prize-winners are stags—that is, animals kept as stallions long enough to get the crest of a stallion. I believe it is true that most trotting-bred prize-winners are stags, and that hackney mares sometimes win, as was the case with this black mare at Toronto, which also took first prize at the Syracuse State fair.

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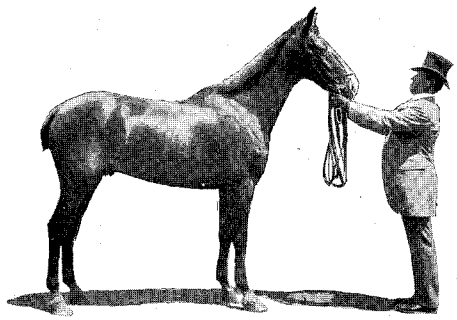
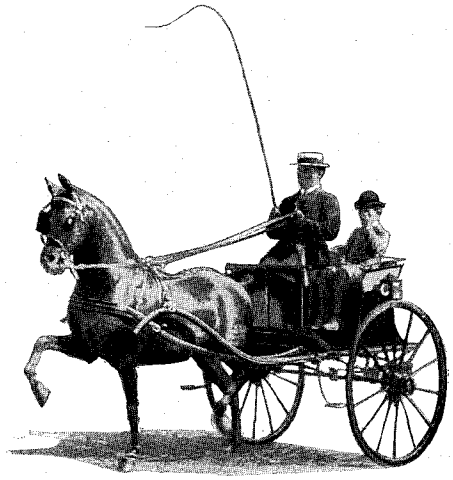


A Kentucky Saddle-Horse.



A Hackney.

This mare was brought to the last New York horse-show, and got nothing but the gate. She was not fine enough in the head and neck, and was too short in the neck, I suppose. I dare say the judges were quite right. They must act upon certain accepted principles. And yet these rule-of-thumb verdicts are not always consistent with the most ideal and delicate justice.

A horse-show verdict is obtained in this way, and it is, perhaps, the only way possible: You reduce conformation, manners, and action to their simplest terms, add, subtract, divide, and so on, and thus get a result. But can a very beautiful quality be always truly judged in this way? Is there a least common denominator for the ultimate graces of motion or of outline? The attraction of the animal of which I have been speaking was her rhythmical and buoyant way of moving. You cannot subtract apples from oranges; nor can you subtract action, such action as hers at any rate, from conformation. I own, however, that she did not move in the Garden as she did when I saw her at Toronto. There was not room for her to get the swing and freedom of her step.

In speaking of the prairie country I have, perhaps, given the idea of a vast level manufactory of food for men and horses. But prairie scenery is not always of this character. One afternoon last summer I passed, in the train, over the country between Chicago and the Mississippi. That is what is called a rolling country, and hills usually limit a country. But it is not so in that region, for the landscape is always broad and spacious. It is what I should call a swelling country. From the point at which you are, it appears to rise in all directions to its limits, which are very remote. All the way across the country the scenery is of the same stately kind. The sustained and equal character of it is itself a source of pleasure. For six hours the panorama was unrolled and moved past me with an unceasing pomp and grandeur, most comfortable to the passive eye and mind—the distant hills, crowned with clumps of neat woodland, having a slowness of motion that was noble and imposing. During the whole afternoon I was in a pleasant trance, nor was the charm broken throughout the journey. On either side of the railroad there were vast cornfields. The corn this year had been unusually fine, and the time was mid-August, when this crop is most luxuriant. The eye was never tired of the profusion of dark green blades, nor of the graceful sweep of the curves, in which the corn dips and rises as it follows the lay of the ground. I long tried to find the color of the tasselled sheen upon the surface of the corn. It was just after sunset that we crossed the Mississippi. The sun had dropped behind some dark green hills to the west of the river, and had left upon their crests a beacon of clean, red flame, enriching the dark verdure of the hillsides. The river itself, I found, had not the doleful sublimity it has farther South, but rather the limpid and gentle character of Northern streams in summer.

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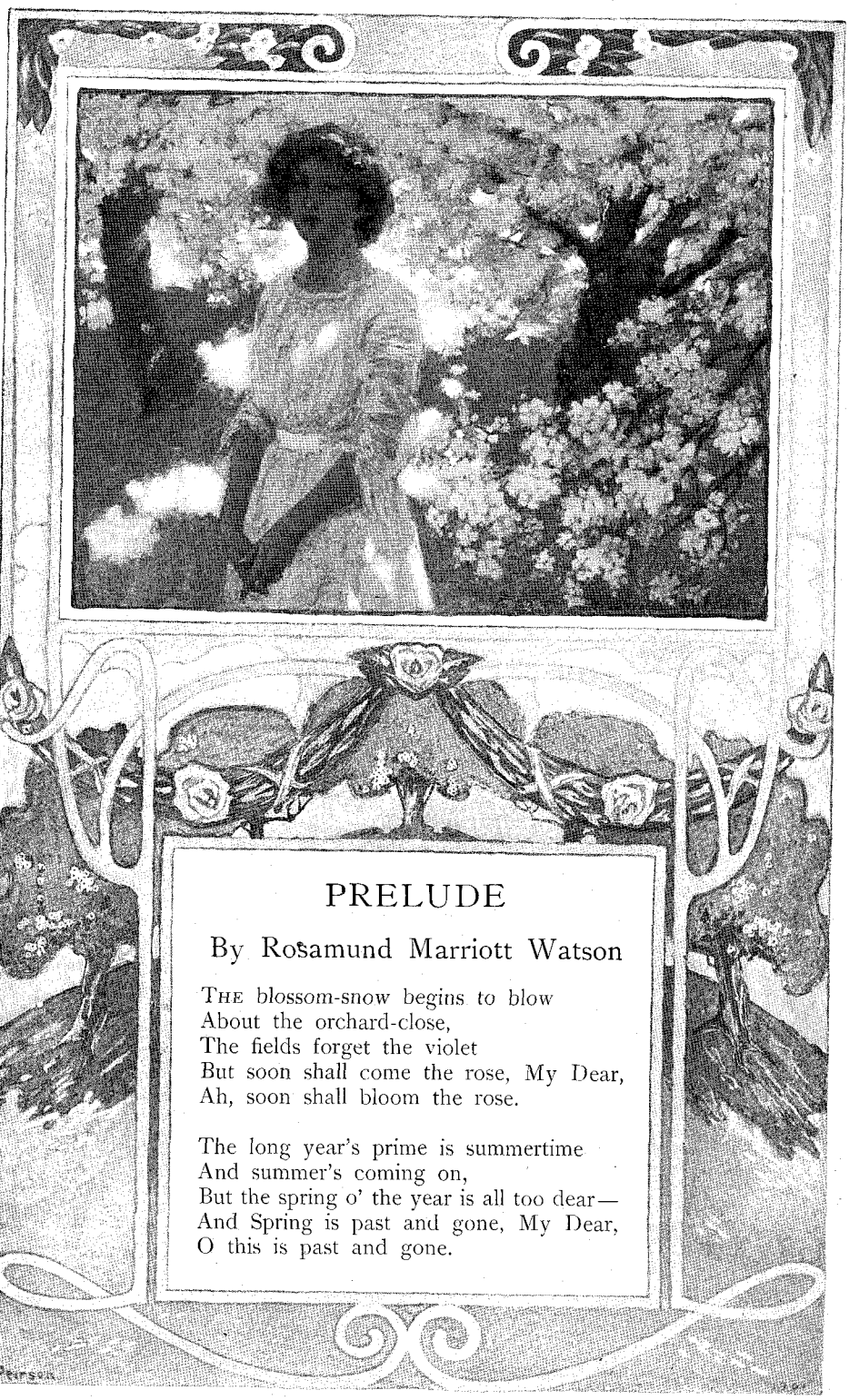

PRELUDE

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THE blossom-snow begins to blow
About the orchard-close,
The fields forget the violet
But soon shall come the rose, My Dear,
Ah, soon shall bloom the rose.

The long year's prime is summertime
And summer's coming on,
But the spring o' the year is all too dear—
And Spring is past and gone, My Dear,
O this is past and gone.

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THOMAS CARLYLE

By W. C. Brownell

WHEN Carlyle died, over twenty years ago, he already belonged to the past. His philosophy was of a general order that had ceased to be popular. And he had been long silent. The papers on the Early Norse Kings were unimportant. The last of his utterances that lingered in people's memory were his defence of Eyre, the "Ilias in Nuce," and the "Shooting Niagara and After," recalling the earlier "Latter-day Pamphlets." The impression they left was not an agreeable one, and it was hardly modified by the amenity and gentleness of his Edinburgh Address, in which he apologized very simply for the tone of some of them, though asserting still that they were "very deeply my convictions." In this country especially he had few friends. With us in general he seemed, as he was long ago described, "the leading prophet of Absolutism, Toryism, Slavery." We had issued from what he called our "nigger agony" in a mood that hardly stimulated us to the difficult effort of impartially appreciating one who had contemptuously misunderstood us—not indeed feeling such an effort very incumbent on us. But neither here nor in England probably was the public prepared for the revelations of Froude that so promptly followed—the depressing "Reminiscences," as if they had been waiting for the signal —upon Carlyle's death. The "Reminiscences" and the volumes that succeeded them gave, in many quarters apparently, the *coup de grâce* to Carlyle's vogue. Vogue of their own they notoriously had in a true *succès de scandale*, and Carlyle's friends could only denounce his chosen executor and biographer. But this was of course extremely transient, and the result was an immense weariness with the whole subject. Carlyle's own writings fell speedily into a neglect as complete probably as has ever happened to a writer of anything like his power.

The neglect has continued. Such questions as have occupied popular attention are either not questions on which Carlyle's works have any particular and specific bearing—questions of art, of poetry, of science; or else they are questions invariably discussed on lines and in a spirit wholly foreign to his. It is the day of the specialist, whose syntheses are left to spontaneous combination; of the realist, whose material is also his end; of the practical philosopher, who relegates the services of the deductive method to pure metaphysic. Creeds, too, in Mr. Leslie Stephen's acute phrase, are "expiring of explanation," and therefore to point out their essential residuum is a less pungent proceeding than when it seemed as if this residuum were certain to share their fate in the absence of vigorous protest. Much of what Carlyle wrote, the gospel that he exposited so contentiously and polemically, has now become a part of what we now call our subliminal possessions. What once seemed, and of course still is, elemental, has become elementary as well. And literary manners, as they may be termed, have undergone a notable transformation and the taste for contentiousness and polemics, especially in the exposition of the elementary, has largely disappeared. Criticism itself has become largely impersonal and anything like a body of doctrine in a critic's works seems if novel an impertinence, and if familiar mere surplusage, to a public that, whether wiser or more superficial, has grown greatly more civilized.

It is, however, difficult to believe that the current neglect of Carlyle will continue indefinitely. For whatever else may be said about it his work is *literature*. In the first place its style must be preservative, as style always is in a very considerable degree. The *Spectator*, for example, will always be read, though not for the reasons that recommended it to Macaulay. And whimsical and artificial as Carlyle's style is, at least in excess, it is too vital not to be viable. It is idle to suppose that the current impassiveness, which has succeeded to the earlier impatience

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with his eccentricities and violences will endure in the presence of such prose as distinguishes the "Life of Sterling" throughout, the "Past and Present" largely, and, in parts, especially, the "Sartor Resartus." In the next place it is hardly to be supposed that such a sustained exposition, at once symmetrical and multifarious, of the spiritual side of things, such a prolonged eulogy and aggrandizement of the spiritual forces of life and the world, is likely to suffer permanent eclipse. As the English-reading public becomes more and more civilized, more curious, less emotional, the energy which in Carlyle's early days attracted it and which later in the light of its own advance seemed to it mere savagery, will drop into its proper perspective and be appreciated without the agitation inseparable from contemporary contemplation of anything so accentuated as Carlyle's indubitable genius. For, finally, his genius is incontestable, and it is a genius of incomparable power. His work is everywhere penetrated with the power of a prodigious personality of which the literature he produced is the native, adequate, concentrated, and consummate expression. Such a sovereign force must survive the current neglect which its extravagances have nevertheless abundantly earned for it.

II

It is curious to read in Froude's biography of the confidence in his powers felt by Carlyle himself, and shared by everyone around him years before he had done anything to justify it. His wife married him, she says, "for ambition," when his career was all before him and when the little that he had accomplished was altogether disproportionate to the time he had been about it. His family, one and all, looked up to him even when he was a very young man, and although they could not understand him and were not of a sort to be impressed by any literary glamour. From his early days till very nearly the end of his life he was the centre of every group he happened to be in. He was a prodigious talker, and on occasion drowned opposition, but in general everyone else was content to listen to him. He met intimately nearly all the best men of his day and his personal primacy was never disputed. Everyone felt his power as extraordinary and as something other than force. There was apparently nothing he could not grasp, if he would. His views on all sorts of subjects were delivered with acknowledged *ex cathedra* authority. The authority of others, even the highest, failed to impose itself on him. From the first he judged men, even the most celebrated, not only with perfect independence, but with the confidence born of the consciousness of unusual powers. The personalities that he venerated were exclusively historic—excepting Goethe, who was a foreigner. He had no deference —except for what was wholly outside of competition with him; his father's character, for example. Awe and reverence for the Creator and His universe considered as a stupendous miracle left him free to alternate compassion with contempt for His creatures.

There are few of even the greatest men in whom such conspicuous conceit has been so curiously condoned. His confidence in his capacities, however his expression may now and then have failed to please him, is in a way an attestation of them. It imposes on us. One feels that had it been less justified it would have been less keenly felt. He was quite sincere about it and his penetration is acute enough to trust even about himself. But it is plainly too much in evidence. At times his self-satisfaction is positively smug. And it is responsible for much popular and unreflecting disesteem of him. The conventional reader to whom modesty is the invariable concomitant of merit, strong in his commonplaces, shakes his head sceptically. The "Reminiscences" and Froude's volumes quite scandalized him. The "Reminiscences" are, indeed, a revelation of self-esteem and depreciation of others that it would be hard to equal. A single remark like that about "The Origin of Species," which Carlyle says illustrated for him only "the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it or waste the least thought upon it," is a sufficient characterization of it in this respect.

Neither humor nor dyspepsia can explain or excuse the outrageousness of much of his writings of which such a statement is typical. What does explain it is the ex-

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traordinary self-consciousness with which his conceit is associated—his egoism. Egoism was never, perhaps, illustrated in such completeness, such perfection. He himself quite as eminently deserved the epithet "poor, skinless creature" that he applied to Rousseau. "Perhaps none of you could do what I am doing," he reflects bitterly, viewing the Hyde Park procession of dignities. The observation was true enough, but why was it not too trite for him to make and to record? It is the railing of the peasant at the patrician panorama. Even in his most objective writings he never gets away from himself. His personality confuses his history. You are never allowed to escape from it. It is obtrusive, exasperating, domineering. The simplest record is alembicated with his view of the facts. In his "Frederick," for example, he divides attention with his hero; he is incessantly—wearisomely—parading his views, preaching his gospel, even complaining, now humorously, now querulously, always superfluously, of the difficulties of his task; pervading the scene, in short, with his extremely accentuated personality. His ideal of "unconsciousness" in the famous essay on "Characteristics" has its origin, no doubt, in the exasperation of his egoism, which obsessed him and under which he chafed and fretted till soothed by conceit. Introspection irritated him supremely and made him long for the automatic play of faculty which he accordingly generalized into a millennial principle of mental activity. But his introspection never led him beyond self-consciousness into self-discipline — the compensation which its inevitability in the modern world has for less egoistic spirits. Discipline in thought, feeling, and expression is the one thing he conspicuously neglected.

For with his extraordinary powers and his self-consciousness, wilfulness is certainly to be connected as the next most salient trait of his commanding personality. "The most shining avatar of whim the world has ever seen," Lowell calls him quite truly. Only, "whim" is too extenuated a term —or too depreciatory, if one chooses—to apply to an element of so much energy. His surrender to whim is so voluntary, so absolute, such a sin against light, that to call him merely our "whimsical philosopher," as Mr. John Morley does, is both patronizing and inadequate. With him caprice means not intellectual frivolity, but a temperamental perversity of which he is the willing slave. He will say anything that inclination or even temper suggests to him. "Once more the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will," he says of Coleridge. It is the exaggerated "sufficiency" of his will on the contrary that renders the story of his own high endowment quite as tragic. It is singularly tragic that owing to it the weightiest utterances of his splendid genius should be so often robbed of the intellectual responsibility that alone confers authority.

All this we knew, however, before the revelations of Froude. Froude's fatal contribution to our knowledge of his master is the disclosure of his lovelessness. The genial basis that theretofore might credibly have been inferred beneath the various phases of his contradictory and prevailing "humor" now appears as a certain aridity of soul. One can hardly avoid the conclusion—his biographer has so copiously documented his own explicitness about it—that he did not know what love is, that he had never experienced the sensation of it in either its tension or its transports, its energy or its enervation. The remorse in the references to his wife in the "Reminiscences" is so intolerably pathetic because it witnesses in truly fatalistic fashion a fundamental incapacity. His feeling for his family is very fine; but it illustrates a kind of ethnic devotion to the clan and has a side of very subtly vicarious selfishness quite removed from the "leaving of self" that love is. He was naïvely ready to sacrifice his wife to it. He was quite ready in fact to let her go if she had any doubts about her vocation *as* his wife. It is small wonder that philanthropy meant nothing to him, that *service* of any kind did not attract him, that his heroes, however admirable, are never winning. The affections never retarded, deflected, or stimulated him in his steady march to distinction. Distinction, too, was undisguisedly, even professedly, his aim and end, as much as it ever was that of any of his brother Scots who had victoriously invaded the "mad Babylon" of London. It was his "mission" — the whole of it. Only, in achieving it, he never had the slightest temptation to seek

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it on any terms but his own. Apparently he never had any temptations of any kind. Duty and desire were curiously interconvertible terms to him. He lived a life of ideal integrity, of blameless conduct, of complete consecration to the development and functional expression of his extraordinary powers. But his nearest approach to passion is petulance, except when he is occupied with reprehension or reproof. Who ever thinks of "the storms and tempests of his furious mind," or conceives of him as "Miserrimus," or finds that "his laugh jars on one's ear"—as Thackeray says of Swift? His laugh, indeed, however boisterous, was largely reflex, one suspects after reading Froude—genuine enough, no doubt, but hardly "infectious." Passion implies the state of being "beside one's self," and though clearly a Titan, and a wofully wilful one, Carlyle's truly Scotch self-possession is distinctly canny. His temperamental tumultuousness was singularly intellectual. It is his thinking, not himself, that is agitated. He could never, he says, do any long-continued, "decisive intellectual operation" without getting "decidedly made ill by it." And perhaps the exclusiveness with which his mind monopolized his feeling is at once the most characteristic trait of his personality and the most determining characteristic of his work.

III

One of the tragedies of the strenuous intellectual life is the disproportion between its conclusions and their cost. So much struggle in the pursuit of mere simplification, so much apologetics for so concise a credo, such a wide waste of philosophizing for such a circumscribed foothold of faith, such a sea of speculation through which to reach so narrow a strand of certainty! To arrive at his not complex philosophy Carlyle passed through a prodigious amount of thinking; demon-driven and tempest-tossed in the process. His own account of his abandonment of traditional religious dogmas is acutely pathetic—an account of a Titanic experience with issue of hardly corresponding importance, one may say. It was not a chastening experience. It left him intolerant even to the point of exacting it of others, which shows that it had not, in old-fashioned phraseology, been "sanctified to his use." He reproaches Coleridge contemptuously for having merely "skirted the howling deserts of infidelity." His own "firm lands of faith beyond" were substantially Coleridge's country, however. His title to them was really his belief in the superiority of the *Vernunft* or reason to the *Verstand* or understanding, as he often explicitly says; though, unhampered as always by a sense of chivalry, he ridicules it as mere apparatus when his business is to exhibit the vagueness of Coleridge. He resented Coleridge's complacent placidity. The remark that "Socrates is terribly at ease in Zion" is doubtless accurately ascribed to him. He would probably have grumbled at the good fortune of the penitent thief. His own salvation had been so hardly won that he prescribed the purgatory of agonized mental conflict as a preliminary to the paradise of settled conviction. His bitter experience, too, in a measure, explains the vehemence with which he held his convictions. They were not very recondite, as I say. Froude's attempt to construct an extraordinary esoteric credo for him out of some *disjecta* memoranda he had himself discarded is extraordinarily inept, and reduces to a belief in God and the universe as His expression. "The light of your mind, which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty," is the criterion, indifference to happiness the basis, and "work not wages" the end, of his philosophy.

This substantially sufficed him in the way of philosophical baggage. But the energy with which he preached exclusively this rather exiguous gospel shows that it was the residuum of heroic—and perhaps to most men unnecessary—sacrifices. Energy, however, not intellectual complexity, distinguishes him—energy even more than its direction. He never even addresses the intellect pure and simple. His appeal is to the heart and the soul. For example, in the countless changes he rings upon his central idea of the unworthiness of happiness as a motive—and the eloquence, the convincingness, the fire and intoxicating, magnetic cogency with which he does this gives him his place in the classic pantheon—he never, so far as I remember, calls attention to what is now termed (in a jargon

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he would scout) the hedonistic paradox. The reasonableness of the statement of this phenomenon by Jesus: "He that loveth his life shall lose it" is quite foreign to the Hebraic spirit of his treatment of the general theme. He does not make you ponder its mystic and significant import. In fact, he never makes his reader ponder at all. He arouses the sensibilities and the will directly by an energy of pronouncement, adjuration, irony that sets the sympathetic in responsive vibration with the definite ideal of duty, of sacrifice, of performance, of abnegation, so intently felt and so masterfully set forth.

The traces of his perturbation are to be found, too, in the character of this ideal which though definite enough is hardly to be called positive. At least, it lacks—tragically—aspiration. Its end, its haven, its heaven is rest, not activity. "That is how I figure Heaven," he said once substantially, "just rest." This is carrying the "Du sollst entbehren" very far, farther than Buddhism, whose inspiration is certainly not fatigue. "Rest" is not even "calm," the partial and temperamental ideal of old age, while youth

> "—hears a voice within it tell:
> Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well."

It implies the weariness of exhaustion, the sense of defeat. As an ideal it is warped by agitation. That it should have appealed so strongly to readers influenced by Carlyle indicates strikingly the demoralization wrought among pious souls by the break up of the old faiths. But it is still more eloquent witness of the power of his energetic preachment of the irrelevance of the whole matter of reward for duty done. St. Paul's insistence upon the expectation of immortality and his wish not to have his disciples sorrow "even as others who are without hope" has been much exaggerated. And this expectation itself has been greatly overestimated, probably, as a selfish motive of virtuous performance peculiar to fanaticism and contrasting with Stoic nobility. "It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense, sugar-plums of any kind, in this world or the next," says Carlyle of Mahomet's success. "Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the *allurements* that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations." None the less, to have kindled this flame in so many breasts in a rational age, and by preaching the foregoing "allurements" alone, without even recognition of the fact that they carry their recompense with them, and without the elevation and expansion either involved in the *gaudium certaminis* itself or attendant on victory in it here or hereafter, attests wonderfully both the intensity and the kindling quality of the preacher's emotional equipment.

Carlyle's intensity of feeling, however, not only outstrips his thinking and thus itself dies out long before the manifestations of it have lost their momentum, so that these come to seem almost mechanical, often, before they suddenly cease in some "Good Heavens" or otherwise essentially inarticulate interjection; it is rarely purified into true exaltation. Other great writers have felt as deeply, as intently, but the very depth and intensity of their feeling has resulted in that condition of concentrated calm and serene possession in which the mind seems to work with an unaccustomed freedom from the embarrassment and obstacles of less sensitive moments. Carlyle is often turbulent, tumultuous, conscious of his perturbation, impatient of the obstructions of coherent utterance, irritated at the necessity of effort in expression, exacerbated, violent, excessive. Despite his power therefore, which rarely fails to make itself felt, which is always to be either discerned or divined, he is, at times when his intensity of emotion should be both an inspiration and a constraint, its prey rather than its instrument. Thus his mood monopolizes his faculties and hampers quite as often as it stimulates his thought. His effort is absorbed in expressing it and not the ideas which have caused it. The shading of these, their efficacy, their attractiveness, their universal appeal, their relations and suggestions do not entrance him out of himself, but in proportion as they arouse his emotion sting him, as it were, into eloquent and apparently automatic exposition of their effect on him, into excited or contemptuous dithyramb and rhapsody. It is largely this strenuousness, I think, that gives his philosophy its special quality.

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And its quality conjoined with its character gives it a unique, even an isolated position.

IV

To be out of harmony with one's time and environment is a heavy handicap on energy, which is thus inevitably deflected instead of developed, however it may be intensified by isolation. It is inherently inimical to expansion, and Carlyle may really be said to have devoted his prodigious powers to the endeavor to transform the "epoch of expansion" in which he passed his life into an "epoch of concentration"—to adopt Arnold's terminology. Unaided—or aided only by the futile of the intellectual world, the Froudes, the Kingsleys, the Ruskins—such an attempt must be both transitory and incomplete. "Epochs" are independent of individuals. It is their representative character that singularizes even the Titans of historic changes. Luther, for example, who attracted Carlyle immensely, disproportionately, incarnates the movement of concentration for which he stands, and did not produce it. The Renaissance produced it. It crystallized out of the expiring expansion whose hour was over. The epoch of expansion which Carlyle contested with such eloquence and energy was only beginning. So far as its movement of thought is concerned he never delayed its march an hour. He hardly even modified its evolution. He affected powerfully the varying feeling that accompanied it, but the feeling he aroused, being general, was so largely either absent altogether from the direction of specific practice it took or else impotent to check it, that this never sensibly stayed its steps. If utilitarianism has run its course it is in notable degree because its programme has been accomplished. If the world of thought was at all times insufficiently filled by it and ideality flourished synchronously with ever-increasing vigor, this was not because of Carlyle's direct contributions to it, but because it took advantage of his spiritual quickening in the development of its own spiritual philosophy very different from his. Nor is the current reaction which Liberalism in the exasperation of its discomfiture would fain attribute to Carlyle's miscalled Gospel of Force, so attributable. The apologetics of the current gospel of force—in whose persistence, one may remark, too, in passing, nobody believes—are wholly at variance with the Eternal Verities and Immensities, the heroisms and scorn of hedonism which form the basis of his Berserker credo.

In a word, no writer who has so stirred the moral or other emotions of his era has ever remained so foreign to its thought or so out of harmony with its spirit as exhibited in its specific aspirations. Specifically the two supreme influences of the nineteenth century have been the scientific and the democratic spirit. And each found in Carlyle an instinctive and a deliberate antagonist. Science he neglected, democracy he decried; both he enthusiastically and at times ridiculously despised—as indeed he did everything he did not like. Science, apparently, except the abstract science of mathematics, he knew nothing about. At thirty he was, in Froude's view, the best read man in England. For many years, at any rate, he had done little or nothing but read. His knowledge of history, of language, of literature was immense. It was, moreover—need it be said—assimilated knowledge. Compare even such elementary and cursory evidence as the extempore "Lectures on the History of Literature" with even Hallam. But with science there is no witness of his having a speaking acquaintance. What he read of economics probably only served to whet his exasperation: from his point of view the abstraction of the so-called "economic man" was inherently trivial and his impatience found the relief of relaxation in deriding, without examination, the "dismal" and "beaver" sciences based on an interest which not only he did not share but which, on the contrary, actively irritated him. Similarly with the natural sciences to which so much of the best intellect of the time has been consecrated, which have had such a prodigious influence in the amelioration of the lot of man and which have so markedly shifted the very foundations of mankind's speculations, beliefs, and activities—foundations upon which it is within the truth to say a new *literature* has arisen. But it is not his ignorance of science which so much distinguishes his position as out of focus with his day and gener-

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ation. Other writers have been conspicuously ignorant of it, too, without losing their authority. Literature has often been very nobly independent of it, much even of the literature of our own time. On the other hand attention to it has sometimes not particularly served the larger purpose of literature, as, for example, with George Eliot, or else has served it only to give it an unsatisfying and conventional currency, as with Tennyson. And Carlyle's insight is so penetrating and clairvoyant that often it easily dispenses with its aid. *This* peasant Scotch Covenanter did not need to wait for the sanctions of the "Higher Criticism" in order to write his essay on Voltaire. His isolation and antagonism are mainly emphasized in this regard by his lack not of knowledge of nineteenth century science, but of the *scientific spirit* itself which is so eminent a mark of his century.

The scientific spirit signifies poise between hypothesis and verification, between statement and proof, between appearance and reality. It is inspired by the impulse of investigation tempered with distrust and edged with curiosity. It is at once avid of certainty and sceptical of seeming. Mirage does not fascinate, nor blankness dispirit it. It is enthusiastically patient, nobly literal, candid, tolerant, hospitable. It has no major proposition to advocate or defend, no motive beyond that of attestation. It shrinks from temerity in assertion at the same time that it is animated with the ardor of divination. It is, in a word, the antithesis of such a spirit as Carlyle's, which deduces with confidence from conceptions vividly apprehended but never limited in thought, intensely imagined but neither scrupulously examined nor rigidly defined. The distinction is not one of practice, between *a priori* and inductive mental processes. The scientific spirit has certainly as much need of one as of the other, but it dictates the testing of its initial syntheses and holds the revelations of its "immediate beholdings" to be guesswork until tried by the surer standards of the "logical understanding." It has its weak side, inherently as well as in excess. Hamilton's assertion that a mathematician should be a poet implies an ideal not often, perhaps, attained. But in greater or less dilution it has supplied a tonic force in the speculation, the philosophy, and the art of the present day, a stimulus conspicuously lacking in the writings of Carlyle which sag, in consequence, often into the vague and the questionable.

Even more than the scientific spirit, democracy has characterized the age of Carlyle, and it is its democracy chiefly that makes him ill at ease in it. He lived to see it run its course perhaps as an abstract ideal, but this was because practically the century had become interpenetrated with it. His own bitter denunciations of it in principle, of course—he never denounced or advocated anything except in principle—had little or no weight. The reaction he preached was taken by his day for the "moonshine" which he termed its own convictions. That democracy has failed in the exalted mission with which the eighteenth century charged it, that as a panacea its inefficiency has become evident, that it has developed unexpected weakness apparently inherent in its own scheme, that instead of radically revolutionizing society it has itself been modified in many ways in the course of its evolution, that it has proved a disappointment to such writers as Scherer and Lecky, does not obscure the fact that it is the working hypothesis of the world. Dithyramb in its praise is doubtless out of date, but it has not given place to dithyramb in its censure. To Carlyle, however, it was equally abhorrent in theory and in practice, idiotic in idea and in fact inexecutable. To him it essentially contravened the order of nature, the immutable law of the universe. He hated it instinctively. And from his aversion, one may suspect, he deduced his categorical principles of a spiritual cohesion of society, obliterating the independence of its units, the right of the wise and energetic to rule, the right of the foolish and weak to be ruled—his mediævalism, in a word.

No one has made mediævalism more attractive. "Past and Present" is a very notable book. The reconstitution of mediæval life in the picture he makes out of the Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond is vivid and telling—especially telling in contrast with certain sides of modern life with its "thirty thousand distressed needlewomen in London alone" and its "cash-

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payment the sole nexus between men." The book is, of course, inspired by the desire of exhibiting this contrast, a desire which, of course, impairs its veracity. It is in fact a pamphlet. Along with the spiritual unity and interdependence of mediævalism—"Gurth was hired for life to Cedric and Cedric to Gurth"—went many qualifications of human felicity which Carlyle's partisanship neglects to note, and which are easily enough catalogued. But it is not so much his partisanship, his lack of the scientific spirit, as the anti-democratic feeling that dictates his feudalism, and made his preachment of it fall on deaf ears. He liked feudalism because it meant the imposition of the strong upon the weak will, because during the day of its supremacy the people were least alive, because force was focussed in personalities, because the mediocre in all departments of activity was sacrificed to the salient, because mind—which he testily despised—had the least protection against purpose, because in every way it contrasted with the democratic differentiation of his antagonistic time. The only aspect of the French Revolution that pleased him was not the rise of the democracy but the punishment of the *noblesse*. For its ideas he cared not a straw. He was even blind to them. The Revolution, which Arnold calls "the greatest, the most animating event in history," was in his view merely a moral judgment for the rejection of the Reformation two centuries before. He never felt the slightest interest, the least curiosity, in "the people," in any epoch. The democratic ideal, however theoretic it may have been, democratic philosophy, however rational and disillusioned it may have become, are inseparable from humanitarianism and humanitarianism was itself antipathetic to Carlyle. Witness "Model Prisons" for a single example. Man as man meant nothing to him. The dignity of human nature he regarded with truly Calvinistic derision. The "divine" element monopolized him. He even manufactured at need incarnations of it. Hence his doctrine of heroes, his view of history as the biography of great men, his exaltation of the exceptional personality.

Here again his undemocratic feeling sets him aside from the current and movement of his time. History is now the history of peoples. Its heroes are resultants of popular forces, movements, phases. They are explained, not "sent by God." Even literature conceives them in this way. There is a striking contrast not only in the treatment but in the titles of "Heroes and Hero Worship" and Emerson's "Representative Men." Emerson was saturated with true democratic feeling. It was a constituent of his refinement. His heroes are in the words he cites from Sterling:

> Our nobler brothers, though one in blood.

Carlyle's are exhibited in the strongest relief. The darker the time, the greater the hero. And his preference for the darkest time, the most legendary hero, is significant. The result is a kind of falsification of historic color, to say the least. Really his hero is often admirable only because his environment is not—Odin, for instance, and Mahomet. Yet by a curious confusion he glorifies the stern times that could produce the hero, merely because they have produced him. One feels that the train of thought is a little insipid. Hence an aggrandizement of the Norse twilight with its rude figures over the diffused day of Greece and its community of pleasanter personifications. Olympus is too democratic for him, there is too much freedom, too much individuality, as well as the lack of solemnity involved in less gloom. Even in mythology his instinctive preference for energy to light appears. In mythology, however, one may indulge his preferences. To treat the graver matters of history, and social and political philosophy with mediæval hostility to the vital force of the modern world and without its scientific spirit, is too antagonistic to the current of modern thought to be convincing to modern men, and too particular to have, even abstractly, the cogency of utterance that is in harmony with the tone and rhythm of one's own time.

V

Of course, in noting his tendency to make of history a series of biographies, I do not mean to assert that in theory Carlyle altogether and implicitly denied the representative character of his heroes. Quite the contrary is the case, although explicitly he derides the disposition to call

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the hero the "creature of the Time" and exclaims "The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called!" But this representative character of theirs he assumes and never so much as attempts to demonstrate. In strict *a priori* fashion he infers often that they not only represent but incarnate the spirit of their time, which thenceforth he sees only as mirrored in their personalities. In practice therefore his concentration upon them becomes a study of idiosyncrasy instead of typical qualities. His instinct interests him in them in proportion to the strength of their individuality, and this is often the measure of their *un*representativeness. The same plebeian antagonism to democratic feeling that leads him to consider the spirit of the time as negligible except as incarnated in the hero, leads him inevitably to magnify the hero in his purely personal and particular character. Thus, for example, his admiration of Johnson is based on his worshipping according to the old formulas in St. Clement Danes every Sunday in the age of Voltaire; though for his attempt to rationalize the same old formulas he has nothing but ridicule for Coleridge. In every instance, we perceive, what really interests him is *character*, and character in itself, in proportion to its energy, intrinsically and not representatively at all. Thus, practically speaking, Carlyle's history is apt to be history just in so far as his heroes are truly representative, and history, moreover, that is indirectly and not directly illuminating. When he comes to such a character as Loyola, for example, his historical sense is merged in the passion of the pamphleteer. Ignatius's energy attracted him as an artist—attracted him virulently, one may say. But on the Catholic reaction, which is one of the most interesting and significant movements of history, and which is in a sense identical with Ignatius, it simply never occurs to him to throw any light whatever.

This reserve made, however, his history is often wonderfully illuminating because of this very absorption in character, which leads him to excessive and exclusive interest in the element of personality. This interest of itself implies a moral rather than a purely intellectual preoccupation, a superior concern for the heart and the soul, a quick feeling for the *sentiment* of a time, which when it is sympathetically, is therefore truly, interpreted. That is to say, divination discloses it as mere inspection cannot. And the sentiment of a time is measurably speaking the time itself. Accordingly, when Carlyle is in harmony with his epoch, his treatment of it, though never impartial and often excessive, is, through the very quality which in other circumstances is a defect—his predominant interest in character, namely, and in the forces which constitute character, moral forces rather than ideas—vitally and centrally irradiating. No one has praised this inner method of Carlyle better than the external Taine. He calls it "a new fashion of writing history," and he goes on as follows: "Man is not an inert being, moulded by a constitution, nor a lifeless being expressed by a formula; he is an active and living soul, capable of acting, discovering, creating, devoting himself, and before all of daring: genuine history is an epic of heroism. This idea is, in my opinion, as it were a brilliant light. For men have not done great things without great emotions." Carlyle himself says the same thing in saying that Puritanism "came forth as a *real business of the heart*." For the exhibition of such when it was to him a sympathetic business he had an extraordinary aptitude. His exhibition of it, then, is extraordinarily vivid. "Grave constitutional histories hang heavy after this compilation," says Taine of the "Cromwell." It is also extraordinarily luminous and searching. In the "Cromwell," Taine continues, "I can touch the truth itself."

Everything, however, in this latter respect depends upon the sufficiency of the historian's sympathy. The French Revolution, though far more a matter of the head than the Puritan, was also "a real business of the heart." Carlyle's panorama of it is, at least in sustained passages such as the Taking of the Bastille, of epic vividness and even grandeur. Pictorially—rather, I think, than in a true literary sense—it is strictly incomparable. But the truth of it! The truth is not simply altogether missed, as it might be by an historian of political or other formulary. It is deeply perverted. It is wholly mis-

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conceived by antagonism, by a hostility which is merely the complement of those Puritan predilections that make his "Cromwell" so sympathetic an interpretation. "Carlyle judges the Revolution," says Taine again, "as unjustly as he judges Voltaire, and for the same reasons. He understands our manner of acting no better than our manner of thinking. . . . Generosity and enthusiasm abounded in France as well as in England; acknowledge them under a form which is not English. These men were devoted to abstract truth, as the Puritan to divine truth; they followed philosophy as the Puritan followed religion; they had for their aim universal salvation, as the Puritan had individual salvation. They fought against evil in society, as the Puritan fought it in the soul. They were generous as the Puritans were virtuous. They had, like them, a heroism, but sympathetic, sociable, ready to proselytize, which reformed Europe, while the English one only served England."

There is no escaping from the justice of this judgment, and it is a terribly severe one. The words I have cited contain more candor in making distinctions where distinctions are of vital, of absolute, importance, than is to be found in all Carlyle's works. Plainly the inner method serves the historian ill—pillories him, indeed—if it is not applied by an imagination which can divine phenomena lying without the confines of its temperamental prejudices. It is not sufficient for him to place himself at the very centre of another's stand-point; he must perform this feat when the other stand-point is a different, or even a hostile one—the faculty for which was denied to Carlyle as completely as if he had been devoid of all imagination whatever. The "Fritziad" illustrates the fact less strikingly than the "French Revolution," but it illustrates it amply. And in the essay on Voltaire it appears not incidentally and as the vitiating element of a work otherwise important, but as a direct and positive piece of sustained if unconscious calumny.

VI

He was certainly an artist—to the point, indeed, which makes it possible to say that he is quite misconceived if the plastic element in his composition is not prominently considered. He cared nothing whatever for art. It escaped him altogether. When he did not neglect, he insulted it. "May the devil fly away with the fine arts," he quotes sympathetically from some enlightened authority, or other—perhaps, *more suo*, supposititious. It had for him the curious moral connotation it might have had for his Covenanter ancestry had they known of its existence. His rare admirations are childish—for example, the feeble Dante fresco portrait once ascribed to Giotto, his interpretation of which is as absurd as anything in Ruskin, and, in another way, the puerile picture of "The Little Drummer," in which Frederick figures as a child. His praise of Dante's "song" is inferred from his appreciation of its burden, not due to a feeling for its wonderful integumental music. Froude says his ear was deficient and his metrical experiments a failure, which is true enough in general, though the translation of Goethe's noble verses in "Past and Present" is adequate and even moving. But any appeal purely to the æsthetic faculty he suspected, and whatever he suspected, of course, he either derided or denounced. It is singular that this does not qualify his worship of Goethe.

His lack of æsthetic appreciation, however, neither obscures nor obstructs his striking powers of artistic expression. He made his own picture, to which everything he saw was contributory material, and he was so egoistic that the combinations of others did not interest him. And his picture is always sapiently, *savamment*, constructed. You may like the technic or not, but the effect—and the effect evidently preconceived, arranged, combined—is not to be denied. His praise of unconsciousness is, as I have already said, manifestly a reaction from the discomfort and often the misery with which his extremely conscious composition was attended. No writer ever thought more of *how* he was to do whatever he did. His journal records that he sat three days before the sheet of paper at the top of which the word "Voltaire" was written before writing a line of his famous essay. Certainly, during that time, he was not thinking what to say. And his effect is always the supremely artistic effect of totality. In an elab-

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orate work, as in an essay, the sense of the whole prevails with truly organic persistence in even the most individualized parts. His purpose is always an informing purpose, and his aim the single one attained by a convergence of the most multifarious means. His art satisfies abundantly such definitions as : "The answer to the question, How?" "The adaptation of means to ends," even "The interpenetration of the object with its ideal."

A moment's reflection will assure anyone of this. When we recall "Sartor," "Heroes," "Past and Present," "The French Revolution," or the ten volumes of "Frederick," it is a single impression that we recall. This is true of even the "Latter-day Pamphlets," which, in spite of their variety of subjects—Stump Oratory, Jesuitism, the Nigger Question, etc. —leave the definite sensation of a prolonged and scarcely modulated shriek. Mr. Lowell complains of "The French Revolution" that it is a series of "brilliant flashes," and that we get no "general view." The *narrative* is episodical, if one chooses, but the *picture* is composed from the centre, and its unity is conspicuous ; pictorially, the difficulty is that we get nothing *but* a "general view." "Frederick" is a masterpiece of concentric and centripetal miscellany. The technic is here and there deplorable, there are waste-places and bits over-elaborated, details summarily treated and others caressed out of all proportion. But when the immense size of the canvas and the heterogeneity of the subject are taken into consideration, the way in which the central figure is at once made to stand out in accentuated individuality and at the same time intimately connected with related figures and events remote or near at hand, the result seems a marvel of artistic unity. It might surely have been better done. Herculean as the labor Carlyle undertook in it is, he undertook it, and in strictness should have performed it, instead of punctuating it with complaints of its onerousness and overloading it with unconformed data and disquisition. But it is a notable work of art.

The "Cromwell" is on the other hand superbly done. It is in its kind unique. The way in which Cromwell is allowed to paint himself, issuing himself as it were for the first time from the lumber of effigies theretofore constructed of him, is unsurpassed in artistic vigor. It is compassed, too, by the subordination of stimulant commentary to the main business in hand —a circumstance that, however illuminating the method, must, in the case of so aggressive an advocate as Carlyle, be taken as eloquent witness of his controlling genius for real effectiveness. Had he been content with a less striking impression, so strenuous a personality as his would not, in the whole plan and scope of his work, have so markedly yielded the centre of the stage. He certainly recouped himself somewhat in the *entr'actes ;* and the "Cromwell" is his single performance of the kind. In general his art is disfigured by the converse of such æsthetic altruisms, by caprice, the caprice of his temperament. But his deficiency as an artist is deeper than anything temperamental—deeper than excess, even, or the defiance of that discipline of genius which art has been called. It is his carelessness of perfection, his insensitiveness to beauty, his indifference to quality in his work. If he thought much how to do a thing, he thought little of how to do it well—well, that is to say, in correspondence with any classic standard or any ideal of power implying restraint. His devotion to expression was too absolute to be qualified by restraint, and nothing else, of course, will exorcise excess, the essential foe of formal excellence. The inspiration of those passages in his works that are truly beautiful is moral not æsthetic feeling—the noble and affecting fragment on the death of Edward Irving, for example. The "Life of Sterling," which is a masterpiece of contained expression, of sustained style and of admirable workmanship, which is his most finished production, and which may stand as a model biography in just those qualities that ordinarily his caprice is fatal to—the "Life of Sterling" is inspired by the desire to free his friend's memory from the misconceptions of Hare's account of him. Its lofty decorum and wise dignity seem dictated by the occasion, and show what he might have done had he conceived purely æsthetic ends thus deferentially. His "Address," too, on his election as Rector at Edinburgh is —especially for an essentially extempore address—marked by a rare sense of grace

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and harmony growing out of the sentiment of the occasion, which appealed to him, always on the moral side, of course, very personally; his apology for the furious fustian of the "Latter-day Pamphlets" is particularly touching. But where he does not feel the pressure of moral constraint, his art is never disciplined out of its excesses nor inspired to its felicities by the effort for perfection. The disproportion between expression and reserve is, accordingly, extreme.

VII

In expression, however, perhaps prose has not had a greater master. He could say anything he wanted to and with extraordinary energy. His style is a perfect mirror of his mind. No writer's is so idiosyncratic—so intensely idiosyncratic. It illustrates not only all his traits but all his moods. It brings out into the starkest relief his defects as well as his qualities. It is terribly indiscreet and lays bare his caprice, his lack of deference, his defiance of discipline, his intoxicated irresponsibility. But it does more than this. It accentuates its substance, notably. It accelerates the momentum of his perversity and carries him along with it, through a *crescendo* of Berserker surrender to the wild delight of pure and utter expression, to a *finale* that is often outrageous and not infrequently inept. Never was there such an instance of the faculty of expression running away with its possessor. One perceives the explanation of his paradoxical praise of silence. After excess comes reaction. Self-consciousness is assailed by the sense of futility, and sincerity sacrifices its equilibrium in expiation. After a debauch of violence, which in the retrospect appears verbiage, La Trappe seems the only refuge. Then, of course—*da capo;* endless renewal. Mr. Morley, I think, pleasantly characterizes Carlyle's works as "the gospel of silence in thirty volumes." But it is not this illogicality that is so conspicuous; the gospel of silence, like any other gospel, must be uttered, even reiterated. The paradox really consists in its being preached with so much verbosity, such stentorian tone, such *lucus a non lucendo* cogency — at times such splutter. Self-consciousness, dissatisfied with its own facility, on the one hand, dissatisfied, on the other, with the inherent disproportion between excess and cogency of expression, shows its exasperation in a disgust too drastic to be reasonable. "Be not a stump orator, thou brave young British man," admonishes Carlyle, "at least if thou canst help it." He knew how hard it was to help it. The addendum is illuminating. Perhaps it is humorous. But such humor is a trifle flat.

Carlyle's humor *is* in general, I think, a trifle flat. It is an eminent trait of his style, but perhaps the least preservative one. It is almost altogether composed of that element of his style which is its most crying defect—excess, namely; excess and caprice. Style implies consciousness, in large measure, and to ascribe humor to one's style instead of to one's instinctive manner of expression—as one must in the case of Carlyle—is to characterize it as artificial. His humor *is* artificial; it is more than wilful. And artificial humor depends upon novelty for its acceptability. Of course, novelty is an important consideration in many circumstances. The joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, closely examined, is doubtless partly due to it. But in the case of artificial humor novelty is a necessity. Such a specimen as the address to the Jesuit in "Latter-day Pamphlets": "Prim friend, in rosary, scapulary, and I know not what other spiritual block-and-tackle," etc., may, for example, have pleased on its appearance. But the novelty has worn off, and this kind of thing, in which Carlyle abounds, is itself "left naked to laughter," and laughter of a rather dreary sort, as he might say. The image with which the "Cromwell" closes may once have seemed a grim audacity, a kind of Rabelaisian figure of heroic outrageousness, but what strikes one now in reading or recalling it is that it does not ring true. The same may be said of the welter of epithet and oddity with which his style is so often garnished. His allusions, comparisons, characterizations are frequently chosen out of a sense of humor, no doubt, but clung to, reiterated and played with out of deliberate perversity. They serve no end of illumination often, and only illustrate his disposition to free his mind without conveying anything to

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the reader, who indeed needs a glossary for their comprehension. But they are voluntary accidents of his style, and become mannerisms for which he displayed an increasing fondness. His underlying spontaneity, of which he had a stock proportioned to his enormous energy, often showed, accordingly, a surface of pure affectation.

His humor, thus, serves to betray the lack of genuineness in his style, and to bring out more clearly its lack of artistic sincerity. It bears all the marks of conscious elaboration. Original it undoubtedly is. It has no prototype even. But its originality is invented rather than native. Froude says quite truly that he had to make his own audience out of a public at first perplexed and repelled by it. It was deliberately assumed, as its post-dating the correctness of his earlier manner, the manner of the "Life of Schiller," shows. And not improbably it was assumed for effect, as the phrase is, designed, that is to say, to arrest attention rather than to win adhesion for the substance it clothed. He was for years casting about to "do something" that should show his powers and give him his predestined place. The "something" proved to be his style. "Sartor" less fantastically habited, would have appeared less singular; it would have appeared as it does now to readers long accustomed to its eccentricities, not so very extraordinary after all. Its style was its Byronic collar, so to say. Oddity was in the air in those days. The outward and visible signs of transcendentalism were quite as striking as its inward sanction. Carlyle eluded its superficialities and concentrated his fantasticality upon something more vital. He had awaked many mornings without finding himself famous. The long delay made it increasingly desirable that he should "burst upon the world" in some way. He did so in his style, which served the purpose—his more or less conscious purpose—perfectly.

Artistically sincere it cannot, at any rate, be called, whatever its origin. It is too patently perverse. But it is extremely personal, and as Carlyle developed it, it came to be an admirable instrument of pure expression, its excesses and eccentricities matching the perversities of his mind and giving him a freedom which, however disadvantageous in other respects, enabled him to say effectively whatever he wished to say. They grew together, perhaps, with mutual concessions, until he reached the ability to pour it forth extempore with an ease of effluence rivalling the song of a bird, the natural gush of a fountain, and yet always with such idiosyncrasy as sometimes to borrow from it character for very commonplace substance. No writer has ever achieved such distinction in singularizing ineptitude by the piquancy of his style. It came to vary directly with the varying temper that vibrated around the course of his most constant thinking. It is the vivid and elastic medium of his gravity, his irony, his deep earnestness, his triviality, his vehemence, his sportiveness, because it follows closely his every impulse and never checks nor constricts his utterance by the suggestion of conformity to any consistency of its own. It certainly had consistency. So marked a style must indeed run into mannerism and monotony. But its consistency is the mere reflection of Carlyle's emotional state. When he glows it is vivid, when he nods it is dull with an ashen dulness. The moment his energy flags it becomes mechanical; its elasticity "sets"; its artificial side becomes evident. But certainly at its best, that is to say at his best, it is superb in the transparency with which it discloses the energetic working of a powerful mind under the stress of strong emotion. It interposes no veil between the writer and his readers. It is wonderfully direct and wonderfully plastic. It is vital rather than crystalline because its inspiration is feeling. But it is notably clear. Encrusted with the various extraneities of obscure and recondite allusion dictated by personal caprice and a contemptuous indifference to the comprehension of the reader, the thread of it is always brilliantly plain—like a streak of scarlet through a tangle of green. It is never turgid even in its violences, nor involved even in its fantasticalities. Its vocabulary is enormous, but never encumbers it. It eschews pedantry with instinctive felicity. Its epithets are complete characterizations. Its very unevenness heightens its color. No conceivable style could better fit the picturesque, and in the external world it is the picturesque that absorbs Carlyle, as the moral does in the

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spiritual. The world, considered purely as a spectacle, impressed him as a chaos of confused contrasts and, aside from its moral meaning or futility, it stimulated his acute sense for the fortuitous, which is the essence of the picturesque. Its ordered beauty did not greatly move him. His feeling for the truly dramatic is accordingly a little superficial, I think, though when he feels it on its moral side, he treats it with a splendid eloquence, as in the conclusion of the lecture on Mahomet with its "within one century afterwards, Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that; glancing in valor and splendor and the light of genius. Arabia shines through long ages over a great section of the world." One could cite such instances by the score, instances of eloquence untouched by rhetoric, untainted by the common, thought and expression fused at white heat and glowing with a purity of radiance that is the very mystery of genius and its power to transfigure the temperamental plebeian and the hereditary peasant into the poet, the prophet, and the patrician.

VIII

"THE moral life of man," says Froude, in one of those sentences that tend to make literature of his writings, "is like the flight of a bird in the air. He is sustained only by effort, and when he ceases to exert himself he falls." Carlyle's supreme service to his generation is to have stimulated and strengthened its sustaining moral energy. Except his notable rehabilitation of the Puritans and Cromwell—a *very* notable exception, it is true, yet after all not only strictly cognate to his work as a moralist, but strictly also in a sense an academic excursus of it—little else, I think, can be claimed for him. Of the histories, his "French Revolution" is a caricature and a libel, and all the pictorial splendor of its poetic prose cannot obscure its fundamental misconceptions. His "Frederick" is a piece of Titanic special pleading. Freeman remarked of "The Decline and Fall," that whatever else was read, "Gibbon must be read, too." Conversely, one may say of the "Frederick," that whether it is read or not, something else must also be read, and Mr. Tuttle need not have apologized for his painstaking "History of Prussia." On his own theory that, "to know a thing, what we can call knowing, a man must first *love* the thing, sympathize with it," Carlyle should have let the eighteenth century—"*ce siècle sans âme*"—alone. Man, not God, was its preoccupation, in contradistinction from its predecessor. Its "soullessness" revolted him. Its humanitarianism meant nothing to him. Its great discovery of the dignity of man, he flouted. In its substitution of the heart for the soul, its rationalization of the affections, its ideals of freedom of spirit and faculty, of equality of rights and duties, of fraternity of interests and feelings to the end of mutual advantage and co-operative advance, he saw only a chaotic scramble after the *ignis fatuus* of happiness, selfishly inspired. In the seventeenth century he is at home, and accordingly his "Cromwell" is his greatest work, his true masterpiece. But even the "Cromwell" is as history impaired by the heavy defects of its qualities. As its eulogist, Taine, himself, observes: "Carlyle is so much their [the Puritans] brother that he excuses or admires their excesses—the execution of the King, the mutilation of Parliament, their intolerance, inquisition, the despotism of Cromwell, the theocracy of Knox." Different temperaments will always view them differently, but historically the last word has probably been said about the Puritans. And though he prepared the way for it, it is certain that Carlyle did not say it.

There remain in the way of formal service to his time his slight and suggestive rather than systematic advocacy of emigration and education as remedies for English ills and his introduction to the English reading public of German literature—of which his treatment, however, was notably uncritical. It is outside therefore of his partisan history, his not novel philosophy, his imperfect criticism, formally considered, that the true distinction of Carlyle's writings is to be found. It is to be found in their moral cogency—the moral cogency with which, indeed, his history, philosophy, and criticism are impregnated and, which, rather than their historical, philosophic, or critical merits, constitutes their vital value. A critic of the absence of the practical in his gospel

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calls him merely "a moral brass band," and contrasts him painfully with philosophers of the concrete usefulness of Bentham and Mill. The figure is hardly just. Morally considered, he had not the rudimentary organization it implies; he was rather a double orchestra. But the meaning is sound. Why, however, moral stimulus should be belittled; why, above all, it should be deemed, of all things in the world, *unpractical*, is difficult to see. "They were not madmen, but men of business," says Taine, of the Puritans. "The whole difference between them and the men we know is that they had a conscience." It is not the whole difference, but it is in the highest degree a practical one. The view that conceives *character* rather than institutions as the great force in human affairs, individual as well as social, is as practical as the converse view; it is indeed the view which has mainly determined the crises of English progress, the view from which its vaunted "practical results" have proceeded. To celebrate this view, to enforce it on every occasion, to converge upon its significance the sum of human experiences and the reflections they create, to illustrate it with a wealth of example, to extract its essential dignity and nobility from the crudities with which it is often encumbered, to exhibit it as the one necessary and permanently fruitful consideration for bringing human activity into accord with the harmony that is not human but divine, to exalt it with eloquence and preach it with the ardor of fire, all with a view to the induction in the reader of a distinct spiritual attitude governing his every thought and act, must seem to anyone but a pedant, in strictest computation, the most practical thing in the world. To assert the contrary is equivalent to calling the Levitical code, for example, more practical than the Sermon on the Mount. Discussion of the practicality of Carlyle's preaching is in fact pure verbiage. What is really meant by the denial of it is that in a time of measures he occupied himself with men.

His real limitation—and it is, I think, a tragic one—is not the miscalled unpractical nature of his writings, the nature they share with those of perhaps the majority of the writers who have influenced the thought and feeling of the world, but the defective nature of his spiritual ideal. His conception of character is of rectitude plus energy, and it is an imperfect conception. Character is, it is true, the basis of everything persistent and effective in the effort of mankind and what saves it from futility and chaos. But character that is most efficient and most benign is character rounded and complete, its energy tempered with sweetness, its derivative conduct illumined with light, and its various powers expanded in every fruitful direction instead of driven in upon themselves in concentration and constraint. "Were we of *open sense* as the Greeks were," he says finely of the sailing of the Mayflower, "we had found a Poem here." Precisely. Of all our writers he most lacks this "open sense," and his lack of it narrows his spiritual horizon. Beauty lies beyond its bounds—even the beauty of holiness. In his hierarchy of heroes there are no saints. He is temperamentally of the old dispensation. The expansion of the new, under its vitalizing principle of the love which casteth out fear, is quite foreign to him. His references to the Crucified One are perfunctory and mechanical—one would say obligatory rather than spontaneous. He never melts in joyous unison with the fair smile upon the face of Duty, or inhales with the dilutest rapture the fragrance that treads in her footing. His almost unremittent tension does not relax into kindness. His exacting demands are not tempered with tolerance. "On the whole we are not altogether here to tolerate: We are here to resist, to control and vanquish withal," he says. One perceives the spirit that animates him. Beside such evidence of it, his occasional eulogy of the "Religion of Sorrow," even, seems a concession to the conventional. Of the four powers into which Matthew Arnold conveniently divided humanizing agencies: the power of intellect and science, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners and the power of conduct," the last only interests him or plays any part in his gospel, which is therefore wholly addressed to the individual. The only *concert* I can recall of which he speaks well is Knox's theocracy, which also appeals to him as the ideal of a millennium in which all the individual units are right-

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eously disposed. What we know as social forces were to him quite negligible. He admired amenity as little as he possessed it. He praises the "broad simplicity, rusticity" of the "Norse System" as "so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek paganism," and argues its sincerity from its rudeness. "Sincerity, I think, is better than grace," he naïvely adds. And indeed naïve is the one word to apply to some aspects of Carlyle's point of view. He knew the world profoundly, but he viewed it from Ecclefechan; there is no such example in literature of inveterate perversity. He saw his own principles through the prism of his temperament. And no writer ever had so much temperament. It injures his ideal for us and makes it less attractive. But what is far more grave is that in doing so it weakens the stimulus he would otherwise afford to readers who would otherwise be drawn to those of its elements that are at once noble and indispensable. He imposes it instead of making it lovely. To earnest souls—and he can have no other readers—the way seems hard enough. Carlyle often recalls the anecdote related by Mr. Frederic Harrison apropos of Fitzjames Stephen, perhaps Carlyle's most distinguished disciple, in which a stern confessor tells a dying penitent, endeavoring to turn his thoughts toward Heaven, that he "ought to be thankful he had a hell to go to." "Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise" is not only more winning and therefore of a higher potency, but it illustrates a later stage of ethical evolution.

Nevertheless Froude's striking figure, which I have already cited, is justified of every man's experience. Every man, the most innocent as well as the most virtuous, knows the incessant pressure of the necessity of moral effort. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." The opportunity of doing good or of avoiding doing it is exquisitely adjusted in scale to the degrees with which perfection is approached. Everyone is conscious of life as a succession of choices which it behooves him to make rightly on pain either of, at the least, a sense of dissatisfaction or of feeling that he is ceasing to count at all and declining into the estate of "the beasts that perish." Of himself he can do nothing. Effort and high resolve—whether labelled "the grace of God" or "the higher self" is immaterial—are needed to dominate the "law of the members," which operates instinctively along the line of least resistance and tends toward the greater inclination, and the result of which in the modern world at least is dissatisfaction and distress. In the antique world we are apt to think it may not have been so. Heine, for example, conceived that it was not so, and the tragic result of this belief in his own case does not refute the many true and searching things he said in support of it. "The ideal, cheerful, sensuous, pagan life is not sick or sorry," says Matthew Arnold, writing of Theocritus. Of the real pagan life, however, one may find the witness of the ideal idyllist less illuminating than the graver literature from Æschylus to Juvenal. And whatever it was, it is over. Evolution alone has fixed our status. The purely sensuous ideal, if it ever practically existed, is irrevocably submerged. The tyranny of conscience has perhaps also passed its apogee. When Mr. James, for example, concludes his life of Hawthorne with the words "Man's conscience was his theme, but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy which added out of its own substance an interest and I may almost say an importance," the modern reader is quite in agreement with him. But conscience long since won its permanent place in the domain of the common consciousness of mankind. It has not been exorcised in its rationalization. And the status it imposes is recognized by consciousness as the prize of constant effort. What greater service than the stimulation of this effort is it open to literature to render to humanity, one feels like asking in the presence of Carlyle's massive contribution to what he himself loftily defines as "the Thought of Thinking Souls?" Only one, perhaps; that of lightening it as well.

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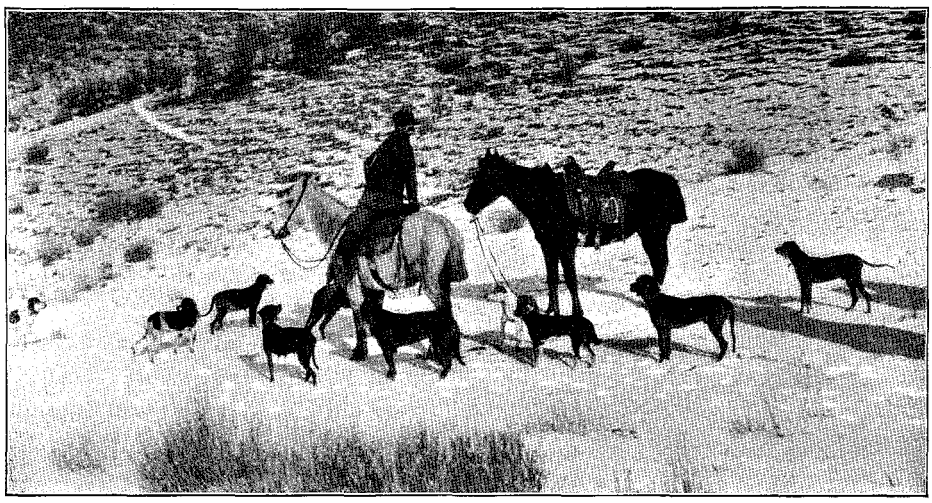

Goff and His Pack.

WITH THE COUGAR HOUNDS

By Theodore Roosevelt

FIRST PAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP K. STEWART

IN January, 1901, I started on a five weeks' cougar hunt from Meeker in Northwest Colorado. My companions were Mr. Philip K. Stewart and Dr. Gerald Webb, of Colorado Springs; Stewart was the captain of the victorious Yale nine of '86. We reached Meeker on January 11th, after a forty mile drive from the railroad, through the bitter winter weather; it was eighteen degrees below zero when we started. At Meeker we met John B. Goff, the hunter, and left town the next morning on horseback for his ranch, our hunting beginning that same afternoon, when after a brisk run our dogs treed a bobcat. After a fortnight Stewart and Webb returned, Goff and I staying out three weeks longer. We did not have to camp out, thanks to the warm-hearted hospitality of the proprietor and manager of the Keystone Ranch, and of the Mathes Brothers and Judge Foreman, both of whose ranches I also visited. The five weeks were spent hunting north of the White River, most of the time in the neighborhood of Coyote Basin and Colorow Mountain. In mid-winter, hunting on horseback in the Rockies is apt to be cold work, but we were too warmly clad to mind the weather. We wore heavy flannels, jackets lined with sheepskin, caps which drew down entirely over our ears, and on our feet heavy ordinary socks, german socks, and overshoes. Galloping through the brush and among the spikes of the dead cedars, meant that now and then one got snagged; I found tough overalls better than trousers; and most of the time I did not need the jacket, wearing my old buckskin shirt, which is to my mind a particularly useful and comfortable garment.

It is a high, dry country, where the winters are usually very cold, but the snow not under ordinary circumstances very deep. It is wild and broken in character, the hills and low mountains rising in sheer slopes, broken by cliffs and riven by deeply cut and gloomy gorges and ravines. The sage-brush grows everywhere upon the flats and hillsides. Large open groves of pinyon and cedar are scattered over the peaks, ridges, and table-lands. Tall spruces

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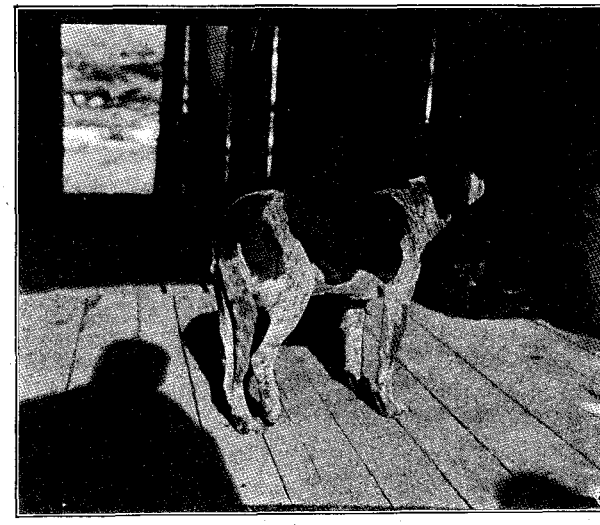
Tony and Baldy.

cluster in the cold ravines. Cottonwoods grow along the stream courses, and there are occasional patches of scrub-oak and quaking asp. The entire country is taken up with cattle ranges wherever it is possible to get a sufficient water-supply, natural or artificial. Some thirty miles to the east and north the mountains rise higher, the evergreen forest becomes continuous, the snow lies deep all through the winter, and such Northern animals as the wolverene, lucivee, and snow-shoe rabbit are found. This high country is the summer home of the Colorado elk, which are now rapidly becoming extinct, and of the Colorado blacktail deer, which are still very plentiful, but which, unless better protected, will follow the elk in the next decade or so. In winter both elk and deer come down to the lower country, through a part of which I made my hunting trip. We did not come across any elk, but I have never, even in the old days, seen blacktail more abundant than they were in this region. There was hardly a day that we did not see scores, and there were some days that we saw hundreds. The bucks had not lost their antlers, and were generally, but not always, found in small troops by themselves; the does, yearlings, and fawns—now almost yearlings themselves—went in bands. They seemed tame, and we often passed close to them before they took alarm. Of course at that season it was against the law to kill them; and even had this not been so none of our party would have dreamed of molesting them. It was very interesting to see the way the deer got under—never over or through—the wire fences; they did not slide, but crouched, so that it was almost like crawling; yet they hardly checked their speed.

The midwinter mountain landscape was very beautiful, whether under the brilliant



Boxer.

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blue sky of the day, or the starlight or glorious moonlight of the night, or when under the dying sun the snowy peaks, and the light clouds above, kindled into flame, and sank again to gold and amber and sombre purple. After the snow-storms the

Jim on a Trail.

trees, almost hidden beneath the light, feathery masses, gave a new and strange look to the mountains, as if they were giant masses of frosted silver. Even the storms had a beauty of their own. The keen, cold air, the wonderful scenery, and the interest and excitement of the sport, made our veins thrill and beat with buoyant life.

In cougar hunting the success of the hunter depends absolutely upon his hounds. As hounds that are not perfectly trained are worse than useless, this means that success depends absolutely upon the man who trains and hunts the hounds. Goff was one of the best hunters with whom I have ever been out, and he had trained his pack to a point of perfection for its special work which I have never known another such pack to reach. With the exception of one new hound, which he had just purchased, and of a puppy, which was being trained, not one of the pack would look at a deer even when they were all as keen as mustard, were not on a trail, and when the deer got up but fifty yards or so from them. By the end of the hunt both the new hound and the puppy were entirely trustworthy; of course, Goff can only keep up his pack by continually including new or young dogs with the veterans. As cougar are only plentiful where deer are infinitely more plentiful, the first requisite for a good cougar hound is that it shall leave its natural prey, the deer, entirely alone. Goff's pack ran only bear, cougar, and bobcat. Under no circumstances were they ever permitted to follow elk, deer, antelope or, of course, rabbit. Nor were they allowed to follow a wolf unless it was wounded; for in such a rough country they would at once run out of sight and hearing, and moreover if they did overtake the wolf they would be so scattered as to come up singly and probably

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be overcome one after another. Being bold dogs they were always especially eager after wolf and coyote, and when they came across the trail of either, though they would not follow it, they would usually challenge loudly. If the circumstances were such that they could overtake the wolf in a body, it could make no effective

"Barking treed."

fight against them, no matter how large and powerful. On the one or two occasions when this had occurred, the pack had throttled "Isegrim" without getting a scratch.

As the dogs did all the work, we naturally became extremely interested in them, and rapidly grew to know the voice, peculiarities, and special abilities of each. There were eight hounds and four fighting-dogs. The hounds were of the ordinary Eastern type, used from the Adirondacks to the Mississippi in the chase of deer and fox. Six of them were black and tan and two were mottled. They differed widely in size and voice. The biggest, and, on the whole, the most useful, was Jim, a very fast, powerful, and true dog with a great voice. When the animal was treed or bayed, Jim was especially useful because he never stopped barking; and we could only find the hounds, when at bay, by listening for the sound of their voices. Among the cliffs and precipices the pack usually ran out of sight and hearing if the chase lasted any length of time. Their business was to bring the quarry to bay, or put it up a tree, and then to stay with it and make a noise until the hunters came up. During this hunt there were two or three occasions when they had a cougar up a tree for at least three hours before we arrived, and on several occasions Goff had known them to keep a cougar up a tree overnight and to be still barking around the tree when the hunters at last found them the following morning. Jim always did his share of the killing, being a formidable fighter, though too wary to take hold

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After the Fight.

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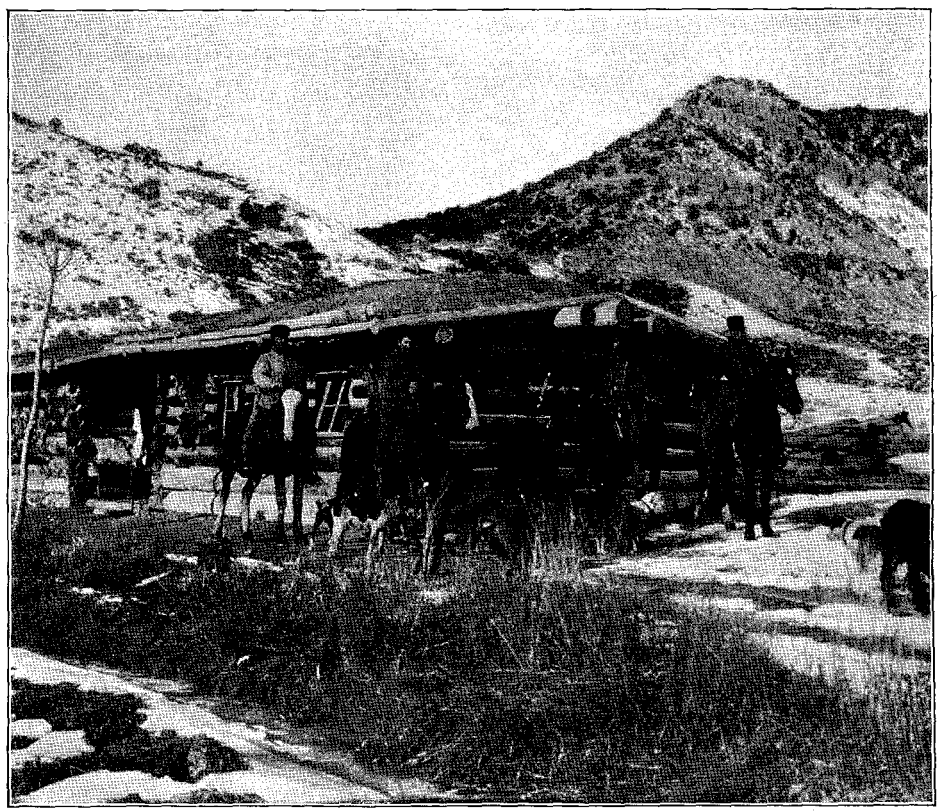

Starting for a Hunt.

until one of the professional fighting-dogs had seized. He was a great bully with the other dogs, robbing them of their food, and yielding only to Turk. He possessed great endurance, and very stout feet.

On the whole the most useful dog next to Jim was old Boxer. Age had made Boxer slow, and in addition to this, the first cougar we tackled bit him through one hind leg, so that for the remainder of the trip he went on three legs, or, as Goff put it, "packed one leg"; but this seemed not to interfere with his appetite, his endurance, or his desire for the chase. Of all the dogs he was the best to puzzle out a cold trail on a bare hillside, or in any difficult place. He hardly paid any heed to the others, always insisting upon working out the trail for himself, and he never gave up. Of course, the dogs were much more apt to come upon the cold than upon the fresh trail of a cougar, and it was often necessary for them to spend several hours in working out a track which was at least two days old. Both Boxer and Jim had enormous appetites. Boxer was a small dog and Jim a very large one, and as the relations of the pack among themselves were those of brutal wild-beast selfishness, Boxer had to eat very quickly if he expected to get anything when Jim was around. He never ventured to fight Jim, but in deep-toned voice appealed to heaven against the unrighteousness with which he was treated; and time and again such appeal caused me to sally out and rescue his dinner from Jim's highway robbery. Once, when Boxer was given a biscuit, which he tried to bolt whole, Jim simply took his entire head in his jaws, and convinced him that he had his choice of surrendering the biscuit, or sharing its passage down Jim's capacious throat. Boxer promptly gave up the biscuit, then lay on his back and wailed a protest to fate—his voice being deep rather than

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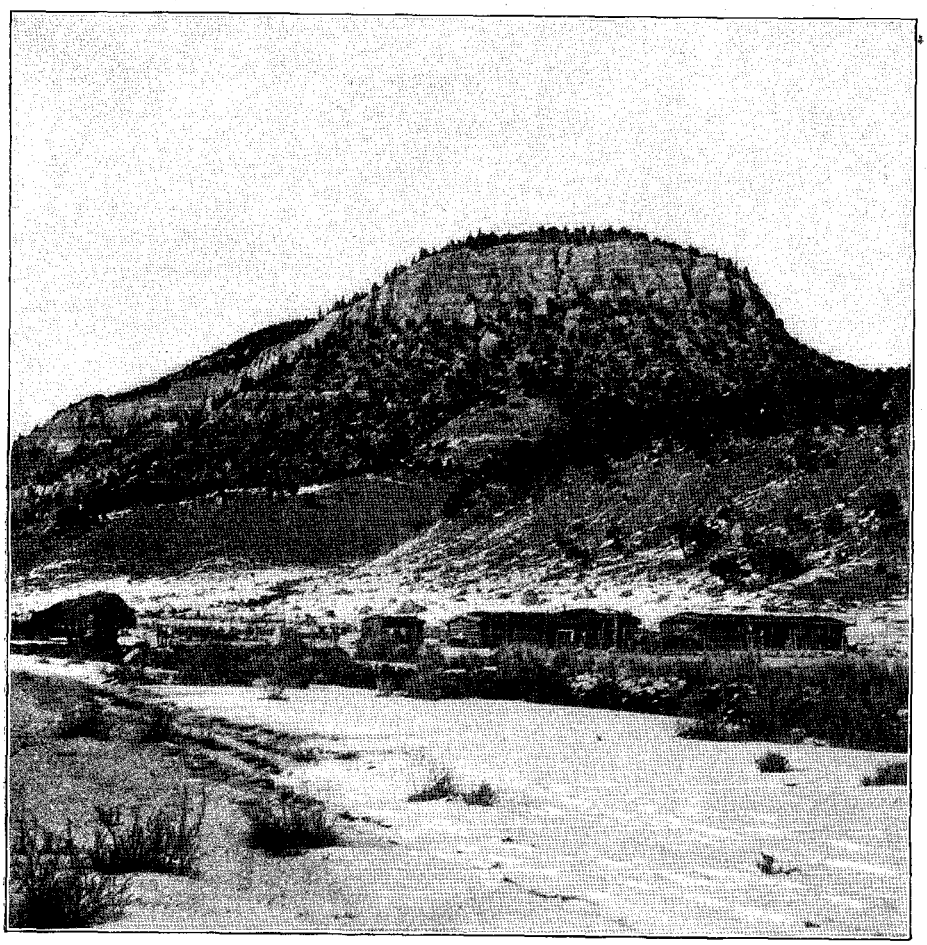
loud, so that on the trail, when heard at a distance, it sounded a little as if he was croaking. After killing a cougar we usually cut up the carcass and fed it to the dogs, if we did not expect another chase that day. They devoured it eagerly, Boxer, after his meal, always looking as if he had swallowed a mattress.

Next in size to Jim was Tree'em. Tree'em was a good dog, but I never considered him remarkable until his feat on the last day of our hunt, to be afterward related. He was not a very noisy dog, and when "barking treed" he had a meditative way of giving single barks separated by intervals of several seconds, all the time gazing stolidly up at the big, sinister cat which he was baying. Early in the hunt, in the course of a fight with one of the cougars, he received some injury to his tail, which made it hang down like a piece of old rope. Apparently it hurt him a good deal and we let him rest for a fortnight. This put him in great spirits and made him fat and strong, but only enabled him to recover power over the root of the tail, while the tip hung down as before; it looked like a curved pump-handle when he tried to carry it erect.

Lil and Nel were two very stanch and fast bitches, the only two dogs that could keep up to Jim in a quick burst. They had shrill voices. Their only failing was a tendency to let the other members of the pack cow them so that they did not get their full share of the food. It was not a pack in which a slow or timid dog had much chance for existence. They would all unite in the chase and the fierce



The Keystone Ranch.

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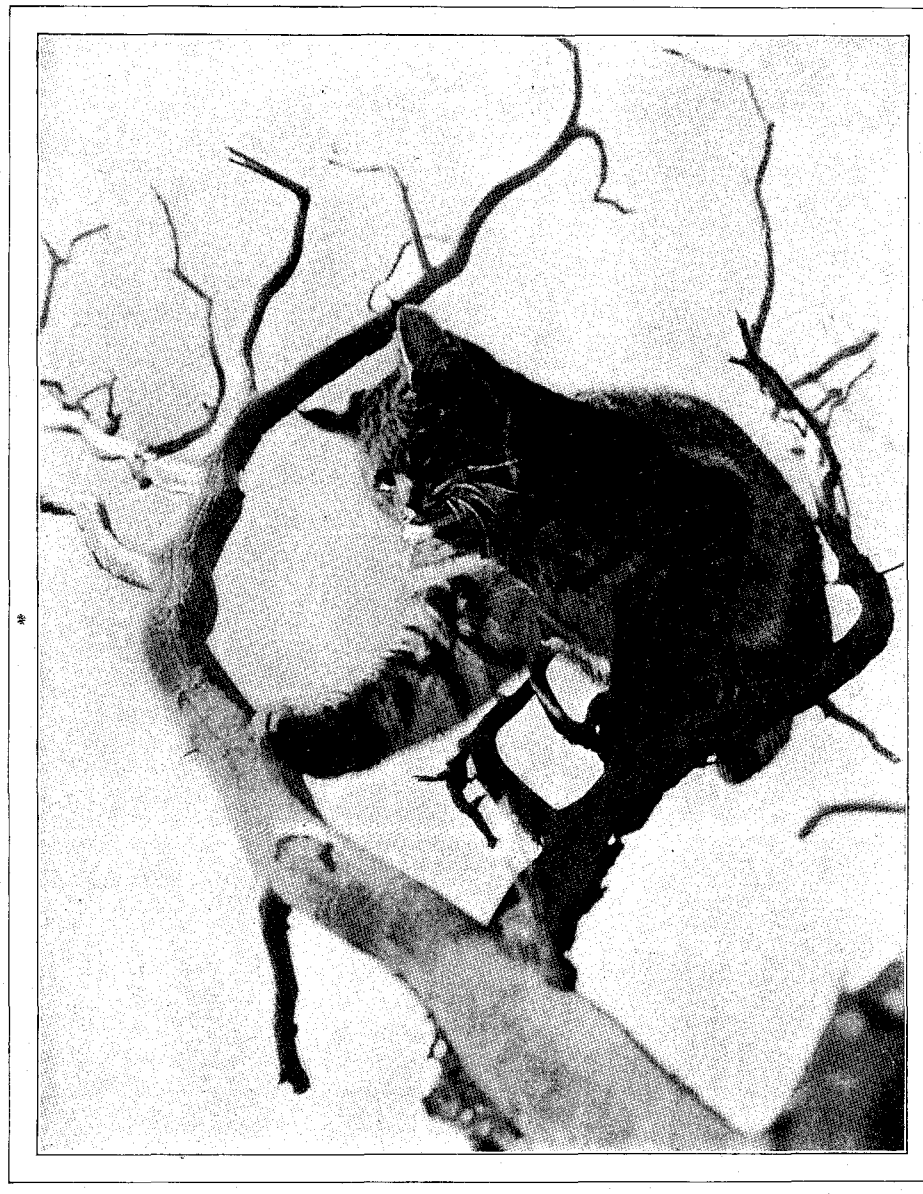

One of Stewart's Bobcats.

struggle which usually closed it; but the instant the quarry was killed each dog resumed his normal attitude of greedy anger or greedy fear toward the others.

Another bitch rejoiced in the not very appropriate name of Pete. She was a most ardent huntress. In the middle of our trip she gave birth to a litter of puppies, but before they were two weeks old she would slip away after us and join with the utmost ardor in the hunting and fighting. Her brother Jimmie, although of the same age (both were young), was not nearly as far advanced. He would run well on a fresh trail, but a cold trail or a long check always discouraged him and made him come back to Goff. He was rapidly learning; a single beating taught him to let deer alone. The remaining hound, Bruno, had just been added to the pack. He showed tendencies both to muteness and babbling, and at times,

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Turk and a Bobcat in Top of a Pinyon.

if he thought himself unobserved, could not resist making a sprint after a deer; but he occasionally rendered good service. If Jim or Boxer gave tongue every member of the pack ran to the sound; but not a dog paid any heed to Jimmie or Bruno. Yet Jimmie certainly, and Bruno very probably, will be first-class hounds in a year.

The fighting-dogs always trotted at the heels of the horses, which had become entirely accustomed to them, and made no objection when they literally rubbed against their heels. The fighters never left us until we came to where we could hear the hounds "barking treed," or with their quarry at bay. Then they tore in a straight line to the sound. They were the ones who were expected to do the seizing and take the punishment, though the minute they actually had hold of the cougar, the hounds all piled on too, and did their

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share of the killing ; but the seizers fought the head while the hounds generally took hold behind. All of them, fighters and hounds alike, were exceedingly good-natured and affectionate with their human friends, though short-tempered to a degree with one another. The best of the fighters was old Turk, who was by blood half hound and half " Siberian blood-hound."

Weighing a Bobcat.

Both his father and his mother were half-breeds of the same strains, and both were famous fighters. Once, when Goff had wounded an enormous gray wolf in the hind leg, the father had overtaken it and fought it to a standstill. The two dogs together were an overmatch for any wolf. Turk had had a sister who was as good as he was; but she had been killed the year before by a cougar which bit her through the skull ; accidents being, of course, frequent in the pack, for a big cougar is a much more formidable opponent to dogs than a wolf. Turk's head and body were seamed with scars. He had lost his lower fangs ; but he was still a most formidable dog. While we were at the Keystone Ranch a big steer which had been driven in, got on the fight, and the foreman, William Wilson, took Turk out to aid him. At first Turk did not grasp what was expected of him, because all the dogs were trained never to touch anything domestic — at the different ranches where we stopped the cats and kittens wandered about, perfectly safe, in the midst of this hard-biting crew of bear and cougar fighters. But when Turk at last realized that he was expected to seize the steer, he did the business with speed and thoroughness ; he not only threw the steer, but would have killed it then and there had he not been, with much difficulty, taken away. Three dogs like Turk, in their prime and with their teeth intact, could, I believe, kill an ordinary female cougar, and could hold even a big male so as to allow it to be killed with the knife.

Next to Turk were two half-breeds between bull and shepherd, named Tony and Baldy. They were exceedingly game, knowing-looking little dogs, with a certain alert swagger that reminded one of the walk of some light-weight prize-fighters. In fights with cougars, bears, and lynx, they too had been badly mauled and had lost a good many of their teeth. Neither of the gallant little fellows survived the trip. Their place was taken by a white bulldog bitch, Queen, which we picked up at the Keystone Ranch ; a very affectionate and good-humored dog, but, when her blood was aroused, a dauntless though rather stupid fighter. Unfortunately she did not seize by the head, taking hold of any part that was nearest.

The pack had many interesting peculiarities, but none more so than the fact that four of them climbed trees. Only one of the hounds, little Jimmie, ever tried the feat ; but of the fighters, not only Tony and Baldy but big Turk climbed every tree that gave them any chance.

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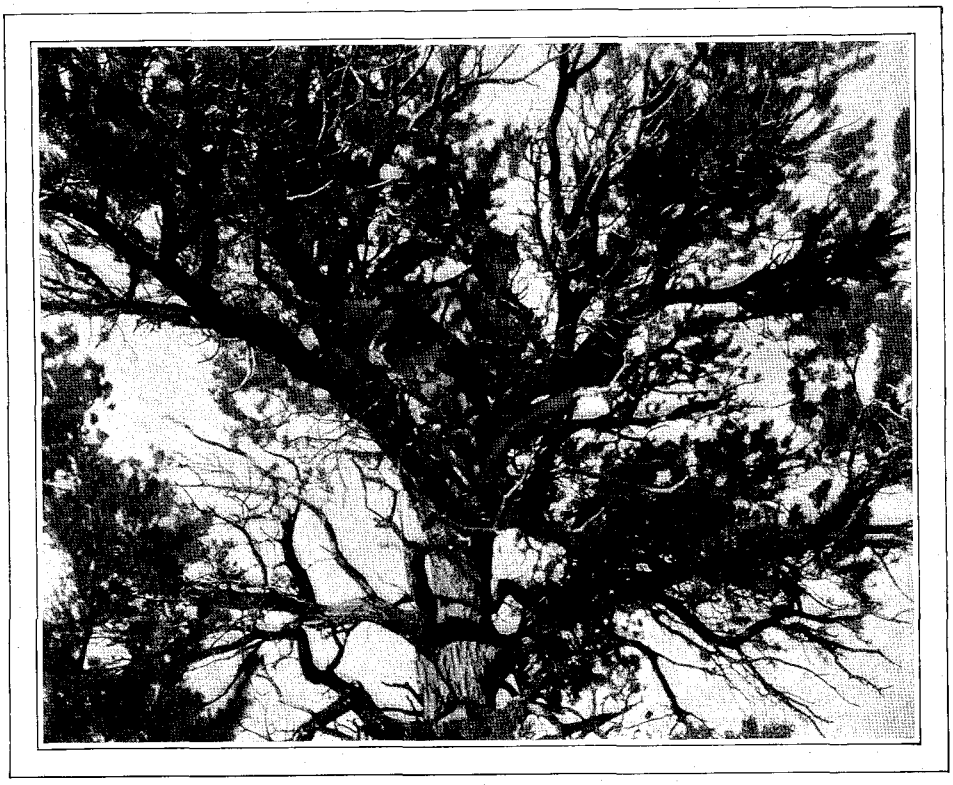

Tony Climbs After the Cougar.

The pinyons and cedars were low, multi-forked, and usually sent off branches from near the ground. In consequence the dogs could, by industrious effort, work their way almost to the top. The photograph of Turk and the bobcat in the pinyon [page 425] shows them at an altitude of about thirty feet above the ground. Now and then a dog would lose his footing and come down with a whack which sounded as if he must be disabled, but after a growl and a shake he would start up the tree again. They could not fight well while in a tree, and were often scratched or knocked to the ground by a cougar; and when the quarry was shot out of its perch and seized by the expectant throng below, the dogs in the tree, yelping with eager excitement, dived headlong down through the branches, regardless of consequences.

The horses were stout, hardy, sure-footed beasts, not very fast, but able to climb like goats, and to endure an immense amount of work. Goff and I each used two for the trip.

The bear were all holed up for the winter, and so our game was limited to cougars and bobcats. In the books the bobcat is always called a lynx, which it of course is; but whenever a hunter or trapper speaks of a lynx (which he usually calls "link," feeling dimly that the other pronunciation is a plural), he means a lucivee. Bobcat is a good distinctive name, and it is one which I think the book people might with advantage adopt; for wild-cat, which is the name given to the small lynx in the East, is already pre-empted by the true wild-cat of Europe. Like all people of European descent who have gone into strange lands, we Americans have christened our wild beasts with a fine disregard for their specific and generic relations. We called the bison "buffalo" as long as it existed, and we still call the big stag an "elk," instead of using for it the excellent term wapiti; on the other hand, to the true elk and the reindeer we gave the new names of moose and caribou —excellent names, too, by the way. The prong buck is always called antelope, though it is not an antelope at all; and the

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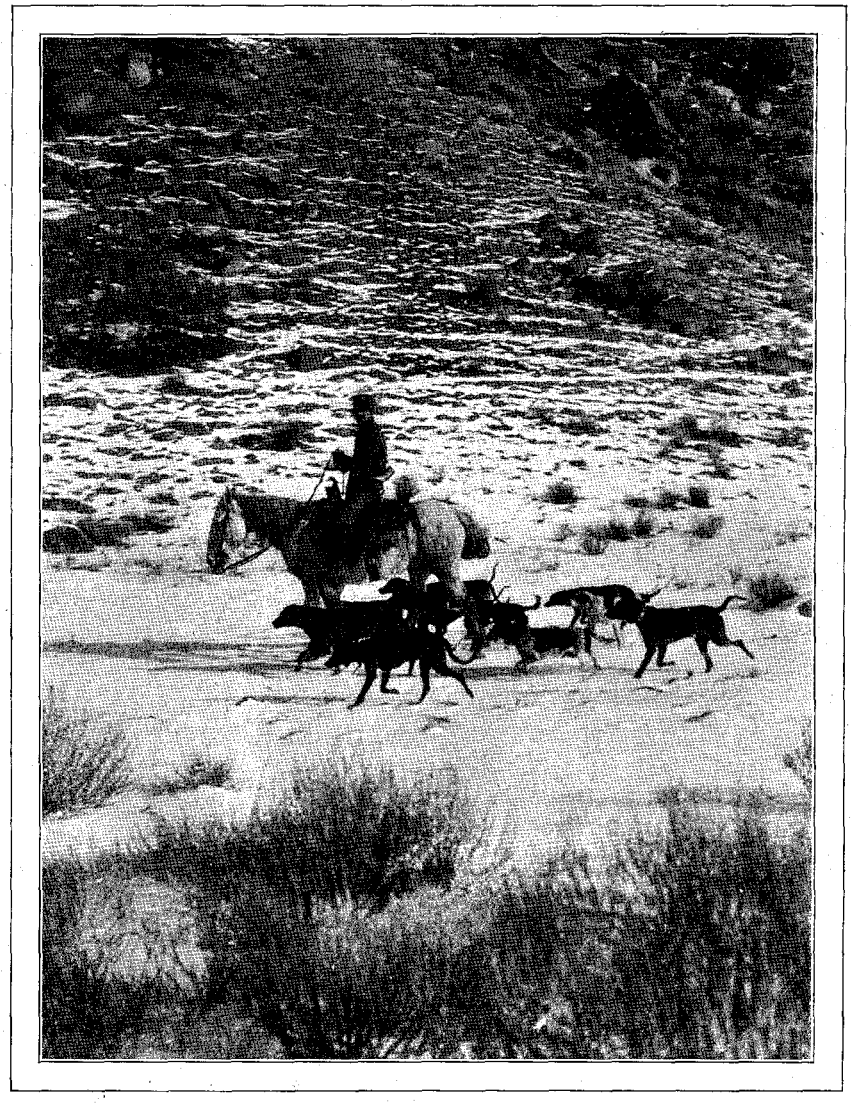

Goff and the Pack—the Rear Hound is Tree 'em.

white goat is not a goat; while the distinctive name of "big-horn" is rarely used for the mountain sheep. In most cases, however, it is mere pedantry to try to upset popular custom in such matters; and where, as with the bobcat, a perfectly good name is taken, it would be better for scientific men to adopt it. I may add that in this particular of nomenclature we are no worse sinners than other people. The English in Ceylon, the English and Dutch in South Africa, and the Spanish in South America, have all shown the same genius for misnaming beasts and birds.

Bobcats were very numerous where we were hunting. They fed chiefly upon the rabbits, which fairly swarmed; mostly cotton-tails, but a few jacks. Contrary to the popular belief, the winter is in many places a time of plenty for carnivorous wild beasts. In this place, for instance, the abundance of deer and rabbits made good hunting for both cougar and bobcat, and all those we killed were as fat as possible, and in consequence weighed more than their inches promised. The bobcats are very fond of prairie dogs, and haunt the dog towns as soon as spring comes and the

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inhabitants emerge from their hibernation. They sometimes pounce on higher game. We came upon an eight months' fawn—very nearly a yearling—which had been killed by a big male bobcat; and Judge Foreman informed me that near his ranch, a few years previously, an exceptionally large bobcat had killed a yearling doe. Bobcats will also take lambs and young pigs, and if the chance occurs will readily seize their small kinsman, the house cat.

We found that the bobcats sometimes made their lairs along the rocky ledges or in holes in the cut banks, and sometimes in thickets, prowling about during the night, and now and then even during the day. We never chased them unless the dogs happened to run across them by accident when questing for cougar, or when we were returning home after a day when we had failed to find cougar. Usually the cat gave a good run, occasionally throwing out the dogs by doubling or jack-knifing. Two or three times one of them gave us an hour's sharp trotting, cantering, and galloping through the open cedar and pinyon groves on the table-lands; and the runs sometimes lasted for a much longer period when the dogs had to go across ledges and through deep ravines.

On one of our runs a party of ravens fluttered along from tree to tree beside us, making queer gurgling noises and evidently perfectly aware that they might expect to reap a reward from our hunting. Ravens, multitudes of magpies, and golden and bald eagles were seen continually, and all four flocked to any carcass which was left in the open. The eagle and the raven are true birds of the wilderness, and in a way their presence both heightened and relieved the iron desolation of the wintry mountains.

Over half the cats we started escaped, getting into caves or deep holes in washouts. In the other instances they went up trees and were of course easily shot. Tony and Baldy would bring them out of any hole into which they themselves could get. After their loss, Lil, who is a small hound, once went into a hole in a washout after a cat. After awhile she stopped barking, though we could still hear the cat growling. What had happened to her we did not know. We spent a couple of hours calling to her and trying to get her to come out, but she neither came out nor answered, and, as sunset was approaching and the ranch was some miles off, we rode back there, intending to return with spades in the morning. However, by breakfast we found that Lil had come back. We supposed that she had got on the other side of the cat and had been afraid or unable to attack it; so that as Collins the cow-puncher, who was a Southerner, phrased it, "she just naturally stayed in the hole" until some time during the night the cat went out and she followed. When once hunters and hounds have come into the land, it is evident that the bobcats which take refuge in caves have a far better chance of surviving than those which make their lairs in the open and go up trees. But trees are sure havens against their wilderness foes. Goff informed me that he once came in the snow to a place where the tracks showed that some coyotes had put a bobcat up a tree, and had finally abandoned the effort to get at it. A single coyote will rarely meddle with a bobcat. Any good fighting dog will kill one; but an untrained dog, even of large size, will probably fail, as the bobcat makes good use of both teeth and claws; they frequently left marks on some of the pack. We found them very variable in size. My two largest—both of course males—weighed respectively thirty-one and thirty-nine pounds. The latter, Goff said, was of exceptional size, and as large as any he had ever killed. The full-grown females went down as low as eighteen pounds, or even lower.

When the bobcats were in the treetops we could get up very close. They looked like large malevolent pussies. I once heard one of them squawl defiance when the dogs tried to get it out of a hole. Ordinarily they confined themselves to a low growling. Stewart and Goff went up the trees with their cameras whenever we got a bobcat in a favorable position, and endeavored to take its photograph. Sometimes they were very successful. Although they were frequently within six feet of a cat, and occasionally even poked it in order to make it change its position, I never saw one make a motion to jump on them. Two or three times on our approach the cat jumped from the tree almost into the midst of the pack, but it was so quick

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that it got off before they could seize it. They invariably put it up another tree before it had gone any distance.

Hunting the bobcat was only an incident. Our true quarry was the cougar. I had long been anxious to make a regular hunt after cougar in a country where the beasts were plentiful and where we could follow them with a good pack of hounds. Astonishingly little of a satisfactory nature has been left on record about the cougar by hunters, and in most places the chances for observation of the big cats steadily grow less. They have been thinned out almost to the point of extermination throughout the Eastern States. In the Rocky Mountain region they are still plentiful in places, but are growing less so; while on the contrary the wolf, which was exterminated even more quickly in the East, is in the West at present increasing in numbers. In northwestern Colorado a dozen years ago, cougars were far more plentiful than wolves; whereas at the present day the wolf is probably the more numerous. Nevertheless, there are large areas, here and there among the Rockies, in which cougars will be plentiful for many years.

No American beast has been the subject of so much loose writing or of such wild fables as the cougar. Even its name is unsettled. In the Eastern States it is usually called panther or painter; in the Western States, mountain lion, or, toward the South, Mexican lion. The Spanish-speaking people usually call it simply lion. It is, however, sometimes called cougar in the West and Southwest of our country, and in South America, puma. As it is desirable where possible not to use a name that is misleading and is already appropriated to some entirely different animal, it is best to call it cougar.

The cougar is a very singular beast, shy and elusive to an extraordinary degree, very cowardly and yet bloodthirsty and ferocious, varying wonderfully in size, and subject, like many other beasts, to queer freaks of character in occasional individuals. This fact of individual variation in size and temper is almost always ignored in treating of the animal; whereas it ought never to be left out of sight.

The average writer, and for the matter of that, the average hunter, where cougars are scarce, knows little or nothing of them, and in describing them merely draws upon the stock of well-worn myths which portray them as terrible foes of man, as dropping on their prey from trees where they have been lying in wait, etc., etc. Very occasionally there appears an absolutely trustworthy account like that by Dr. Hart Merriam in his "Adirondack Mammals." But many otherwise excellent writers are wholly at sea in reference to the cougar. Thus one of the best books on hunting in the far West in the old days is by Colonel Dodge. Yet when Colonel Dodge came to describe the cougar he actually treated of it as two species, one of which, the mountain lion, is painted as a most ferocious and dangerous opponent of man; while the other, the panther, is described as an abject coward, which will not even in the last resort defend itself against man—the two of course being the same animal.

However, the wildest of all fables about the cougar has been reserved not for hunter or popular writer, but for a professed naturalist. In his otherwise most charming and interesting book, "The Naturalist in La Plata," Mr. Hudson actually describes the cougar as being friendly to man, disinterestedly adverse to harming him, and at the same time an enemy of other large carnivores. Mr. Hudson bases his opinion chiefly upon the assertions of the Guachos. The Guachos, however, go one degree beyond Mr. Hudson, calling the puma the "friend of Christians"; whereas Mr. Hudson only ventures to attribute to the beast humanitarian, not theological, preferences. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hudson's belief in the cougar's peculiar friendship for man, and peculiar enmity to other large beasts of prey, has not one particle of foundation in fact as regards at any rate the North American form—and it is hardly to be supposed that the South American form would alone develop such extraordinary traits. For instance, Mr. Hudson says that the South American puma when hunted will attack the dogs in preference to the man. In North America he will fight the dog if the dog is nearest, and if the man comes to close quarters at the same time as the dog he

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will attack the man if anything more readily, evidently recognizing in him his chief opponent. He will often go up a tree for a single dog. On Mr. Hudson's theory he must do this because of his altruistic feeling toward the dog. In fact, Mr. Hudson could make out a better case of philo-humanity for the North American wolf than for the North American cougar. Equally absurd is it to talk, as Mr. Hudson does, of the cougar as the especial enemy of other ferocious beasts. Mr. Hudson speaks of it as attacking and conquering the jaguar. Of this I know nothing, but such an extraordinary statement should be well fortified with proofs; and if true it must mean that the jaguar is an infinitely less formidable creature than it has been painted. In support of his position Mr. Hudson alludes to the stories about the cougar attacking the grizzly bear. Here I am on ground that I do know. It is true that an occasional old hunter asserts that the cougar does this, but the old hunter who makes such an assertion also invariably insists that the cougar is a ferocious and habitual man-killer, and the two statements rest upon equally slender foundations of fact. I have never yet heard of a single authentic instance of a cougar interfering with a full-grown bear. It will kill bear cubs if it gets a chance; but then so will the fox and the fisher, not to speak of the wolf. In 1894, a cougar killed a colt on a brushy river bottom a dozen miles below my ranch on the Little Missouri. I went down to visit the carcass and found that it had been taken possession of by a large grizzly. Both I and the hunter who was with me were very much interested in what had occurred, and after a careful examination of the tracks we concluded that the bear had arrived on the second night after the kill. He had feasted heartily on the remains, while the cougar, whose tracks were evident here and there at a little distance from the carcass, had seemingly circled around it, and had certainly not interfered with the bear, or even ventured to approach him. Now, if a cougar would ever have meddled with a large bear it would surely have been on such an occasion as this. If very much pressed by hunger, a large cougar will, if it gets the chance, kill a wolf; but this is only when other game has failed, and under all ordinary circumstances neither meddles with the other. When I was down in Texas, hunting peccaries on the Nueces, I was in a country where both cougar and jaguar were to be found; but no hunter had ever heard of either molesting the other, though they were all of the opinion that when the two met the cougar gave the path to his spotted brother. Of course, it is never safe to dogmatize about the unknown in zoölogy, or to generalize on insufficient evidence; but as regards the North American cougar there is not a particle of truth of any kind, sort, or description in the statement that he is the enemy of the larger carnivores, or the friend of man; and if the South American cougar, which so strongly resembles its Northern brother in its other habits, has developed on these two points the extraordinary peculiarities of which Mr. Hudson speaks, full and adequate proof should be forthcoming; and this proof is now wholly wanting.

Fables aside, the cougar is a very interesting creature. It is found from the cold, desolate plains of Patagonia to north of the Canadian line, and lives alike among the snow-clad peaks of the Andes and in the steaming forests of the Amazon. Doubtless careful investigation will disclose several varying forms in an animal found over such immense tracts of country and living under such utterly diverse conditions. But in its essential habits and traits, the big, slinking, nearly uni-colored cat seems to be much the same everywhere, whether living in mountain, open plain, or forest, under arctic cold or tropic heat. When the settlements become thick, it retires to dense forest, dark swamp or inaccessible mountain gorge, and moves about only at night. In wilder regions it not infrequently roams during the day and ventures freely into the open. Deer are its customary prey where they are plentiful, bucks, does, and fawns being killed indifferently. Usually the deer is killed almost instantaneously, but occasionally there is quite a scuffle, in which the cougar may get bruised, though, as far as I know, never seriously. It is also a dreaded enemy of sheep, pigs, calves, and especially colts, and when pressed by hun-

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ger a big male cougar will kill a full-grown horse or cow, moose or wapiti. It is the special enemy of mountain sheep. In 1886, while hunting white goats north of Clarke's fork of the Columbia, in a region where cougar were common, I found them preying as freely on the goats as on the deer. It rarely catches antelope, but is quick to seize rabbits, other small beasts, and even porcupines.

No animal, not even the wolf, is so rarely seen or so difficult to get without dogs. On the other hand, no other wild beast of its size and power is so easy to kill by the aid of dogs. There are many contradictions in its character. Like the American wolf, it is certainly very much afraid of man; yet it habitually follows the trail of the hunter or solitary traveller, dogging his footsteps, itself always unseen. I have had this happen to me personally. When hungry it will seize and carry off any dog; yet it will sometimes go up a tree when pursued even by a single small dog wholly unable to do it the least harm. It is small wonder that the average frontier settler should grow to regard almost with superstition the great furtive cat which he never sees, but of whose presence he is ever aware, and of whose prowess sinister proof is sometimes afforded by the deaths not alone of his lesser stock, but even of his milch cow or saddle horse.

The cougar is as large, as powerful, and as formidably armed as the Indian panther, and quite as well able to attack man; yet the instances of its having done so are exceedingly rare. The vast majority of the tales to this effect are undoubtedly inventions. But it is foolish to deny that such attacks on human beings ever occur. There are a number of authentic instances, the latest that has come to my knowledge being related in the following letter, of May 15, 1893, written to Dr. Merriam by Professor W. H. Brewer, of Yale: "In 1880 I visited the base of Mount Shasta, and stopped a day to renew the memories of 1862, when I had climbed and measured this mountain. Panthers were numerous and were so destructive to sheep that poisoning by strychnine was common. A man living near who had (as a young hunter) gone up Mount Shasta with us in '62, now married (1880) and on a ranch, came to visit me, with a little son five or six years old. This boy when younger, but two or three years old, if I recollect rightly, had been attacked by a panther. He was playing in the yard by the house when a lean two-thirds grown panther came into the yard and seized the child by the throat. The child screamed, and alarmed the mother (who told me the story). She seized a broom and rushed out, while an old man at the house seized the gun. The panther let go the child and was shot. I saw the boy. He had the scars of the panther's teeth in the cheek, and below on the under side of the lower jaw, and just at the throat. This was the only case that came to my knowledge at first hand of a panther attacking a human being in that State, except one or two cases where panthers, exasperated by wounds, had fought with the hunters who had wounded them." This was a young cougar, bold, stupid, and very hungry. Goff told me of one similar case where a cougar stalked a young girl, but was shot just before it was close enough to make the final rush. As I have elsewhere related, I know of two undoubted cases, one in Mississippi, one in Florida, where a negro was attacked and killed by a cougar, while alone in a swamp at night. But these occurred many years ago. The instance related by Professor Brewer is the only one I have come across happening in recent years, in which the cougar actually seized a human being with the purpose of making prey of it; though doubtless others have occurred. I have never known the American wolf actually to attack a human being from hunger or to make prey of him; whereas the Old-World wolf, like the Old-World leopard, undoubtedly sometimes turns man-eater.

Even when hunted the cougar shows itself, as a rule, an abject coward, not to be compared in courage and prowess with the grizzly bear, and but little more dangerous to man than is the wolf under similar circumstances. Without dogs it is usually a mere chance that one is killed. Goff has killed some 300 cougars during the sixteen years he has been hunting in northwestern Colorado, yet all but two of them were encountered while he was with his pack; although this is in a region where they are plentiful. When hunted with good dogs their attention is so taken up with the pack that they have little time

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to devote to men. When hunted without dogs they never charge unless actually cornered, and, as a general rule, not even then, unless the man chooses to come right up to them. I knew of one Indian being killed in 1887, and near my ranch a cowboy was mauled; but in the first instance the cougar had been knocked down and the Indian was bending over it when it revived; and in the next instance, the cowboy literally came right on top of the animal. Now, under such circumstances either a bull elk or a blacktail buck will occasionally fight; twice I have known of wounded wapiti regularly charging, and one of my own cowboys, George Myer, was very roughly handled by a blacktail buck which he had wounded. In all his experience Goff says that he never but once had a cougar start to charge him, and on that occasion it was promptly killed by a bullet. Usually the cougar does not even charge at the dogs beyond a few feet, confining itself to seizing or striking any member of the pack which comes close up; although it will occasionally, when much irritated, make a rapid dash and seize some bold assailant. While I was on my hunt, one of Goff's brothers lost a hound in hunting a cougar; there were but two hounds, and the cougar would not tree for them, finally seizing and killing one that came too near. At the same time a ranchman not far off set his cattle dog on a cougar, which after a short run turned and killed the dog. But time and again cougars are brought to bay or treed by dogs powerless to do them the slightest damage; and they usually meet their death tamely when the hunter comes up. I have had no personal experience either with the South American jaguar or the Old-World leopard or panther; but these great spotted cats must be far more dangerous adversaries than the cougar.

It is true, as I have said, that a cougar will follow a man; but then a weasel will sometimes do the same thing. Whatever the cougar's motive, it is certain that in the immense majority of cases there is not the slightest danger of his attacking the man he follows. Dr. Hart Merriam informs me, however, that he is satisfied that he came across one genuine instance of a cougar killing a man whose tracks he had dogged. It cannot be too often repeated, that we must never lose sight of the individual variation in character and conduct among wild beasts. A thousand times a cougar might follow a man either not intending or not daring to attack him, while in the thousandth and first case it might be that the temper of the beast and the conditions were such that the attack would be made.

Other beasts show almost the same wide variation in temper. Wolves, for instance, are normally exceedingly wary of man. In this Colorado hunt I often came across their tracks, and often heard their mournful, but to my ears rather attractive, baying at night, but I never caught a glimpse of one of them; nor during the years when I spent much of my time on my ranch did I ever know of a wolf venturing to approach anywhere near a man in the day-time, though I have had them accompany me after nightfall. But on the Keystone Ranch, where I spent three weeks on this particular trip, an incident which occurred before my arrival showed that wolves occasionally act with extraordinary boldness. The former owner of the ranch, Colonel Price, and one of the cowhands, Sabey (both of whom told me the story), were driving out in a buggy from Meeker to the ranch accompanied by a setter dog. They had no weapon with them. Two wolves joined them and made every effort to get at the dog. They accompanied the wagon for nearly a mile, venturing to within twenty yards of it. They paid no heed whatever to the shouts and gestures of the men, but did not quite dare to come to close quarters, and finally abandoned their effort. Now, this action on their part was, as far as my experience goes, quite as exceptional among American wolves as it is exceptional for a cougar to attack a man. Of course, these wolves were not after the men. They were simply after the dog; but I have never within my own experience come upon another instance of wolves venturing to attack a domestic animal in the immediate presence of and protected by a man. Exactly as these two wolves suddenly chose to behave with an absolutely unexpected daring, so a cougar will occasionally lose the fear of man which is inherent in its race.

Normally, then, the cougar is not in any way a formidable foe to man, and it is cer-

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tainly by no means as dangerous to dogs as it could be if its courage and intelligence equalled its power to do mischief. It strikes with its forepaw like a cat, lacerating the foe with its sharp claws; or else it holds the animal with them, while the muscular forearm draws it in until the fatal bite may be inflicted. Whenever possible it strives to bite an assailant in the head. Occasionally, when fighting with a large dog, a cougar will throw itself on its back and try to rip open its antagonist with its hind feet. Male cougars often fight desperately among themselves.

Although a silent beast, yet at times, especially during the breeding season, the males utter a wild scream, and the females also cry or call. I once heard one cry while prowling for game. On an evening in the summer of 1897 Dr. Merriam had a rather singular experience with a cougar. His party was camped in the forest by Tannum Lake, on the east slope of the Cascades, near the headwaters of a branch of the Yakima. The horses were feeding near by. Shortly after dark a cougar cried loudly in the gloom, and the frightened horses whinnied and stampeded. The cougar cried a number of times afterward, but the horses did not again answer. None of them was killed, however; and next morning, after some labor, all were again gathered together. In 1884 I had a somewhat similar experience with a bear, in the Bighorn Mountains.

Occasionally, but not often, the cougars I shot snarled or uttered a low, thunderous growl as we approached the tree, or as the dogs came upon them in the cave. In the death-grapple they were silent, excepting that one young cougar snarled and squawled as it battled with the dogs.

The cougar is sometimes tamed. A friend of mine had one which was as good-natured as possible until it was a year old, when it died. But one kept by another friend, while still quite young, became treacherous and dangerous. I doubt if they would ever become as trustworthy as a tame wolf, which, if taken when a very young puppy, will often grow up exactly like a dog. At the present time there is such a tame wolf with the Colorado Springs greyhounds. It is safer and more friendly than many collies, and is on excellent terms with the great greyhounds; though these are themselves solely used to hunt wolves and coyotes, and tackle them with headlong ferocity, having, unaided, killed a score or two of the large wolves and hundreds of coyotes.

Hunting in the snow we were able to tell very clearly what the cougars whose trails we were following had been doing. Goff's eye for a trail was unerring, and he read at a glance the lesson it taught. All the cougars which we came across were living exclusively upon deer, and their stomachs were filled with nothing else; much hair being mixed with the meat. In each case the deer was caught by stalking and not by lying in wait, and the cougar never went up a tree except to get rid of the dogs. In the daytime it retires to a ledge, or ravine, or dense thicket, starting to prowl as the dark comes on. So far as I could see the deer in each case was killed by a bite in the throat or neck. The cougar simply rambled around in likely ground until it saw or smelled its quarry, and then crept up stealthily until with one or two tremendous bounds it was able to seize its prey. If, as frequently happened, the deer took alarm in time to avoid the first few bounds, it always got away, for though the cougar is very fast for a short distance, it has no wind whatever. It cannot pursue a deer for any length of time, nor run before a dog for more than a few hundred yards, if the dog is close up at the start. I was informed by the ranchmen that when in May the deer leave the country, the cougars turn their attention to the stock, and are very destructive. They have a special fondness for horse-flesh and kill almost every colt where they are plentiful, while the big males work havoc with the saddle bands on the ranches, as well as among the brood mares. Except in the case of a female with young they are roving, wandering beasts, and roam great distances. After leaving their day lairs, on a ledge, or in a gorge or thicket, they spend the night travelling across the flats, along the ridges, over the spurs. When they kill a deer they usually lie not very far away, and do not again wander until they are hungry. The males travel very long distances in the mating season. Their breeding time is evidently irregular. We found kittens with their eyes not yet open in the middle

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of January. Two of the female cougars we killed were pregnant—in one case the young would have been born almost immediately, that is, in February; and in the other case in March. One, which had a partially grown young one of over fifty pounds with it, still had milk in its teats. At the end of January we found a male and female together, evidently mating. Goff has also found the young just dropped in May, and even June. The females outnumber the males. Of the fourteen we killed, but three were males.

When a cougar kills a deer in the open it invariably drags it under some tree or shelter before beginning to eat. All the carcasses we came across had been thus dragged, the trail showing distinctly in the snow. Goff, however, asserted that in occasional instances he had known a cougar to carry a deer so that only its legs trailed on the ground.

The fourteen cougars we killed showed the widest variation not only in size but in color, as shown by the following table. Some were as slaty-gray as deer when in the so-called "blue;" others, rufous, almost as bright as deer in the "red." I use these two terms to describe the color phases; though in some instances the tint was very undecided. The color phase evidently has nothing to do with age, sex, season, or locality. In this table the first cougar is the one killed by Stewart, the sixth by Webb. The length is measured in a straight line, "between uprights," from the nose to the extreme tip of the tail, when the beast was stretched out. The animals were weighed with the steelyard and also spring scales. Before measuring, we pulled the beast out as straight as we possibly could; and as the biggest male represents about, or very nearly, the maximum for the species, it is easy to see that there can be no basis for the talk one sometimes hears about ten and eleven foot cougars. No cougar, measured at all fairly, has ever come anywhere near reaching the length of nine feet. The fresh hide can easily be stretched a couple of feet extra.

Sex.	Color.	Length.		Weight.	Date.
		Feet.	Inches.	Pounds.	1901.
*Female.	Blue.	4	11	47	January 19
*Female.	Red.	4	11½	51	February 12
Female.	Blue.	6		80	January 14
Female.	Red.	6	4	102	January 28
Female.	Blue.	6	5	105	February 12
Female.	Blue.	6	5	107	January 18
Female.	Red.	6	9	108	January 24
Female.	Blue.	6	7	118	January 15
Female.	Blue.	6	7	120	January 31
Female.	Red.	6	9	124	February 5
Female.	Blue.	7		133	February 8
Male.	Red.	7	6	160	February 13
Male.	Blue.	7	8	164	January 27
Male.	Red.	8		227	February 14

* Young.

Except the first two, all were full grown; the biggest male was nearly three times the size of the smallest female.

I shot five bobcats: two old males weighing 39 and 31 pounds respectively; and three females, weighing, respectively, 25, 21, and 18 pounds. Webb killed two, a male of 29 pounds and a female of 20; and Stewart two females, one of 22 pounds, and the other a young one of 11 pounds.

I sent the cougar and bobcat skulls to Dr. Merriam, at the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, Washington. He wrote me as follows: "The big [cougar] skull is certainly a giant. I have compared it with the largest in our collection from British Columbia and Wyoming, and find it larger than either. It is in fact the largest skull of any member of the *Felis concolor* group I have seen. A hasty preliminary examination indicates that the animal is quite different from the northwest coast form, but that it is the same as my horse-killer from Wyoming—*Felis hippolestes*. In typical *Felis concolor* from Brazil the skull is lighter, the braincase thinner and more smoothly rounded, devoid of the strongly developed sagittal crest; the under jaw straighter and lighter.

"Your series of skulls from Colorado is incomparably the largest, most complete and most valuable series ever brought together from any single locality, and will be of inestimable value in determining the amount of individual variation."

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OSCAR AND LOUISE

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOUISE L. HEUSTIS

"IF you are just amusing yourself, Louise, that's all very well—it is dull for you here—but if you're at all in earnest, I shouldn't consent to it for a moment. You ought to look higher. You are entirely too pretty and clever to be throwing yourself away. When we get back to the city— You'd make the smartest little hostess, perched up behind a desk in a thrifty little French restaurant. We'd come there often to dine and bring others and make you the fashion. I'd hate to lose you, even for your good, but I'd send you back to France to-morrow, I would, indeed, if I thought there was any idea of your leaving me except to better yourself. I am in earnest, Louise."

"Yes, Madame."

"Now don't say 'Yes, Madame,' and forget all I've said as soon as you go downstairs."

"No, Madame. Does Madame wish perfume in the water?"

"Yes, just a little. You are the only maid I ever had who knew what a 'little perfume' meant. That's all I want. You may go now, Louise. Remember!"

"Yes, Madame."

Louise closed the door of her mistress's chamber noiselessly and stood outside in the hallway. Her brown eyes darkened, her pretty pink mouth puckered, her slim white forefinger, so deft to dress Madame, was thoughtfully tapping her pouting lips. From her scrap of a white cap, designed by Madame, down to her beautiful little shoes, inherited from Madame, she was Madame over again in a cheaper, no, a more serviceable, edition. Until now, Madame's will had been her only law. Had not her mistress made her? She was nothing but an ignorant little French peasant girl when her piquant beauty attracted Madame's attention, and she had not only taken the little Louise away with her, but by patient training made of her the Louise of this tale. To go back to what she had been—no, that was now impossible! The rude French hut on the hill-side, the rough, and, alas, sometimes heavy-handed mother, the father—but the less thought of him the better. She had left them willingly. They had parted with her willingly enough. There were plenty of other children. No, she would not go back to France at any price. Monsieur Rodet had a good thriving business already—Madame was right about that. She, Louise, could make it better, and she would not perhaps look ill behind a desk at the head of that cosey room filled with little white-covered tables. If only she could always stay behind that desk! Monsieur Rodet's smiling, a little too smiling, face and his youthful but portly figure rose before her. She shook her pretty head sharply, with a little shiver. If they had never come to this abominable hole of a country, if she had never seen Oscar, then perhaps— But in her heart Louise knew well that this land of wild woods and rich clearings, of wonderfully gorgeous wild-flowers, and house-gardens radiant with bloom and heavy odors was not to her an "abominable hole" at all, but as the place where, in some mysterious way, she felt she had been born to live. From the first moment every scent and sound on the hot languid air had enchanted and enchained her, and like the flowers, she, too, had basked and opened her petals until she found herself thinking all the warm day long but one thought, seeing one face, she, who had laughed off so many, Monsieur Rodet away with the rest. No, no, she was too comfortable she had told them all. Madame was so kind. Why should she change a mistress for a master? And now this Oscar, with his big clumsy shoulders, his slow, kindly ways, his great blue eyes—why were they so blue?—had dropped on his knees before her as if out of the clear, high, wonderful sky that rose above them in this "abominable hole," and here was Louise outside Madame's door wondering why, why she had not laughed at him that morning and left

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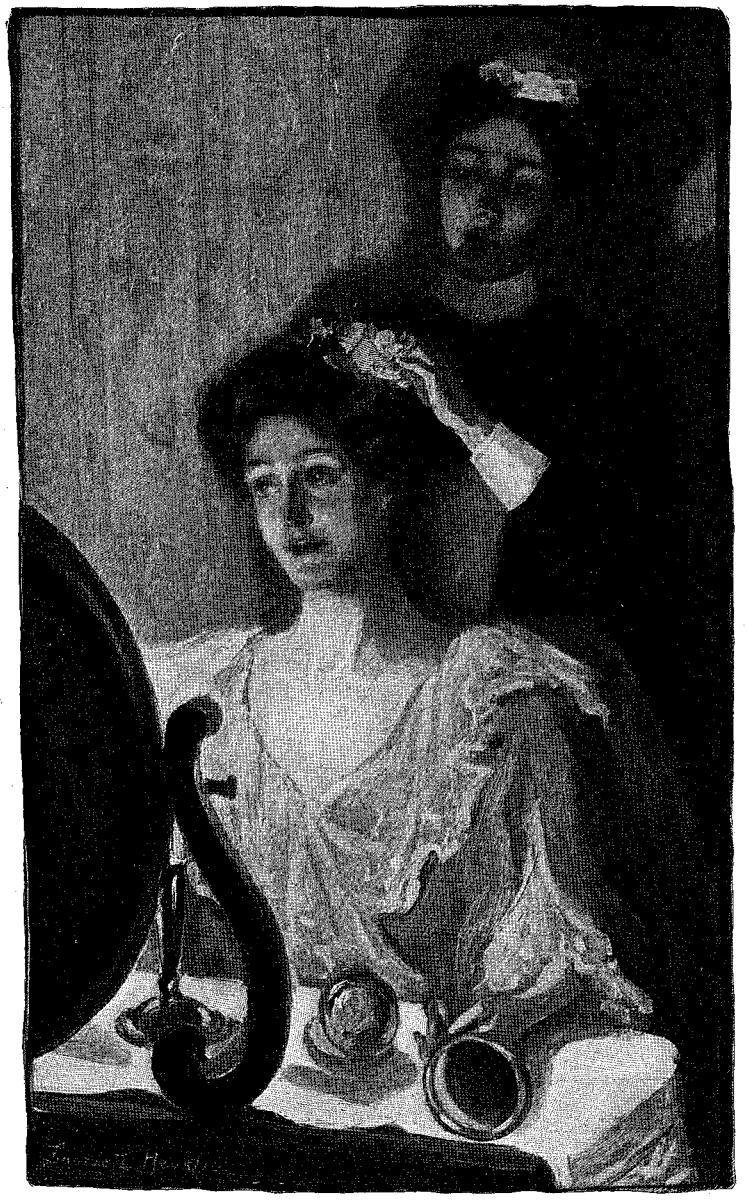

"You are entirely too pretty and clever to be throwing yourself away."—Page 436.

him and gone about her business in life, which was attending to dear Madame, who knew so much better than she what was good for her. It must have been the brightness of the blue sky that had made her head swim when she stopped even for a moment to listen. The intense blue of the eyes that had looked down upon her so beseechingly had held her longer—too long. Yes, Madame was right, of course. It was dull here, and she had been amusing herself, that was all. She would now go down into the garden again and if anyone should join her there in the moonlight she could set matters right by a word. She had been wrong, of course, not to speak that word at once; but again, as Madame said, it was dull here. Down the stairs and through the servants' hall, with the quick step of one who had decided, tripped Madame's kid boots with Louise's little feet in them, bent on Madame's er-

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rand. Through the hall-door that led to the colonnade that led again to the garden, came the wild odor of the grape-vines on the colonnade trellis. "Ah!" cried Louise, pausing on the threshold. She drank in a deep breath of the sweetness, another, and then——

"Louise! I almost began to think you wouldn't come!" The whisper came out of the darkness. The blue, high sky was not over her. But these grape-vines and their melting sweetness! She could not see his eyes in the dusk, but how huge he was, how strong, and how gentle his hands and his voice.

"Madame was late," gasped Louise, "and besides—" Besides what? She had forgotten.

. . . . . .

"Is zis Monsieur Benton?"

"It is."

"Sir, I have ze honor to inform you zat your stag has bitten me now three times. I go back to-morrow, Sir, I——"

"Tut, tut, Albert. Once a week you think this must go on. You are to stay here until we are ready to go back to the city. What were you doing to the stag?"

"Nosing! I? It break its chain again, ze devil! Madame, I apologize. He has stolen the pies from ze table when zey cool and I say nosing, do nosing. He eat ze cakes, ze greens. Now he have contempt for me, and three times he have crept behind me and bitten me. Also zose ship-bells! Monsieur, when ze night come I crawl to ze bed, worn out. When I am not ringing zose eight bells, I am chasing ze stag. I *must* go home."

"Nonsense, Albert," said Mrs. Benton, severely. "Go back to the kitchen and behave yourself properly. Can't your master have a little whim gratified now and then without all this fuss? I am ashamed of you. Go back to the kitchen at once, and rest yourself if you are tired. And Albert, tell Oscar to catch the stag and tie him up again."

"Tell him to look up the white turkeys, too," added Mr. Benton. "I saw them going to roost in the wood-walk as I came home to dinner. They're straying again." The master and mistress of the house walked on upon their interrupted stroll and Albert retreated dejectedly to the kitchen.

"Well, my dear, you may talk to me about being a tyrant to Louise," said Mrs. Benton, "but I think you might take the beam out of your own eye. Albert is perfectly right about the ship-bells. They do sound lovely, and it's poetical as possible having them in this dear old place, but the ringing of them must be a terrible task. Oscar tells me the men are wasting half their time running in from the fields to know what the hour is. What do they know about eight bells? And Louise tells me you've not only stopped the old hour-bell, but you've taken all the clocks away from the house-servants—except Albert. I suppose you thought they'd have to learn the bells then, but they won't. They're too stupid. Even your favorite, Oscar, doesn't know the bells yet. My Louise does. And then that troublesome little white stag and that flock of white turkeys you've imported, that won't ever roost at home——"

"Those are quite different things from telling a girl whom she shall and whom she sha'n't marry," interrupted Mr. Benton. "And for you of all people, Julia! Didn't we marry each other in the teeth of everybody before either of us was of age? But I tell you again, Oscar is worth three of the girl. She's nothing so remarkable. All those French girls are more or less clever and know how to do dainty things—choose colors, pour perfumes, and all that. The truth is you want her to be Madame Rodet, patronized and made the fashion by you. I see you sailing up to her desk, 'How are you getting on, Louise?' 'So nicely, Madame, thanks to you. We have something in the bank, and—' Pshaw, Julia, you know Rodet's a dirty little Frenchman, and here's this nice, clean, young Danish lad, thrifty and strong and a splendid fellow. He'll always be good to her."

"Louise can do better than get someone just to be good to her. Indeed, I meant what I said to her. If I find this affair goes on, ill as I can spare her, home she goes, at least until she comes to her senses."

"Very well, Madame," replied Mr. Benton, lazily. "Do as you please, only remember Oscar's worth three of her. Look at this plantation, everything in perfect condition. Nobody except that young Dane has done anything for it since my uncle died. I wonder why we never

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thought of coming here before. It's an ideal spot. Now, my plan would be to marry Louise to Oscar and keep them here to look after things, and then we could leave a lot of the stuff here and come back every year. You know Louise could take care of your chattels and I know Oscar could look out for mine. He's a hard-working, faithful soul."

"You certainly ought to know about that," retorted Mrs. Benton. "You work him hard enough. You work them all too hard, Jack, with your ship-bells and stags and turkeys and Heaven knows what else. It's not the regular work the servants mind, it's those queer irregular things."

"That's so," said Mr. Benton, with conviction, "and the marvel to me is, why do they consent to do those things? I wouldn't. Why doesn't Albert tell me he won't ring those bells and won't have that beastly little stag around? If he wants to go back home, why doesn't he go? Why doesn't Louise tell you she'll marry as she pleases and whom she pleases? You couldn't stop her. You haven't a right over her. Why doesn't Oscar tell me he'll see me hanged before he'll go chasing white stags and rare white turkeys all over creation? I'd respect him more if he did. Upon my word, the other night, when I saw him forging in about one o'clock, all tired out, dragging that imp of a stag by its chain and shooing the white turkey flock before him, I couldn't help laughing, but I did feel ashamed, asking him to do such work; and of him for doing it. The fact is, most of us are *sandless*, Julia. Not you, but the rest of us. Now, do you know what everybody in this house would be doing to-night if they had any sense, and sand to back it? We'll begin with Albert. He'd be packing his trunk and getting off to New York, instead of talking about it. Passing along to Oscar, he'd be saying to Louise, 'Now, you get ready this same night, my young lady, for I'm going to run away with you, and by midnight we'll be married, or else I'll go off and you'll never see me again;' at which Louise, if she had any sense and sand (which she hasn't), would reply, 'I will marry you to-night, and Madame may whistle for someone to dress her to-morrow morning. She's been good to me, but she don't own me.' Now my turn comes. If I had any backbone, Oscar would know he was safe to come to me and say as man to man, 'I love this girl and she loves me, but your wife, for no good reason, says I sha'n't marry her, and Louise is such a little fool she won't marry me without Madame's consent. Now, Sir, as man to man,

Thoughtfully tapping her pouting lips.—Page 436.

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I ask you, is this fair ?' As man to man, I'd have to say, 'No, Oscar, it is not.' Then, in the fairy story, he'd say, 'As master of the house will you see to it that Madame gives Louise permission to marry me ?' and, in the fairy tale, very much in the fairy tale, I'd reply, 'Regard the matter as settled, Oscar.' Then I'd send for you, and I'd say, 'Julia, I find you have been interfering most unwarrantably in the affairs of your young maid and my young overseer. Now, my dear, I am very indulgent to you in all domestic matters, but I wish you to understand clearly that I draw the line sharply at acts of tyranny in the household. I therefore desire you to arrange for this marriage immediately.' And you'd reply, meekly, 'Yes, my love,' or words to that effect. What you'd actually reply would be, 'Jack ! are you quite crazy ?'"

"How can you talk so, Jack !"

"Isn't it all true ?"

"If it is, I must be a virago !"

"There, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, dear. I was only joking."

"Don't ! It's bright moonlight."

"Well, there's no moonlight on that stone bench under the trees yonder. Come !"

"How can you be so foolish ? We aren't just married."

"Aren't we ? Well, come anyhow."

"It is a perfect night," said Mrs. Benton, yieldingly. "Jack ! come away quickly. There's someone sitting on the bench. They couldn't have heard us, could they ? We spoke low. The parlor-maid and the butler, I suppose. I'll be glad rather when they are married. Now that's a match I approve of. Does it shock you a little, dear, to find them sitting just where we were going to sit ? This country life is dreadfully demoralizing for the servants."

"You mean does it shock me to find the servants sitting billing and cooing just as we would be doing if they hadn't gotten there first ? You needn't blush, my dear, though it's very becoming."

"Don't be vulgar, Jack. There's another bench. Shall we rest here ?"

. . . . . .

"Louise ! Will—will you do it ?"

"What ! Let Madame to-morrow whistle—What did Monsieur say ? No ! No ! No ! I could never have the—what did he call it ? the *sand*—what does that mean ? to run away ? But how well he talked ! Oh, Oscar, how much he knows—more than Madame. I never knew he so much as saw any of us, except to say 'Good-morning' very kindly. Madame has made up her mind, you see. Even he could not move her. What can we do ?"

"What did Mr. Benton say we ought to do ? I had thought of it, but I was afraid you'd never consent. Now you will go when Mr. Benton says it is right. The clergyman who can marry us lives only a few miles away. He knows me well, and will do what I ask. You must be ready—when can you be ready ?"

"Not at all ! I can't do it. I have said I couldn't. Madame goes to bed at twelve always. I could never face her and then go. If I did go, it would have to be before I saw her again. But I can't go ! How well Monsieur spoke ! How does he know so much of us ?"

"How long would it take you to get ready ?"

"What were the last bells ?"

"Three, but I don't know what time that means."

"I do. Half-past nine. By half-past eleven I could be ready—if I went."

"Why not go now ?"

"With no clothes, no anything ? If I went, I should have to throw you a bundle out of the window. I couldn't carry it through the house. And you would have to be waiting for me *very promptly* at the colonnade, not a moment before or after the time. The other servants are so suspicious, and all of them jealous of me. If they should see one of us waiting for the other, and suspect, and if Madame should be warned— But why talk about it ? I couldn't do it."

"I will be at the colonnade at half-past eleven—on the stroke. Drop your bundle out of the window, close to the wall in the shadow. Then come quickly to me at the colonnade. We'll pick up the bundle as we go and——"

"Never ! I cannot !"

"It is to be the little Frenchman in New York that Madame wants you to marry ? Mr. Benton called him a——"

Louise wrung her hands. "Oh, I will come. I will come. Why did we ever come here ? Madame will never forgive

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me. I cannot go, and yet— How well Monsieur talked! If you are at the colonnade at half-past eleven, on the stroke, perhaps——"

"Oscar, master desires zat you will look for zat accursed white stag, and tie him up for ze night. Ze white turkeys also are off again roosting in ze wood-walk. Was not zat Mademoiselle Louise who ran through ze bushes?"

Oscar made no reply except to take out his watch, look at it, and then turn it toward the Frenchman.

"Is that the time by your clock?" he asked. Albert glanced at the watch in the moonlight, and threw up his hands.

"Kingdom of Heaven, yes! And it is time again to ring doze bells!" He started off hurriedly. A few moments later the musical ship-bells chimed out the hour.

"Hark!" said Mr. Benton to his wife, as they sat together on the stone bench under the trees. "Isn't that charming? It's worth some trouble to hear those bells, but after to-morrow I think I'll give them up. I don't want to be a tyrant."

"Now, my plan would be to marry Louise to Oscar."—Page 439.

"I'm not a tyrant to Louise," asserted Mrs. Benton.

"Who said you were?" answered her husband, quizzically. "He who excuses—you know the rest."

Oscar slipped softly past them in the shadows. He had but little to do in preparation. The overseer's house was half a mile away from the great house. In his stable was his own horse and his buggy.

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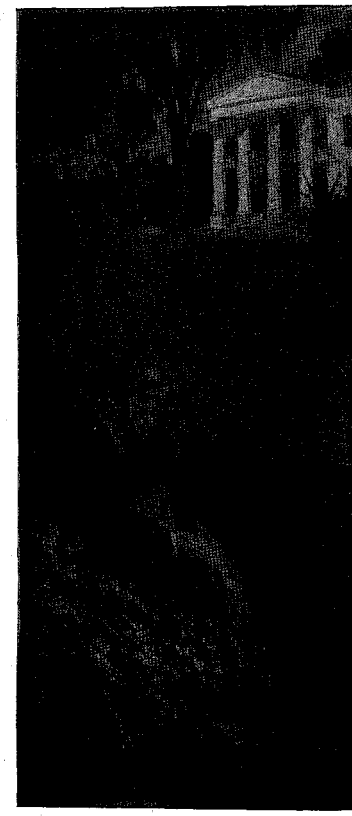
He had but to harness the one to the other, to tie the animal to the hitching-post, return to the great house, and securing his prize, bring her through the wood-road to the waiting buggy and drive her away with him to the parsonage. It all seemed strangely easy and simple. In the morning he would walk over to the great house and make full confession to Louise's Madame and Monsieur. The worst befalling, he had a tidy sum saved up, and if he must seek a new place, he was too well known as a good farmer to be anxious. Ever since the old owner had died the plantation had been as Oscar's own, for Mr. Benton, the new master, had come down and looked at the place, and, seeing all well done by Oscar, had gone away again, leaving a generous bargain behind. He had been a good master, and if he had a whim now and then, as that of the bells, the stag, and the turkeys, he was always ready to pay the piper all he owed, even a little more. Also, as Louise had said, how well and kindly he talked of them! And thinking thus of his employer, Oscar suddenly remembered the little white stag and the white turkeys. They had never been allowed to stay out all night before. If the stag once tasted of the sweets of a long liberty, he would be more than ever troublesome; the turkeys, if once mingling with others to roost, would continue to roam. Oscar looked at his watch. It was early yet. There was plenty of time before half-past eleven, both to harness the horse and corral the fugitive pets, for the last time, perhaps. But for Mr. Benton's words Louise would never have considered this final step. Mr. Benton had intrusted his pets to Oscar, and Oscar had not yet resigned from his employ. And so it chanced that as a kind of farewell and thank-offering Oscar once more herded up the white drove, finding the stag not far from the roosting white turkeys in the wood-walk. But this night of all nights the white stag chose to show his metal. He had been always difficult to lead home from his bouts of liberty but not impossible. The flock of white turkeys seemed to recognize the situation and, scared from their pleasant wood-perch, bunched together meekly to be driven home. There was no meekness in the white stag that hour. It was all the powerful young Dane could do to hold the bounding, straining creature by the broken chain. The defiance and spirit of the sinewy little opponent first vexed, then fired the man. It wouldn't go home, eh! Well, it would. Tug and pull and leap and bound as it might, it should see whose will and muscles were the stronger. It was a fight every step of the way, and the blood of both was up. Time passes rapidly in contest, and as he at last tied the still struggling and panting animal to its stake in the garden, Oscar started at the sound of the musical bells pealing out from the colonnade. Seven bells! What time did that mean? Was he half an hour too early or just on time? His hand moved quickly to his watch-pocket. Half of his watch-chain dangled uselessly from the buttonhole. The pocket was empty! This much of triumph was the stag's. In the struggle the chain had been snapped, the watch lost, and the only other timepiece to which Oscar had present access was in the kitchen, where, late into the hot nights, Albert nursed his grievances, clinging fast to any chance listener for sympathy. To ask him the hour, to be seen by him lingering near



"The clergyman who can marry us lives only a few miles away."—Page 440.

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"But, Jack, I did hear someone knocking."

the colonnade, would be to become his prisoner. To linger in the shadow of the trees was to wait too far from the colonnade to distinguish one passing figure from another. To know the exact hour was the whole necessity, to reach the colonnade as Louise reached it and spirit her instantly away. Seven bells! What did they mean? Why had he never troubled himself to learn their message? Oscar dropped down on the stone bench in the garden, his head hanging in despair. If to-night the way was blocked, would Louise consent again to-morrow? Oscar's heart sank in answer to the question.

. . . . . .

"It was nothing, Julia. It's your lead."

"But, Jack, I did hear someone knocking. It was at that long garden-window too. Oh! There it is again. Now you can hear it yourself."

Mr. Benton rose from the card-table, and, his cards still in his hand, walked out into the garden.

"Oscar," he said, "what do you want? What are you doing here?"

The young Dane stepped out from the shadow of the house so that the bright moonlight fell on his light hair and wide blue eyes.

"Will you please, sir," he said, gravely, "tell me what time it is?"

His master looked at him in surprise.

"What do you mean? You didn't come here to disturb me just to know the time. You knew better than that. What has happened?" Oscar looked at him unwaveringly.

"Nothing has happened," he said, with the same gravity. "I have been stupid and didn't learn the bells. I have lost my watch and I need to know the time, and I can't go into the kitchen for a very good reason."

"Give it to me," said Mr. Benton, quickly. Oscar stood looking at him and Mr.

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Benton also stepped out into the moonlight. They were eye to eye.

"As man to man," said the overseer, suddenly, "is there any reason why I should not marry Louise? I am going to run away with her to-night on the stroke of half-past eleven, and that's why I need to know the hour."

Mr. Benton stood motionless for a moment, then he took out his watch and looked at it.

"You will not run away with her to-night at eleven-thirty," he said, "for it is quarter of twelve now."

"No!" exclaimed Oscar, forgetting himself, and stepping forward as an equal would have stepped. "Then I have lost her! She will not consent again," he added, despairingly.

"Do you mean," asked Mr. Benton, in the same quiet tones and after another pause, "that the girl did consent to run away to-night with you? Where were you going to take her?"

"Five miles off to my clergyman and then home."

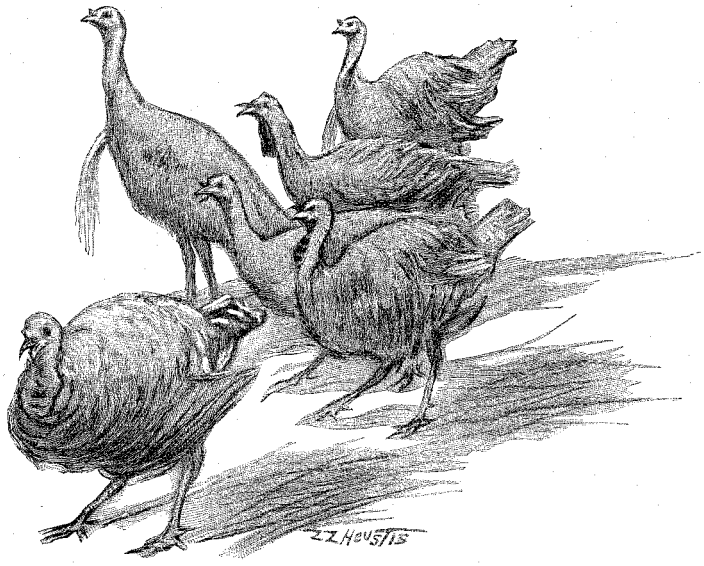
"Well," commented Mr. Benton, dryly, "you have saved some trouble by losing your watch, for your clergyman is inside the house now, playing cards with Mrs. Benton and me. He can marry you to Louise to-night and before you run away with her." He stepped back to the open window and called into the room, "Julia, my dear, will you come here a moment. Here is my overseer, Oscar," he said, as Mrs. Benton, also holding her hand of cards, came out into the garden, looking wonderingly at the two figures. "Oscar," Mr. Benton went on, "has come to ask my permission to marry your maid, Louise, and I have told him to regard the matter as settled. I am very indulgent in all domestic matters, my dear, but I wish it clearly understood that I draw the line sharply at acts of tyranny. They were planning to run away together, so the sooner they are married the better. I desire you to arrange for it immediately. As we have a clergyman in the house, as the young man is here before us, and you have only to ring for your maid, the ceremony can be performed at once in the parlor, with the rest of the servants as congregation."

Mrs. Benton stood looking at her husband with dilated eyes. Her delicate draperies fell from her hand and brushed over the gravel walk as she came forward swiftly and anxiously.

"Jack," she inquired, tremulously, "are you quite crazy?"

"Exactly what I told you you'd say!" exclaimed Mr. Benton, breaking down with a laugh. Mrs. Benton started and turned quickly, then she flushed high in the moonlight and with this change turned suddenly and kindly to Oscar. "Of course—" she began

But for those who know the world and its women this story is already finished.



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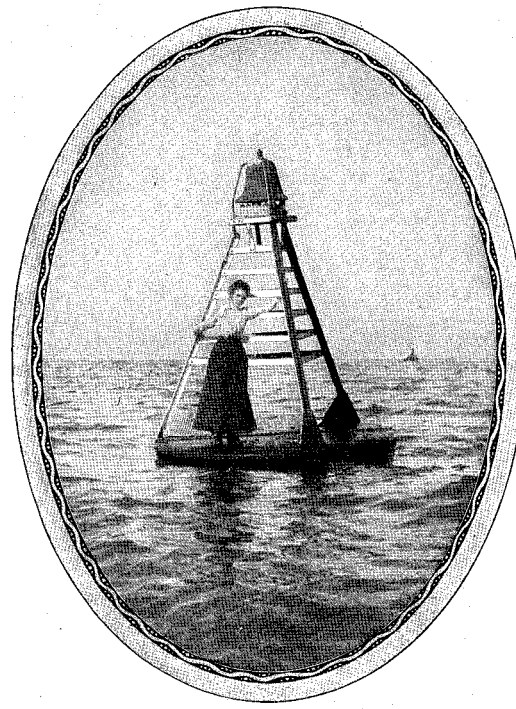

OUR NEW BELL-BUOY

By Charles Henry Webb

WHAT make ye, O mariner, hailing from far,
Of this new-fashioned bell ye find on the Bar?
Less strident of tongue and slimmer of waist
Than the buoy of old we for shipmen placed
That wagged a loud tongue, when the Bar made moan,
And of danger told in a rusty tone,
This telleth ye not that peril is near—
But if softest of voices fall on your ear
As blinded by billows and blown by the gale
Through a mist of gray eyes by dead-reck'ning ye sail;
If a tinkle of laughter be borne on the breeze;
If a smile like a sunbeam lighten the seas;
If in the wave of that golden hair
Ye see not a breaker that bids ye beware—
Then, mariner, mariner, turn and flee,
Ye're shoaling fast and the shore is lee;
Avast! and About! Ahoy, all hands!
Every reef-point untie, loose gaskets and bands,
Alow and aloft set all that will draw
And everything taut, to windward to claw.
It is, Ready! About! and Helm a-lee—
Your safety lies in the open sea!

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Jacob Brown.
Major-General, 1815-1828.

Alexander Macomb.
Major-General, 1828-1841.

Winfield Scott.
Brevet Lieutenant-General, 1841-1861.

Generals who Commanded the Army from 1815–1861

THE UNITED STATES ARMY

BY FRANCIS V. GREENE

(Late Major-General U. S. V.)

SECOND PAPER

As soon as the treaty of peace was ratified, in February, 1815, the army was reduced to 10,000 men, consisting of eight regiments of infantry, one of rifles, and the four regiments of artillery which in the previous year had been merged into one corps. In 1821 it was still further reduced to 6,000 men, by disbanding one regiment of infantry and reducing the number of men in the other regiments. It remained of that size until the Florida War, which began in 1835.

John C. Calhoun became Secretary of War in 1817, and remained in office until the close of Monroe's administration, in 1825. For the first time the War Department was administered by a man of commanding talent, and he impressed upon the army the marks of his ability, which endured for a full generation. He recommended legislation for the organization of the Staff Corps, which was adopted by Congress in 1818 and put into operation under his direction. The departments of the Adjutants-General, Inspectors, Quartermasters, Commissaries, Paymasters, Judge Advocates, and Surgeons, were then organized substantially on the basis which continued until the law of 1901. Concentration of responsibility, economy of administration, and rigid accountability for materials as well as for money, were the guiding principles of the system which he put into operation. In the line he organized the artillery into regiments, and adopted the ten-company regiment for the infantry, which was well adapted to the conditions of his time, although it survived many years after modern firearms had made it unsuitable, and it was only changed in 1898. He fostered the Military Academy, supporting Colonel Thayer in all his measures for its improvement and keeping the corps of cadets at its maximum strength. He first pointed out the necessity of having thoroughly trained officers, and an efficient staff in time of peace, combined with a minimum of enlisted men which could be increased to its maximum in war. In connection with the reduction of 1821, he drew up a plan by which the enlisted strength of a company in time of peace would be only thirty-seven men, but which on the outbreak of war could be increased to seventy-seven, and by making two battalions instead of one in each regiment the army could be expanded from 6,000 to 18,000 men with only adding fifty per cent. to the number of officers. In the two reports which he made

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to Congress in 1818 and 1820, he set forth the true principles of the military policy suitable for this country with unanswerable force and clearness. "I have not overlooked the maxim that a large standing army is dangerous to the liberty of the country, and that our ultimate reliance for defence ought to be on the militia. Its most zealous advocates must, however, acknowledge that a standing army, to a limited extent, is necessary. . . . To consider the present army as dangerous to our liberty, partakes, it is conceived, more of timidity than of wisdom. Not to insist on the character of the officers, who, as a body, are high-minded and honorable men, attached to the principles of freedom by education and reflection, what well-founded apprehension can there be from an establishment distributed on so extended a frontier, with many thousand miles intervening between the extreme points occupied? But the danger, it may be said, is not so much from its numbers as a spirit hostile to liberty, by which it is supposed all regular armies are actuated. This observation is probably true when applied to standing armies collected into large and powerful masses; but, dispersed as ours is, over so vast a surface, the danger I conceive is of an opposite character—that both officers and soldiers will lose their military habits and feelings by sliding gradually into those purely civil. . . . To suppose our militia capable of meeting in the open field the regular troops of Europe, would be to resist the most obvious truth, and the whole of our experience as a nation. War is an art, to attain perfection in which much time and experience, particularly for the officers, are necessary. It is true that men of great military genius occasionally appear, who, though without experience, may, when an army is already organized and disciplined, lead it to victory; yet I know of no instance, under circumstances nearly equal, in which the greatest talents have been able, with irregular and undisciplined troops, to meet with success those that were regularly trained. Genius without much experience may command, but it cannot go much farther. It cannot at once organize and discipline an army, and give it that military tone and habit which only in the midst of imminent danger can enable it to perform the most complex evolutions with precision and promptitude. Those qualities which essentially distinguish an army from an equal assemblage of untrained individuals can only be acquired by the instruction of experienced officers. If they —particularly the company and regimental officers — are inexperienced, the army must remain undisciplined, in which case the genius and even experience of the commander will be of little avail."

Infantry Private, 1810.

Such views as these had never before been put forward by an American statesman, except Washington. They were essentially different from those which prevailed in 1776, in 1783, throughout Jefferson's administration, and during the War of 1812. They were amply justified by the experience of the forty years succeeding the outbreak of the Revolution. They have since been controverted and are to-day disputed, but the significant fact is that since Calhoun's time the majority has always sustained them, whereas prior to that time the majority had always opposed them. It was during his administration as Secretary of War that our true military policy was adopted of a small but highly trained and efficient regular army in time of peace, supplemented by a large army of volunteers in time of war. This policy has been followed with a very fair degree of consistency ever since 1818.

The three generals who gained the greatest distinction in the War of 1812 were Brown, Harrison, and Jackson. Brown was a farmer who owned a large tract of land near Sackett's Harbor. He was a very prominent citizen in that part of New York and in 1809 was elected Colonel and in 1811 Brigadier-General

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in the militia. When the war broke out Dearborn requested him to take command at Sackett's Harbor in case of emergency. The occasion came in May, 1813, when an attack was made by a British force under command of Sir George Prevost, Governor-General of Canada. Brown defeated him with a loss of more than one-third of his men, and drove him back to his ships. For this Brown was made a brigadier-general in the regular army and six months later a major-general. He commanded the troops on the Niagara River in the spring of 1814 and, assisted by able brigadiers, won the victories of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie. At the close of the war he was retained as Senior Major-General in the Army, and commanded it until his death in 1828. Without much education or any military experience he was a man of rugged will and determination, and commanded his troops with ability.

Infantry Captain, 1813.

Harrison was Governor of Indiana when the war broke out. He was the idol of the settlers in the Northwest as Jackson was in the Southwest. Kentucky made him Major-General of its militia, although he was not a resident of the State, and he was appointed a brigadier-general in the regular army in August, 1812, and a major-general in March, 1813. With a small force of regulars and a host of volunteers from Kentucky and Ohio he relieved the Indiana posts which were besieged by the Indians, conducted a most difficult march through the Wilderness during the winter, and in the next year defeated the British and Indians at the battle of the Thames and recaptured Detroit. Under cover of Perry's great victory on Lake Erie, he recovered and permanently held everything in the Northwest that had been lost at the beginning of the war. In the spring of 1814 he expected to be ordered to command at Niagara, being senior to Brown, but the Secretary of War (Armstrong) was personally jealous of him and left him at Detroit, although most of his troops were ordered East. Harrison thereupon resigned, and after a short service as an Indian Commissioner was elected to Congress and afterward to the Presidency.

Jackson was more successful than either Brown or Harrison, and was the popular hero of the war. This remarkable man was forty-five years old when the war broke out. Of humble origin and without education he had led an exciting life on the frontier in Tennessee, had been District Attorney, United States Senator, State Judge, and Major-General in the militia. His quarrelsome nature had led him into many a brawl and duel, and he was widely known, admired by many as a natural leader of men, and feared and hated by others. His military service lasted nine years, from 1812 to 1821, and was full of activity. When in October, 1812, Tennessee was called upon to furnish militia to invade Florida, Jackson promptly raised over 2,000 men, went down the river with them as far as Natchez and there waited for instructions from Washington. But the plan of invading Florida was disapproved by Congress and Jackson received a curt order to disband his force as their services were not needed. Instead of doing so he marched them back to Tennessee at his own expense, for which he was subsequently reimbursed. In the summer of 1812 hostilities had begun between the Creek Indians and the white settlers in that part of Mississippi Territory which is now the State of Alabama. General Pinckney was in command of that district. He had served in the Revolution but was now over sixty years of age and quite inefficient; he made little headway in suppressing the Indians, who had been urged by Tecumseh in his visit of the previous year to form a federation of all the Indian tribes to resist the advance of the whites, and were now incited by some of their own tribe, who had just returned from the campaign which the Northern Indians were making against Harrison. In Au-

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Massacre of Major Dade and His Men by the Indians in the Wahoo Swamp.

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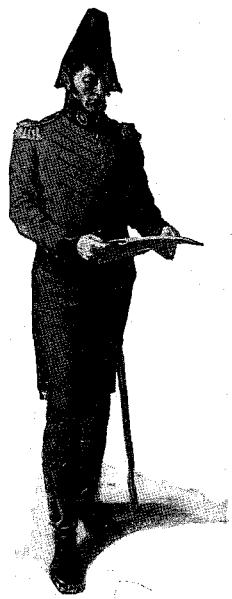
gust there was a massacre of nearly three hundred whites at a little settlement called Fort Mims, near Mobile. The militia was again called for from Tennessee. Jackson was in bed, suffering from an ugly wound he had recently received in a tavern fight with Thomas H. Benton; but he quickly gathered his men together, and in less than six weeks was in Alabama with them. On November 8th he surrounded and attacked the Creeks at Talladega, gaining a decisive victory and inflicting a loss upon them of nearly four hundred men. This Creek War lasted two years, until the summer of 1814. There were three or four separate expeditions under command of other officers, but none of them accomplished anything except Jackson. Only one regular regiment, the 39th Infantry, took part in the campaign; the other troops were militia from the adjoining States of Georgia, South Carolina, and Tennessee. They were called out for various periods from two to six months, and in all more than 13,000 of them appeared on the scene at one time or another. They were an unruly lot, and Jackson was the only one who could control them. He ruled them with an iron hand, expressed delight at the arrival of the regular regiment, as it would enable him to keep them in order, and as soon as it arrived he arrested the first militiaman who refused to obey orders, tried, sentenced, and shot him without delay. It was an extremely arduous campaign, on account of the difficulty of obtaining supplies, but Jackson's indomitable energy overcame all obstacles, and finally, in the decisive battle of the Horseshoe, on the Tallapoosa River, on March 29, 1814, he annihilated a force of about 900 Creek warriors, and took about 500 squaws and children prisoners. This ended the war. Jackson was rewarded by being made a major-general in the regular army as soon as Harrison's resignation created a vacancy, was appointed to command the Southern District with head-quarters at Mobile, and in August concluded a capitulation with the Creeks.



Officer of Engineers, 1821.

He then asked permission to capture Pensacola, which was in Spanish territory, although temporarily occupied by the British. This request was denied by the War Department, which instructed him to prepare to defend New Orleans; but Jackson, with characteristic insubordination and recklessness, without waiting for the reply, marched against Pensacola in November with over 4,000 men, captured and destroyed it, and returned to Mobile, having been absent only eight days. He then turned his attention to New Orleans, arriving there early in December.

Meanwhile the British Government was organizing at Jamaica the largest military and naval expedition which up to that time it had ever sent abroad. It comprised fifty large ships under command of Admiral Cochrane, carrying, besides their own crews, about 12,000 soldiers under command of Sir Edward Pakenham, the brother-in-law of Wellington, and one of his ablest division commanders in the Peninsular campaign. The troops were composed of those who had burned Washington, with the addition of two regiments from the West Indies, some Highlanders from the Cape of Good Hope, and four regiments fresh from Europe.

Jackson had been less than ten days in New Orleans, and had done nothing but inspect the forts down the river, when this expedition arrived in Lake Borgne, transferred a part of the troops to light boats and attacked and destroyed six small gunboats which were defending the lake. A few days later a considerable force had landed on the shore of Lake Borgne, and marched across to the Mississippi, at a point only seven miles below New Orleans. Had Jackson been as weak as he was insubordinate, the conditions were ripe for a disaster as great as that which overtook Hull at Detroit or Winder at Bladensburg.

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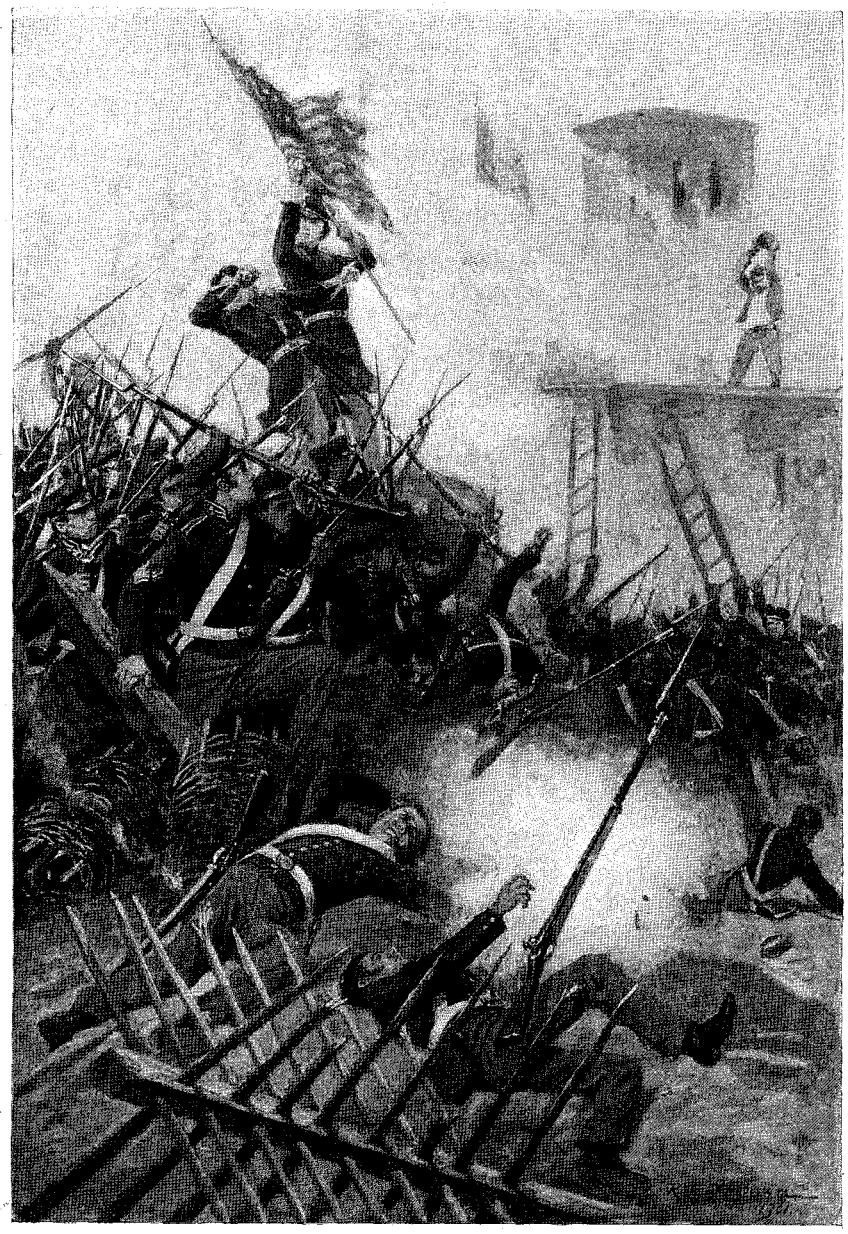

The Storming of Chapultepec.

[Lieutenant James Longstreet* of the Eighth Infantry was disabled by a severe wound; Lieutenant George E. Pickett* then took charge of the regimental colors and carried it over the works into and to the top of the castle.—*Wilcox's Mexican War.*]

But in an emergency like this he was the incarnation of energy, well-directed useful energy, overriding and beating down all opposition and obstacles by the sheer force of his irresistible will and masterful power of command. It was on December 14th that he learned of the capture of the gun-boats in Lake Borgne; on January 8th, the British force had been finally defeated with enormous loss. During these twenty-five days he had assumed the powers of a dictator, placed the State under martial law and the Governor under his orders, had sent messengers in various directions to hasten the arrival of the militia which had been placed at his disposal in October, but which he had as yet taken no steps to collect, and had ordered every

* Afterward generals in the Confederate Army.

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able-bodied man in New Orleans, black or white, who could get a gun, to report for military duty under pain of death. He had attacked the British advance in the night of their arrival (December 23d), on the Mississippi, had resisted their counter-attack on the 28th, had dismounted their guns and demolished their batteries by the superior accuracy of his fire, when they opened an artillery duel on January 1st; and when they rashly attacked his intrenchments across an open field on January 8th, his backswood riflemen mowed them down at less than two hundred yards as the mower cuts the grass. Of four major-generals present two, including Pakenham, were killed and a third wounded. In one regiment 505 were killed or wounded out of a total of 775. The losses of the whole command were 2,036, out of 6,000 engaged. Jackson lost only eight killed and thirteen wounded on his own side of the river, and counting the losses in Morgan's command on the west bank the aggregate was only seventy-one. It is hard to find in military annals a record of a defeat so complete, under such unfavorable circumstances. On the British side were regular troops, the veterans of Salamanca and Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo, commanded by officers specially selected for their skill and experience in actual war; while Jackson commanded the most picturesque and motley aggregation ever brought together: two regiments of regulars, two brigades of backwoodsmen, forming the militia of Kentucky and Tennessee, a battalion of free negroes, a detachment of Lafitte's pirates, a squad of French soldiers who had served under Napoleon, a battalion of San Domingans, another of Louisiana creoles, some sailors; and Jackson towering above them all, riding the whirlwind, and "by the Eternal" bringing order out of chaos. Nothing was lacking to heighten the dramatic effect, and in these three weeks Jackson gained a popularity among the masses of his countrymen which no error or indiscretion during the subsequent twenty-two years of his public life could ever shake or diminish. He remained in command at New Orleans after the close of the war, being retained in the army in the reduction of 1815 as one of the two Major-Generals. He had retired to his home in Tennessee to regain his health, when in January, 1818, he was called upon to put down an uprising of the Seminole Indians under Billy Bowlegs in Florida. Again calling out his Tennessee militia, the Governor being absent, he quickly marched to Florida, and in his usual fashion not only defeated the Indians, but invaded Spanish territory, captured St. Marks and Pensacola, hung two Indian chiefs who came into his possession, and finally seized two Scotch traders, subjects of Great Britain, named Arbuthnot and Ambrister, tried them by court-martial and executed them, on the ground that by aiding the Indians they had forfeited their nationality and were pirates and outlaws. The terrible child thus nearly embroiled his country in war with both England and Spain, but by the diplomatic ability of John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, not only was peace preserved but treaties actually made giving us final and permanent possession of Florida on the one hand, and a rectification of our northern boundary lines on the other. Jackson remained in the army until 1821. The reduction of that year provided for only one Major-General, and he being junior to Brown was forced out. He was immediately appointed Governor of Florida, and from that office went to the Senate and thence, after a brief delay, to the Presidency.

Artillery Private, 1823.

Of all the careers in our army there is no parallel to that of Jackson. He treated his militia with the utmost harshness, but they worshipped him and rendered such service for him as no other general ever got out of them. He was the terror of his superiors in Washington, his only idea of discipline being the enforcement of his own will against those above him as well as those under him; but he had such a

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hold on the people by reason of his strength of character, his integrity and his great deeds, that no one dared to call him to account for any of his acts. His fighting was always against Indians, except in his one brief campaign at New Orleans; the theatre of this campaign was a six-mile plot, where there was no opportunity for strategy or grand tactics, or the exercise of any of the qualities of generalship except one; he selected and fortified a position about a thousand yards long, with one flank on the river and the other on a swamp, and the enemy dashed himself to pieces against it. But his enemy was the best regular troops in Europe, who had defeated the plans of Napoleon in Spain. Jackson crushed them, and this one fact blots out all his mistakes and leaves him unperishable fame as a great soldier.

Besides Brown, Harrison, and Jackson the other generals who came out of the war with credit were Macomb, Gaines, Scott, and Ripley. They were the brigade commanders in the Niagara campaign of 1814, and all rendered splendid service, Scott and Gaines perhaps the best. They remained as brigadiers in the reduction of 1815; in that of 1821 Ripley was forced out and Macomb became Chief of Engineers. On Brown's death in 1828, Macomb was appointed Major-General in command of the army, and when he died in 1841, Scott succeeded him, retaining the command until 1861. Gaines took no part in the Mexican War owing to his extreme age, but he remained in the army until his death in 1849.

Among the younger officers learning their first lessons of war in 1812, and destined afterward to high command in the Florida and Mexican Wars, we find serving as lieutenants and captains of infantry, Zachary Taylor, brevetted Major for his gallant defence of Fort Harrison. Thomas S. Jesup brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel for gallantry at Chippewa and Niagara; he was appointed Quartermaster-General in 1818 and held that office for forty-two years, until his death in 1860, although during part of the time he was in active command of troops in the field; John E. Wool, wounded at Queenston and brevetted for his good conduct at Plattsburg, serving afterward as a division commander in Mexico and a corps commander in the Civil War; W. J. Worth, greatly distinguished in the battles along the Niagara River, afterward in command of a brigade in Florida and a division in Mexico, whose monument stands at Broadway and Fifth Avenue in New York; and finally David E. Twiggs, displaying great gallantry at Chippewa as he afterward did at Monterey, but destined to end his career in eternal infamy by the surrender of the troops under his command to the insurgents in Texas in February, 1861.

The years intervening between the peace of 1815 and the war of 1846 were, for the army, years of frontier service and Indian campaigning. Whether the United States treated the Indians justly or unjustly, whether the border ruffians or the Indians were responsible for the ever-recurring hostilities, were questions in which the army had no part. Its duty was to obey the orders of the proper civil authority, to put into operation the policy of the Government, whatever it might be, to use force when necessary to remove the Indians from their old hunting-grounds to new lands beyond the Mississippi, to chastise and destroy them when they committed murder and outrage on the white settlers. After the conclusion of the Seminole War in 1818, there was a period of tranquillity for nearly seventeen years, the longest period in the history of the army. It was slightly disturbed by Black Hawk in the Northwest in 1831–32, and by the disturbances due to the removal of the Creeks and Cherokees from Georgia and Alabama in 1836–37; but the former was settled by Scott and the latter by Gaines without serious difficulty. In 1835, however, there broke out in Florida, the Seminole War, which lasted seven years, entailing upon the troops a series of campaigns of extraordinary hardship and no small loss. It originated in the resistance of the Indians to being removed from their old homes to new lands west of the Mississippi. Jackson's views on the Indian question carried great weight on account of his experience in Indian campaigns and as Governor of Florida. When he became President the border idea that the Indian must go became the basis of our Indian policy, and treaties were forced upon the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees and Seminoles, in the Southern States and Territories, by

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which they were to give up their lands and remove to the present Indian Territory, which was set apart for them in 1834. There was difficulty in enforcing these treaties, but they were overcome in all cases except that of the Seminoles. This tribe, numbering between 3,000 and 4,000 souls, roamed over a tract of more than 40,000 square miles in central and southern Florida. They refused to move, as required by the treaty, and the army was ordered to force them to do so. It proved to be a very expensive undertaking, costing upward of $20,000,000, which was far more than the land was worth. Three-fourths of the army and 10,000 volunteers were required before the task was completed. It was the graveyard of military reputations, all of the generals in turn trying their hand at it and none of them succeeding: Gaines in 1836, Scott in the same year, Jesup in 1837 and 1838, Macomb in 1839, Taylor from 1836 to 1840, Armistead and Worth from 1840 to 1843, each in turn tried a new plan. Jesup tersely stated the whole case when he reported that "the difficulty is, not to fight the enemy, but to find him." Taylor advised the use of bloodhounds, and they were imported from Cuba; but the scent of Indians being different from that of the Cuban slaves to which the dogs had been trained the experiment was a failure. New treaties were made every year or two and it was thought that the matter was settled, but in a few months, after the Indians had had a good rest, it broke out again. The wits in the ranks described the situation in doggerel verse:

Ever since the Creation,
By the best calculation,
The Florida war has been raging;
And 'tis our expectation
That the last conflagration
Will find us the same contest waging.

And yet 'tis not an endless war,
As facts will plainly show,
Having been "ended" forty times
In twenty months or so.

"The war is ended," comes the news;
"We've caught them in our gin:
The war is ended past a doubt—
Sam Jones has just come in!"

But, hark! Next day the tune we change,
And sing a counter strain;
"The war's not ended," for, behold!
Sam Jones is out again.

The first engagement was in December, 1835, when Major Dade of the 4th Infantry, stationed at Fort Brooke, at the head of Tampa Bay, was directed to march to the relief of General Clinch, stationed at Fort Drane, about one hundred miles to the northward, and seriously threatened by the Indians. Dade took seven officers and 102 men from his own regiment and from the 2d and 3d Artillery. When he reached the Wahoo Swamp, on the headwaters of the Withlacoochee River, he fell into an ambuscade, was surrounded by Indians, fought all day, and lost his entire command; every officer and man being slaughtered except three privates who escaped to Fort Brooke to tell the news, and died soon afterward of their wounds. On the same day, Osceola, the crafty chief of the Seminoles, with a small band, stole up to the agency at Fort King, about sixty miles southwest of St. Augustine, surprised General Wiley Thomson, the Indian agent, and five others at dinner, and murdered them. Osceola took a keen delight in killing and scalping Thomson with his own hand.

From this beginning the war went on until 1843. The country was a wilderness of lakes, swamps, and rivers, dense forests and occasionally clear spaces of barren sand; it abounded in wild turkeys and other game, so that the Indians easily subsisted themselves, while the troops found it almost impossible to transport their supplies; the Indians were accustomed to the climate, but to the troops from the North the miasmatic fevers were deadly, and the country was, moreover, infested with snakes and venomous insects. About 30,000 volunteers and militia were sent there in relays of short service, and the greater part of the army was engaged on this duty during the seven years that it lasted, one regiment at a time being brought North for recuperation and sent back when it had been recruited. As the savages were captured or surrendered they were sent to the Indian Territory and 1,900 of them were removed in the first three years.

The most active campaigning was in 1837 and 1838. Osceola was captured in October, 1837, by General Jesup, who deliberately violated the protection of a flag of truce for this purpose, justifying

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himself on the ground that no other means were effective against a savage who had repeatedly violated the solemn obligations of a treaty. Osceola was, however, succeeded by another chief named Coacooche, who carried on the war, and against him Jesup marched across the State through the Everglades and overtook him near Jupiter Inlet where, in a sharp engagement, the Indians were severely punished and Jesup was badly wounded in the face. In December, 1837, Taylor left Tampa with a force of about 1,000 men, made up of detachments from the 4th Artillery, 1st and 6th Infantry, and Volunteers, and penetrated 150 miles into the interior, following up the Kissimmee River almost to its source at Lake Okeechobee, and there fighting the Indians in an engagement in which he lost 26 killed and 112 wounded, among them being some of his most valuable officers. He retraced his steps to Tampa with great difficulty, the wounded suffering incredible hardship as they were dragged on litters through the swamps and thickets.

The war finally came to an end from sheer exhaustion in 1842, when only 300 Seminoles remained uncaptured. Nearly 1,500 lives had been lost by bullets and disease, only a little less than in the War of 1812.

The war with Mexico, whether just or unjust from a political stand-point, is one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the Army. While a large number of Volunteers were called out it was fought in the main by the Regular Army, and with scarcely a reverse from start to finish. The commanding generals were still young enough for active service, but they had all had military experience in the War of 1812 and the Indian campaigns; and the regiments were filled in the lower grades with intelligent, ambitious, and well-educated cadets from West Point, of whom over 1,100 had been graduated between 1817, when Thayer became Superintendent, and 1845. The regiments had had over thirty years of unbroken existence and a strong *esprit du corps* existed, based on their traditions and the reputation of each in previous campaigns. The authorized strength of the Army in 1845 was about 700 officers and 7,500 men; it consisted of two regiments of dragoons (organized in 1832 and 1836), four regiments of artillery, and eight regiments of infantry. The troops were distributed in more than 100 posts, the artillery in the sea-coast fortifications, and the infantry along the lakes from Plattsburg to Mackinac, and, together with the cavalry, on the Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas, and Red Rivers. The principal posts in the West were, Fort Snelling, near St. Paul; Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis; Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri, and Fort Jesup, in western Louisiana.

Scott was the Major-General, and the two Brigadiers were Gaines and Wool, one with head-quarters at New Orleans and the other at New York. Taylor was Colonel of the 6th Infantry, Twiggs of the 1st, and Kearney of the 2d Dragoons. Several of the other colonels were incapacitated from active service by age and physical disqualification, one of them, Walbach, of the 4th Artillery, being eighty-two years of age; but this was compensated by the company officers, a splendid lot of well-trained young soldiers, more than 200 of whom were destined to become general officers during the Civil War. Grant was a lieutenant in 4th Infantry, Sherman and Thomas in the 3d Artillery, Hancock in the 6th Infantry, Lee, McClellan, Meade and Beauregard in the Engineers, Johnston in the 4th Artillery, Jackson in the 1st Artillery. Many of the rank and file had seen arduous service in the Florida War. The companies were small, only forty to forty-five men each, but they were well drilled, having received excellent instruction in comparatively large camps which had been held at Trenton, N. J., and Jefferson Barracks, Mo., in the preceding years. Some of the regiments had just received the new percussion muskets and discarded the flint locks, and the others were expecting to receive theirs.

Taylor was in command of the First Military Department, with head-quarters at Fort Jesup, and in the summer of 1845 he was directed to assemble an "Army of Observation" in Texas. It consisted of the 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th and 8th Infantry, which had been transported down the Mississippi and its tributaries to New Orleans and thence westward by water; seven companies of the 2d Dragoons under Twiggs, which had marched 500 miles

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across country from Fort Jesup; three battalions of four companies each from the 2d, 3d, and 4th Artillery, serving as infantry, and a light battery from each of these regiments, which had come around by water from the Atlantic forts—in all about 3,000 men, as fine a little army as ever was gathered together. The camp was at Corpus Christi from August, 1845, to March, 1846, when Taylor received orders to move forward to the Rio Grande. The Mexicans were on the west bank and a clash was inevitable. Scouting parties were sent up and down the river on April 24th, and one of them "became engaged with a very large force of the enemy, and after a short affair, in which some sixteen were killed and wounded, appear to have been surrounded and compelled to surrender." So Taylor reported under date of April 26th, adding, "Hostilities may now be considered as commenced." On receiving this report President Polk sent his message of May 11, 1846, stating that war actually existed, and asking Congress to recognize its existence. Congress did so on the following day, and on May 13th the President signed the act; it appropriated $10,000,000 for the expenses of the war, and authorized him to call for 50,000 volunteers to serve twelve months.

The war thus launched went on with unbroken success until its conclusion at the enemy's capital, eighteen months later. An able and vigorous Secretary of War (Marcy), thoroughly competent commanders in the field, a well-disciplined body of troops, with trained officers and well-drilled, intelligent men—the elements were all there for a successful campaign, and it was fully realized. Opposed to us were armies almost invariably larger than our own, but inferior in quality, and they were defeated in every engagement.

There were three distinct lines of advance: First, Taylor meeting the enemy on the Rio Grande at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, then advancing into their territory, capturing Monterey, and defeating Santa Anna when he attacked him with a vastly superior force at Buena Vista; second, Scott, conducting an expedition of 10,000 men, with all their artillery, wagons, and animals in more than eighty sailing ships across the Gulf of Mexico, landing on an open coast without the loss of a man, besieging and capturing the garrison of over 5,000 men at Vera Cruz, then abandoning his base and marching boldly over a range of mountains into the interior, fighting in succession at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonio, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, and finally capturing the City of Mexico—all within six months, during which he had killed, wounded, and captured of the enemy a number greater by twice than his own force; third, Kearney, with eight companies of the 1st Dragoons and 1,000 volunteers from Missouri, marching nearly 2,500 miles, from Fort Leavenworth across the plains, through the ranges of New Mexico and over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific slope, arriving at San Diego in less than six months, and there joining hands with the navy to conquer California and establish a government under authority of the United States.

The forces engaged were small compared to the campaigns of Europe or of the Civil War, but never was there a more uninterrupted series of victories, covering so wide an area, and producing such tremendous material benefits in the permanent acquisition of territory. Writing his memoirs, nearly forty years later, Grant speaks of the strategy and tactics of Scott as "faultless."

While in the main this was the work of the regular army, yet it was also largely due to the volunteers. The act of May 13, 1846, authorized the enlistment of 50,000 volunteers to serve twelve months; the act of February 11, 1847, required the volunteer enlistments to be "for the war," and it also quadrupled the strength of the regulars by filling up the companies to the maximum of 100 each and adding ten additional regiments: one of dragoons, one of mounted riflemen, and eight of infantry. These additions were to be for the period of the war only.

Prior to the declaration of the existence of war Taylor had been authorized to call on the Governors of Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi for volunteers, and the Governors of those States had been requested to comply with his requests. This proceeding was, to say the least, irregular, in advance of any action

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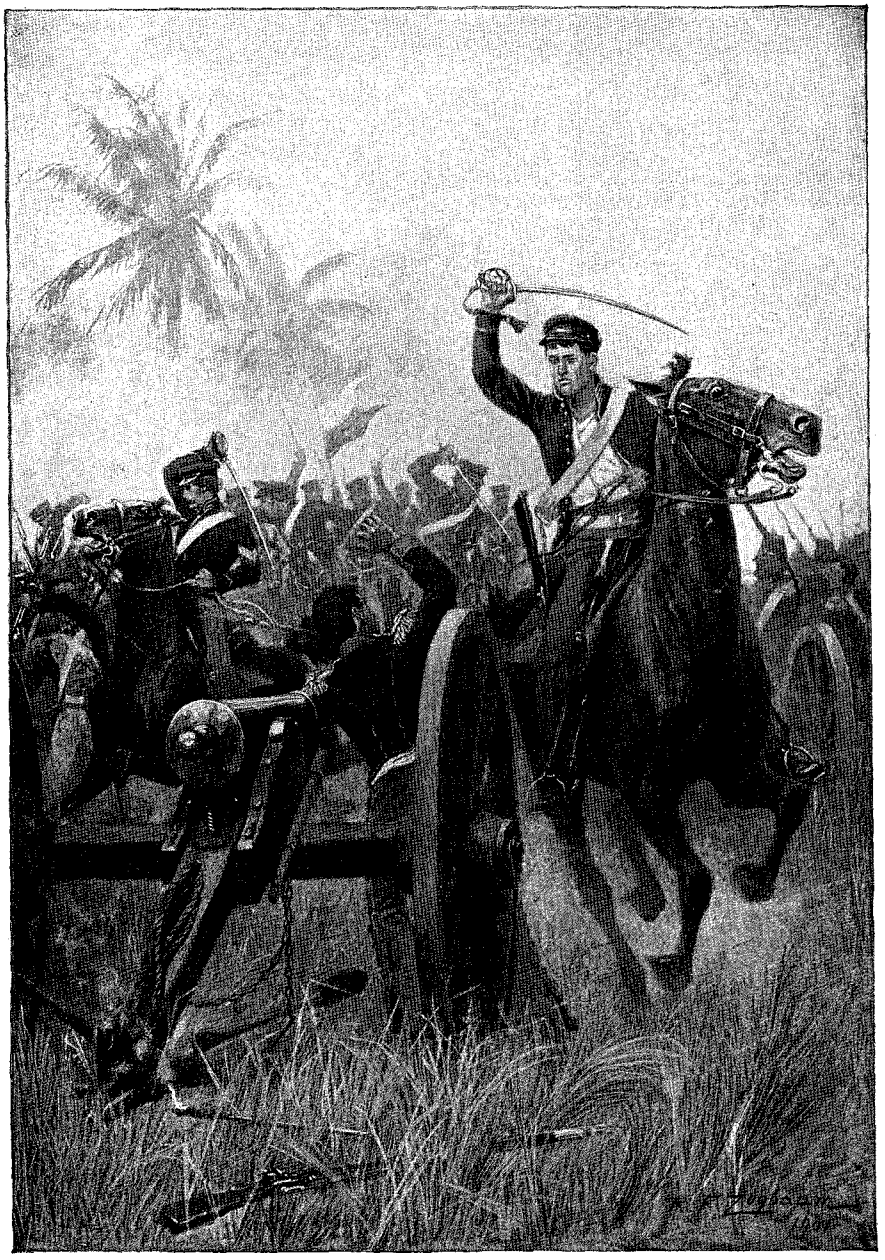

The Charge of the Second Dragoons at the Battle of Resaca de la Palma.

by Congress; Taylor availed himself of it only to a limited extent, but Gaines, who commanded at New Orleans, assumed authority to collect and forward a large number of Louisiana militia enlisted for six months. The law of 1795, then in force, only authorized the militia to be called out for three months; the act of May, 1847, required volunteers to enlist for twelve months. The Louisiana men belonged to neither class, for in the language of the Governor they could not be subjected to "the torture of enlisting for twelve months." The matter was disposed of by Taylor by discharging most of them at the end of three months and re-enlisting those who desired it for three months more.

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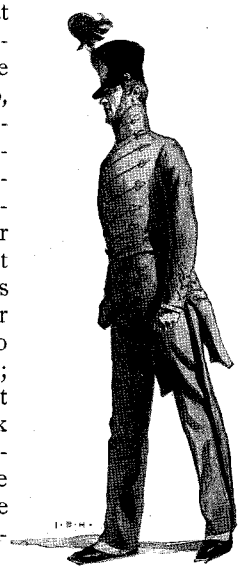
The twelve-months volunteers were meanwhile being enlisted and organized, and at the end of a year many of them re-enlisted for the war. Under the act of February, 1847, thirty volunteer regiments were organized "for the war." They were principally from the West and South, the call apparently not being in proportion to population. Massachusetts furnished only one regiment, and the other New England States none at all; New York and Pennsylvania two each, and the same from Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and Kentucky, while Tennessee furnished three. The practice which has prevailed in subsequent wars of allowing regular officers to accept higher rank in the volunteers, was not permitted. The young officers remained with their regular commands and received no promotion except by seniority; Grant, for instance, came out of the war with the same rank he had at the beginning—Second Lieutenant—although he had been in nearly every battle and greatly distinguished himself.



Cadet, 1836.

On the other hand, officers who had resigned from the service came back with high rank, A. S. Johnston as colonel of a Texas regiment, and Jefferson Davis as colonel of one from Mississippi.

The army reached its maximum strength in the autumn of 1847, after Scott had captured the City of Mexico. The regular army then consisted of 1,373 officers and 20,333 men, and the volunteers of 1,437 officers and 27,452 men. About 32,000 were with Scott, 11,000 with Taylor, 3,000 in New Mexico, 1,000 in California, and only 1,381 at the home stations. The total enlistments during the war were 101,280, nearly three-fourths of which were volunteers. The total losses were 1,557 killed and 3,420 wounded, two-thirds of which were in the regulars.

The only blot upon the war was the jealousy between the principal generals, due to political reasons. The war produced three Presidential candidates: Taylor who was elected in 1848, Scott who was defeated in 1852, and Pierce who was elected the same year. The service of the latter was creditable, although not conspicuous. He had never been in the army but was appointed Colonel of one of the new regular regiments authorized in 1847, was soon promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General and joined Scott at Puebla, serving during the rest of the campaign in command of a brigade. Scott's name had already been before the convention of 1839 when Harrison was nominated. He was a pronounced Whig. Taylor was a Whig in sentiment, but not active in politics and without political ambition at the outbreak of the war. Scott requested, in May, 1846, that he be sent to command the principal army against Mexico; his request was not granted. In September, 1846, he applied for the command of the army on the Rio Grande, and was curtly informed that the President had no intention of superseding General Taylor. It was manifest that the Administration did not wish to build up the military reputation of a political opponent. Taylor, being unknown in politics, having an excellent military reputation, and being stationed close to Texas, was selected for the command and continued in it until after the battle of Monterey. He had then acquired so much reputation that his name was constantly mentioned in connection with the Presidency. The Administration then turned to Scott, and in November directed him to proceed to the Gulf, organize his expedition for the Vera Cruz route according to the plan which he had submitted in the previous spring, but which had then been disapproved, and to take from Taylor such part of his army, either regular or volunteer, as he thought proper. As soon as Scott had sailed the Administration tried to pass a measure creating the grade of Lieutenant-General, with the intention of appointing Thomas H. Benton and sending him out to supersede Scott, but this failed in Congress. It did not fail to embitter Scott against the Administration; and Taylor naturally felt ag-

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Expedition Against the Mormons in the Winter of 1857 —Page 462.

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grieved at Scott, believing him a party to the scheme for carrying off the best of his troops. The two men were unlike in temperament and not congenial. Their personal faults were well described in their nicknames, Scott as "Fuss and Feathers," Taylor as "Rough and Ready." Scott, in spite of his great ability, was somewhat pompous, vain, and egotistical; Taylor, on the other hand, affected an excess of simplicity, was very careless in his dress, rarely wore his uniform, etc.

When Scott went to Vera Cruz, the Administration was careful to see that his principal subordinates were of their own political faith; Worth, Twiggs, Pillow and Quitman, the four division commanders, were all ardent Democrats, and in the inaction following the capture of the City of Mexico they all became insubordinate. It became necessary to put Worth and Pillow under arrest and prefer charges against them, and Worth in turn preferred charges against Scott; whereupon the President relieved Scott from command of the Army and ordered him home to appear before a Court of Inquiry at Frederick, Md. Worth was restored to duty by the President without trial, Pillow and Scott were acquitted. The feeling against the Administration on account of its treatment of Scott and Taylor was an important factor in the election of the latter in the ensuing fall. It was unfortunate that the conclusion of so splendid a military campaign should have been marked with such unseemly controversies.

Infantry (undress), 1846.

Non-commissioned Officer, Light Artillery, 1856.

The President's proclamation of July 4, 1848, announced the termination of the war. The volunteers were promptly discharged and the regular army reduced to its normal strength of less than 10,000 men; the regiment of mounted riflemen (afterward 3d Cavalry) was retained in addition to the two of dragoons, four of artillery and eight of infantry. The actual strength was about 850 officers and 8,000 men, and this continued until the Civil War, with the exception of a slight increase in 1855.

The result of the war was an enormous accession of territory, over 960,000 square miles; and the still larger territory acquired in 1803 was as yet only slightly settled. With the return of peace the army was sent to explore this vast region and to protect settlers against the Indians. Part of the cavalry was already in New Mexico, another part was now marched from Monterey, through New Mexico and Arizona, to southern California; in the following year the Mounted Rifles marched from Fort Leavenworth to Oregon, without seeing in the whole 2,500 miles a white man, except an occasional fur trader. Of the artillery, only a portion went back to the Atlantic forts. The 3d Artillery embarked for California by way of Cape Horn, but off Cape Hatteras the vessel was wrecked and one-third of the regiment lost. Of the rescued, part were carried to Liverpool, and part to New York. The next year ten companies went to California via Panama, and the other two marched overland from Leavenworth, through Salt Lake City, to Benicia. The infantry regiments were brought North for a short period and then they also for the most part went West; the 3d, 5th, and 8th to Texas, the 2d, via Cape Horn, to California, the 4th, via Panama, to Oregon, losing more than 100 men from cholera and fever *en route*, the 6th to the upper Mississippi and Missouri, and the 7th to New Mexico. The Engineers were

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almost all employed in some one of the various surveying and exploring expeditions. One commission surveyed and marked the Mexican boundary, another the northwestern boundary from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast; three separate expeditions were sent out to find feasible routes for transcontinental railways; within seven years they had explored the whole vast region and had recommended the three routes along which the Southern, the Union-Central, and the Northern Pacific Railroads were subsequently built. There were other general exploring expeditions, and the result of them all was soon to make public maps and reports giving clear descriptions of the nature of this great tract of country, larger than all of Europe, outside of Russia; then uninhabited, but now occupied by over twenty million people, and destined to support a population many times as great.

In this work of settling the West the army was in almost constant conflict with the Indians; the actual losses were not great, a few score, or perhaps a hundred every year, but the campaigning was incessant, the marches were sometimes prodigious in length, the suffering in the torrid deserts of Arizona or the frigid snows of Nebraska intense.

The only change in the strength of the army between the Mexican and Civil Wars occurred in 1855. It became evident that the fifteen small regiments could not cover the entire West, and an increase of two regiments of cavalry and two of infantry was authorized. Jefferson Davis was then Secretary of War and he selected for the chief officers of these regiments men who afterward proved themselves to be great soldiers. Of the 1st (afterward 4th) Cavalry, the field officers were Sumner, J. E. Johnston, Emory, and Sedgwick; McClellan was among the captains, Stanley and J. E. B. Stuart among the lieutenants. Of the 2d (afterward 5th) Cavalry, A. S. Johnston, Lee, Thomas, and Hardee were the field officers; and Van Dorn, Kirby Smith, Stoneman, and Hood were among the subalterns. Of the officers of these two regiments nearly one-fourth were killed in the Civil War, and the others, with hardly an exception, became generals; six of them, Lee, McClellan, the two Johnstons, Thomas, and Kirby Smith commanded great armies. The officers of the two infantry regiments were less distinguished, but included in their number C. F. Smith, Canby, and Casey.

In addition to subduing the Indians, the army was called upon in 1855–56 to preserve peace between the warring political factions in Kansas, and in 1857 to bring the Mormons to submission. These people had crossed the plains and the Rocky Mountains, and in the Salt Lake Valley had founded a settlement, where they presently thought themselves strong enough to defy the authority of the United States and ignore its laws. To put down this incipient rebellion, a governor and other territorial officers were appointed, and a large military force was organized to escort them to Salt Lake and protect them in the performance of their official duties. It consisted of the 2d, 6th, 10th, and part of the 3d Infantry, the 2d Dragoons, one battalion of the Mounted Rifles, and two light batteries—about 2,500 men in all.

In successive detachments this force marched from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Bridger, during the summer and autumn of 1857. Colonel A. S. Johnston was detached from his regiment in Texas and placed in command of the expedition, overtaking it at Fort Bridger, in November, and deciding to winter there. This post, originally established by the Mormons on the head-waters of the Green River, in the southwestern corner of Wyoming, was long an important station in the army. It was about 1,100 miles west of Fort Leavenworth, and in that long stretch of plains and mountains there were only three important posts: Riley, Kearney, and Laramie; it was at an altitude of near 7,000 feet above the sea, on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, and a temperature of 30° below zero was not uncommon in winter, sometimes accompanied with a keen wind and blinding snow, and at other times calm with a dense cloud of frozen fog; the distance to Salt Lake City was about 100 miles. In this remote spot Johnston's little army passed the winter in tents; the troops were cheerful and made light of their sufferings, although the sage-brush which served for fuel had to be hauled five miles through the snow, frost bites and amputations were not infrequent, more than 500 ani-

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mals perished in one night. The greatest hardship was due to the exhaustion of the supply of salt, producing suffering which only those who have endured it can appreciate. Lieutenant-Colonel P. St. George Cooke, who commanded the 2d Dragoons, gives a graphic account in his report of this march. On November 7th, "The morning light had nothing cheerful to reveal; the air still filled with driven snow. The animals soon came, driven in, and mingled in confusion with the men, went crunching the snow in the confined and wretched camp, trampling all things in their way. It was not a time to dwell on the fact that from that mountain desert there was no retreat nor any shelter near, but a time for action. No murmurs, not a complaint was heard, and certainly none saw in their commander's face a doubt or cloud; but with cheerful manner he gave orders as usual for the march. And then the sun showed his place in the sky, and my heart, for one, beat lighter. But for six hours the frost or frozen fog fell thickly, and again we marched on as in a cloud." The next day "we had for fuel, besides the sage, the little bush-willow sticks." The mercury marked 10° below zero. The day after, the thermometers were broken, but by comparison the temperature was estimated at 25° below zero. "A wagon that day cut partly through the ice of a branch, and there froze so fast that eight mules could not move it empty." November 11th: "The guide's search resulted in his reporting 'no grass.' There remained but one day's corn after that night. It proved intensely cold. . . . The mules for once were ordered to be tied to the wagons. They gnawed and destroyed four wagon tongues, a number of wagon covers, ate their ropes, and getting loose, ate the sage fuel collected at the tents. Some of the tents they also attacked. Nine died." November 19th he went into camp three miles below Fort Bridger: "I have 144 horses, and have lost 134. Most of the loss has been this side of South Pass, in comparatively moderate weather. It has been of starvation. The earth has no more lifeless, treeless, grassless desert; it contains scarcely a wolf to glut itself on the hundreds of dead and frozen animals which for thirty miles nearly block the road with abandoned and shattered property; they mark, perhaps beyond example in history, the steps of an advancing army with the horrors of a disastrous retreat."

It is small wonder that Brigham Young, having traversed the same country in summer, and having found a protected valley which he made fertile by irrigation, believed that he was beyond the reach of possible attack.

The little army passed the winter in tents, herding its animals in the mountain valleys and caring particularly for its beef cattle, on which their own lives depended, for there was no canned food in those days. At Fort Bridger there was a stone fort, and intrenched in its vicinity an organized and armed force of 2,700 Mormons. There were no hostilities, although the Mormons frequently tried to steal the cattle or stampede the herds. In June they evacuated the fort and retreated into the Salt Lake Valley. The little army followed them, and on June 10th entered the Mormon city. Colonel Brackett, in his "History of the United States Cavalry," thus describes the event:

"The entrance of the army into Salt Lake City was one of the most remarkable scenes in American history. All day long the troops marched through the long streets. The only sounds which broke the stillness of the scene were the music of the military bands and the dull clanking of the baggage wagons as they rolled along. The streets and houses were deserted. The stillness was so profound that, during the intervals of the columns, the gurgling of the creek which runs through the city could be distinctly heard by the few who were passing silently along. It was like the city of the dead, so quiet was it."

The expedition accomplished its purpose without bloodshed. The Mormons promised to obey the laws, and the troops went on about forty miles beyond the city and there established a large post named Camp Floyd. The orders to the 2d Cavalry to march from Texas were revoked. The 6th Infantry, which had left Fort Leavenworth in March and arrived at Fort Bridger in August, was sent on across the dreary wastes of Utah and Nevada, and over the Sierras to California, arriving at Benicia in November, and completing a march of something more than 2,000 miles in 242 days.

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"A TRIUMPH'S EVIDENCE"

By William Allen White

ONE rainy night, late in the spring, Henry Myton came home to Pleasant Ridge. The lights in the great Colorado express train, reflecting from a thousand pools in the road, and the dingy, smoking lamp in the town omnibus, were the only pyrotechnics that greeted him. His trunk crashed upon the rickety baggage truck, the conductor waved the signal, and in the twinkling of an eye the impatient glowing dragon had wormed by; the ruby jewel in the switching tail of it was fading in the distance; and the rain and the dark and the petulant spring wind were left to frolic over the village. Henry Myton climbed into the musty 'bus and listened to the splashing of the horses in the sloppy roads. No street-lamp marked their way, and to Myton it seemed that the vehicle was circling round and round. Just before he gave up to seasickness, the long scraping sound of a cramped wheel and the jerking movement of the running-gear told Myton that he was near his journey's end.

He scurried across the sidewalk into the office of the hotel. It was a plain room. A high counter ran parallel to one wall. On the counter was a tarnished cigar-case and a dog-eared register. Opposite the counter stood an ink-stained desk, surmounted by a gaudy business directory, ten years out of date. Near by was a long sink that held a water-bucket and an earthen wash-bowl, over which hung two towels. These, and a threshing-machine lithograph, some patent medicine prints, and a big handbill announcing a public sale, were the mural decorations of the room. However, there had been a time when those walls seemed palatial to Henry Myton. Ten years before that rainy spring night, he had received his first five hundred dollar check, after winning the Nellie Gordon murder case. He never came back to the Astor House, Pleasant Ridge, without smiling at the recollection of the vain figure he cut then, leaning upon his elbows, with his back against the high counter, puffing a ten-cent cigar, squinting his eyes wisely, and talking of the famous victory. Triumphs—minor triumphs had come to Myton in that room. In the corner by the wash-stand he made the combination that brought him the nomination to the State Senate. That dog-eared register contained the names of the committeemen who notified him of his second congressional nomination.

In the old bed that creaked a familiar welcome for his home-coming on that rainy night, Myton took two hours before midnight to consider his past, his future, and more especially his palpable present. He found the prospect distinctly different then and there, from the prospect he had surveyed occasionally in the little chromo of a park in front of the Normandie Hotel at Washington, D. C. Myton was a congressman who had come back. In an expansive moment early in January, Myton made a speech, recanting the currency view proclaimed in the platform on which he had been elected fourteen months before. The doctrine that he championed in that speech was deemed heretical by his party in the district. His constituency was furious. His party convention met in March, and Myton was defeated for the nomination by a man named Beal. It all happened so quickly that Myton had barely begun to explain his speech, when "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." He remained in Washington until the end of the tedious session, and came home to find out definitely what had hit him.

His presence in Pleasant Ridge was proof of his ambition and of his wisdom. Four years in Washington had furrowed a few lines about his mouth, and had put a touch of premature gray at his temples that contrasted admirably with the alert look in his deep-set eyes. The spark of youth lighted his countenance and made it good to look upon. During his four years at the capital there had come into his smile a certain expression of worldly wisdom,

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and the lines about his mouth seemed fortifications built by a serious, mastering ambition, that checked the smile and kept it in metes and bounds. Myton had learned many things at Washington. He went there in a Prince Albert coat and a made-up white necktie; he came back in a cut-away coat and a red ascot; he replaced his tile with a hat of softer fabric. He traded many an illusion about the giants in the Senate as well as in the House for the disenchanting knowledge that his heroes were not above bickering for places upon committees of which Myton in Pleasant Ridge had never dreamed.

It was early that spring morning after his return from Washington, when Myton awoke in his old bed in the Astor House—so early that only a single wagon track had been cut in the muddy main street in front of his window. Yet the sound of the steak-pounding in the kitchen below announced that the business day in Pleasant Ridge was about to begin. He whistled with some show of gayety as he dressed. Frequently he looked up and down the squatty little street with its sprawling buildings and their ugly wooden awnings. He could see the prairie lying in wait on the hill and the creek crouching below—each checking the growth of the unpainted little thoroughfare. The tune that he whistled reminded him of the street piano that taught him the tune, and that brought back the gay capital with all its frivolity, all its beauty, all its mad vanity. For the moment Myton forgot his room in the Astor House, Pleasant Ridge, and "dwelt in marble halls."

Myton rented a room over the bank in due time and gathered up what ragged ends of his former law practice he could find. For nearly a month he sat upon his revolving chair and seemed to loaf, inviting his soul. But he was really getting his land legs after his voyage upon the political sea. Two or three interesting criminal cases with important fees gave him something to do. In June the National convention of his party formed a currency plank which endorsed Myton's January speech, and made absurd the platform adopted by the District convention in March. Myton discouraged those who suggested that he run for Congress on a bolting ticket; instead, he went about his law business—a wise course to pursue for a young man with aspirations, as Sam King, Chairman of the State Central Committee, told others besides Myton at the time. Myton took up his life in the town, resuming his place in the personal regard of the people. Although he was out of favor with the Congressional Committee in the district, he kept friends with the State Central Committee, and occasionally wrote jocular letters to Sam King, the State Chairman, about the progress of the campaign. He made a few speeches in adjoining districts and once crossed the Mississippi to help a Congressional colleague who was in the thick of a hot fight. But Myton saw that it was not his year for politics and avoided the heat of the battle then waging. Still at times there came to him homesick dreams of the wide smooth lawn back of the White House, of the Marine band playing in the sunset light, of the women moving by in pretty organdies and silks, of the Presidential party bowing pleasantly in the piazza, and the play of colors and the concord of sweet sound through it all.

He had leisure, oceans of leisure, during the long summer afternoons, and during the summer evenings when the stores in Pleasant Ridge closed at twilight, time pressed upon him heavily. He craved some substitute for the life he had left. So, rather unconsciously than otherwise, the nervous tendrils of his being finding one support gone, reached out to grapple what they might, and they found and clung to a young woman.

Myton never knew just when it was that Judge Fairbanks and his wife began to slip away, leaving Myton and Julia together on the wide veranda. But one August night, when the harvest moon was shedding a ghostly whiteness on the haze, and a screech owl was complaining in a distant orchard, Myton and Julia Fairbanks were sitting alone when the clock struck eleven. Myton then made the important discovery that he was not making a family call.

When he stopped, half a block from the house, to light his cigar, he reflected that Julia was a clever girl. He wondered what interest a girl who had been educated at Wellesley could find at Pleasant Ridge. He ran over the list of the town's boys of her age, sons of the butch-

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er, the baker, the candle-stick maker, and of the members of the liberal professions of the village, and tried to guess which of them would please her. The next day her image crowded itself between his eyes and a law book, and he cast up her years and found that they were twenty-three or four. He tried to recall her while she was growing up, but it seemed to Myton that the last time he had seen her, before that spring, she was wearing toe-slippers with white stockings, and white tarlatan skirts covered with silver paper spangles —the good fairy in "Cinderella," at the Methodist Sunday-school Christmas-tree. It puzzled Myton to account for the transformation of the pipe-voiced child into the demure young woman who discussed Ibsen and the world's bread-stuff supply, and who rejoiced in "The Taking of Lungtungpen."

Soon thereafter the scales fell from Myton's eyes and he saw with a new vision. Some such fine frenzy as poets must feel came upon him, and the homely aspects of nature were gilded by the glamour of a lover's eyes. He took hold of his work and his life with a fresh, tight grip. Certain ideals, entirely new to him, grew into his being, and he found himself putting his new principles into practice in the unimportant matters that came to him in his daily routine.

Beale, who had defeated Myton for the nomination in the March convention, was beaten at the polls in November. The nominations two years thereafter was open to Myton, if he could rally his friends. He was watching the situation eagerly, and he reported, enthusiastically, his little advantages to Julia Fairbanks as the days developed them. He told her all his plans, and much of their talk was a discussion of the lofty places of his ambition. The courtship of Myton and Julia Fairbanks developed nothing extraordinary. After Myton acquired Sunday night at the Fairbanks parlor, he claimed Wednesday night by right of possession—and that long before either of the young people interested would have admitted that there was a prearrangement for the occupancy of the evening. By the time Wednesdays and Sundays were tacitly acknowledged as preempted claims in the social territory of the pair, an occasional Monday or Friday was added by a quit-claim deed, and henceforth became sacred ground by tradition. Judge Fairbanks and his wife soon learned to observe the Parlor Law. When Mrs. Fairbanks came into the room she sat on the edge of her chair, and appeared to be anxious about something going on in the kitchen. She never let the importunities of Myton persuade her to stay. The Judge did not readily learn his lesson, and so late as October, he was liable to sit in the parlor and talk county politics an hour after all honest men should be in bed. He broke off this habit suddenly, and Julia wondered vaguely a number of things which she would not have asked her mother about for the world. If the ways of a man with a maid are like the ways of an eagle in the air, and of a serpent on a rock, and of a ship in the midst of the sea, which are too deep for philosophy—who shall even dare to fancy what may be the ways of a maid with a man!

The November night before Myton left for Washington to sit in the short session of Congress, the fire in the grate lighted the Fairbanks parlor. Myton was restless and for a time paced the rug. Julia Fairbanks sat in the dusk and flashed in and out of reality. The shadows played enticingly with the lines of her figure. The black of her crinkly hair remained in shade, framing her oval face, which never entirely faded from view. The red of her lips, the glow of her cheeks, and the witchery of her eyes, were before Myton, however low the flames might sink. Myton's talk was choppy at first. He sat in front of the grate, with the fire-poker in his hands, and his elbows on his knees and was silent. The tall blaze grew smaller and smaller, and the furniture in the room went back into the gloom. Julia Fairbanks went to the piano and played "Träumerei" gently, with her foot upon the pianissimo pedal. The notes of the melody and the restful sequence of the harmony always soothed Myton, and in the ritual of their freemasonry "Träumerei" was a hailing sign of sympathy. The approaching leave-taking stirred Myton's heart, and strange aspirations were rising from its depths. When the girl had finished playing she drew her chair near the fire. Myton looked at her, as he was wont to do,

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for a minute in silence. Then he turned to the fire. She waited and looked into the fire with him.

"Julia," said Myton, when the spirit had moved his lips, "I'm sure it was for the best."

She looked her question with frank, friendly eyes.

"I mean the defeat last March. It was the best thing that has ever happened to me. I was a pretty poor excuse of a man a year ago." He turned toward the fire again and continued: "I was selfish; I was little; I was tricky; I was eaten up with an ambition to win my game at any cost. I had sense enough to be honest. But at heart I was a scoundrel. I know it. I didn't sell my vote—but, perhaps, I was never offered my price."

He punched the fire and brought Julia Fairbanks a little nearer to him by lighting the room.

"Julia, you've helped," Myton continued. He was not a voluble man and he spoke the language of the soul in halting phrases.

"It seems to me, Julia, that the first four months of my life here this summer were spent looking out of my office window for your sailor hat and that pink shirt-waist you wore. When I saw them on the street of an afternoon, I was happy for hours."

He meant it for a fine speech, but both smiled and he felt ashamed of his failure. In an abashed fervor Myton went on:

"Julia, I want to be a clean, honest man. Do you see? I had never thought much about it before, but this summer I've had time to think." Julia Fairbanks nodded a response and Myton resumed his monologue:

"I have only once to live and I've got to live with myself. I want to live so that I'll be good company to myself when I'm an old man. I'm going back to Washington to-morrow and I propose to try to make my record worthy of my best ideals. I want to amount to something. I want to make it; but I don't want to have to write 'hypocrite' after my name every time I see it in print."

There was a long pause. The mood for which the man had not found adequate words was upon the woman also. It set their hearts a-flutter, and their mouths would fain speak impassioned things. The wind of the prairie was moaning a dirge outside and Julia Fairbanks shuddered. "What is it?" inquired Myton.

"Oh, nothing. Just a fancy. Just the wind."

"Tell me about it," persisted Myton.

Julia Fairbanks leaned a little into the light, which illumined her smile—a warm smile which sank into Henry Myton's heart and glowed there.

"It's just a foolish notion about the wind," she continued gently, as she stared into the fire. "It seems to bear upon it the souls of the dead, and they go crying by—sobbing for their lost happiness. They seem so desolate out there on the wind, away from us all, doomed to their eternal chase over the world—so restless—so hopeless, and some day I may ride with them. It's so lonely out there, Henry, so lonely."

The moan of the prairie surf rose like a distant diapason. Myton started from his chair impulsively. The spell upon his tongue was loosened for a moment, and he spoke all the poetry that was throbbing in his soul.

"No, no, Julia, I feel to-night that those voices on the wind come from souls that have found their mates. They are singing love-songs. I shall ride 'the wind that blows between the worlds' a thousand years, hunting for you, Julia, for with you I shall find peace."

The room was almost dark; but Myton saw the girl's lips and eyes and met her smile in a rapture.

He made the flames leap up in the grate, and a few moments later he was at the door. He held her hand tightly and said only,

"Well, good-by, Julia."

She stood for a second watching him, and before she closed the door Myton came back. He caught both her hands.

"You will listen to my ghosts, not yours, on the wind while I am gone—won't you? Oh, Julia, Julia, I do want to be a good man for you."

In another instant he had faced about and was walking down the lawn path into the night.

Myton wrote Julia Fairbanks a letter at Chicago on his way to the Capitol.

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Thereafter Myton's mail contained two square envelopes a week, and Pleasant Ridge gossips watched Judge Fairbanks's box in the post-office, for the envelope with the blue engraved letters upon it.

In Congress Henry Myton stood for what the newspapers called the decent thing. No scandal had ever tainted his name. He had formed friendships among the strong men of the house, and he had a literary knack of writing his speeches that gave him some reputation in that clique of senators, mostly from the East, who know one another socially, and who control in a great measure the actions of the Upper House of the National Legislature. Sometimes Myton was invited to political dinners where the leaders of his party met and formed policies. He was considered a coming man. When he came back to sit out the short session, he still held his friends, but his power was gone. He felt this keenly, yet he was sustained by the ozone of a great passion, and its stimulation. He saw his duty and he did it with a serenity that was almost felicity. But he missed Julia Fairbanks. He habitually found himself wishing to share with her the pleasures of his life at Washington. This gave tangible substance to his hope to bring her back with him some day. He planned the life he would lead with her, speculated upon the people whom they would know, and weighed in fancy the probability of her admiration or her dislike for everything in the capital, from the Congressional Library Building to the statue of Lincoln paying his laundry bill near the City Hall.

In the meantime Myton was watching intently the senatorial contest progressing in his State. The Legislature which met in January was controlled by Myton's party, and a senator of the opposite faith was at the end of his term. A dead-lock in the party caucus occurred. For sixty days Myton withstood the temptation that came in letters and telegrams, urging him, commanding him, pleading with him, to come home and help one side or another. His political judgment warned him away from the fight. But in the leonine days of early March, when he learned that Julia Fairbanks would visit an aunt at the State capital, Myton started homeward.

The senatorial dead-lock in Myton's party caucus occurred this way: Anything to beat King, the State Chairman, was the desire of forty-four legislators. Fifty-one were willing to do anything to elect him; six men voted patiently for State Senator Metcalf, day in and day out, while three legislators insisted that there must be a clean man or there would be no nomination. It took fifty-three votes to nominate. In the last-named group were State Senator Moulton, and two young men—Haff and Norris, alumni of the State university. These men were Myton's friends, and one, whom he called Billy Haff, was his classmate. This group was dubbed the Ladies' Auxiliary. King was supported by the party machine, and he held his men in bonds stronger than iron; the men opposed to him were the party malcontents, who had grievances against the machine—personal, vicarious, or imagined. The anti-King men said that Joab T. Barton, President of the Corn Belt Railroad, whose name was commonly linked with scandal in State politics, was furnishing King with funds. The anti-King vote kept bobbing about in blocks of twenties and thirties, more or less, complimenting first one and then another of King's enemies. The gentlemen of the Ladies' Auxiliary voted for all sorts of impossible candidates.

When Myton arrived at the State capital he lounged through the upper corridors of the political hotel for an hour or so during the morning, sifting and weighing the gossip. It seemed to Myton that the personality of King was the strongest force in the crowd. Everyone was bending his energies either to help King or to hinder him—but it was always King that was under discussion. Myton noted curiously that men whom he had considered exactly honest and exceptionally intelligent were rallying with King, whose campaign was evidently a network of intrigue, and many of whose henchmen were branded in State politics as venal and notoriously corrupt. But Myton was gauging men and measures by a recently acquired set of ideals.

Myton's arrival at the State capital was the day's event. A morning paper declared that he would be the first piece of fresh meat that had been thrown into the

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menagerie for six weeks. Myton evaded reportorial questions about the senatorial situation so nicely that one reporter for an afternoon paper wrote Myton up as "The Tar Baby," with King as "Bre'er Fox" and the anti-King faction as "Bre'er Rabbit."

On the afternoon of his first day Myton opened his watch every half hour. Julia Fairbanks's train from Pleasant Ridge was due at the capital at four o'clock. At two o'clock King captured Myton and led him out of the crowd. In King's room Myton sat with his leg over the arm of a rickety rocking-chair, while King, stocky, florid, but agile, stood before the chair. King had sharp, cynical brown eyes and loose set lips, that twitched expressively; a little tuft of red hair crept down by each ear. He looked like the foreman of a ditch gang in Sunday toggery. He spoke to Myton in a dry, hard tone, beating a sort of tune with a pudgy index finger which pointed at Myton's nose.

"Henry, have you lit yet?" Myton, who was thinking that Julia Fairbanks's train must be somewhere near Walnut at that moment, shook his head. He dreaded the termination of the interview. He feared to break friendship with King; yet Myton hesitated before deepening the alliance that existed. For King, as Chairman of the State Central Committee, Myton had the utmost respect. For King, if he had chosen to become warden of the penitentiary, Myton would have worked with efficient enthusiasm. But for King in the United States Senate, Myton felt an irritating moral revulsion which he could not define, and which was put in the shadow by the disquieting sense that it would be impracticable to an important degree to make an enemy of King. When Myton gave a negative nod to his head, he was about decided to use diplomacy.

"All right, then, son, I need you. I have got to have you in this fight." This came after King had paced the room twice. His brown Irish eyes were poking about in Myton's countenance trying to fix his gaze. Myton looked at him suddenly, and fancied that the brown eyes were held from shifting by sheer force of will. Myton thought he would tell that to Julia Fairbanks, and he saw the dimple sink in her cheek. Smiling inwardly he damned King and replied:

"What can I do, Colonel, I've expired. I'm cancelled. I ain't in it. Why don't you talk to the people now on earth?"

Myton looked at his watch when the parley began, and figured out that Julia Fairbanks was passing Cedar Grove. When he fancied that she was at Belton, ten miles nearer the capital than the Grove, Myton saw that the lariat of his diplomacy was getting rather tight, for King was saying:

"Henry, you ain't dead, and if you are, I can just about perform a miracle on you. If you'll listen to me two or three minutes I can shoot a little elixir of life into you that will tone you up a whole lot. See here: You can fix that Ladies' Auxiliary gang for me. They believe you are a lovely character and can crochet tidies, and what you say goes. They think I've got horns and hoofs and a forked tail. None of my fellows can get next to them. You can." King was walking up and down the room. Myton tried to interject a protest; but King continued: "I absolutely know that them pie-faced kids will vote for me, if you'll tell 'em I'm straight—you know—that I'm all right. Square these damn stories they're telling about me—the, the—you know the railroad bill business and the—that—story about the gamblers—damn lies out of whole cloth."

King's embarrassment in the latter part of his declaration was so evident that Myton's amusement dominated his caution and he gave King a left-over smile that was intended for Julia Fairbanks. King found encouragement, took a jug from the lower compartment of the wash-stand and began pouring brown liquor into a thick water tumbler.

"Here's a little somethin' pretty fair," said King, as he balanced the neck of the jug on the tumbler's edge. But Myton waved the liquor aside. King emptied the glass, smacking his lips to get the last drop. Myton had seen King in action before. The younger man's trained eye caught in the elder man's face certain unmistakable signs which indicated that the important part of the meeting was about to develop. The choppers and rollers and hammers and burnishers of Myton's mind were working with lightning speed, making a decision. They worked almost in-

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voluntarily, and the motive that moved them was not ambition, nor discretion, but a high impulse. For the charm of Julia Fairbanks held him in a spell. King, with his hands locked behind him, paced the floor and continued:

"What's the matter with this proposition, Henry? You make me a senator and I'll make you a congressman. You can do it just as easy as rollin' off a log. And I can fence up that nomination hog-tight for you. Beale is beaten; he's out of it, and you and I can get you that nomination on a silver platter."

King's words grappled with Myton's impulse, and Julia Fairbanks's thrall was almost broken. To return to Congress meant much to Henry Myton.

There was a knock at the door. Before King opened it, he said, holding his hand on the door-knob:

"Here come the cherubs. All you got to do is to stand by me and you go to Congress. What do you say, Henry?"

The knocking was repeated.

"It's all right, ain't it?" asked King.

Myton had risen and was leaning against a table. He was buttoning his square-cut, double-breasted coat. He replied:

"Well, let 'em come in anyhow, and we'll talk it over."

Haff and Norris entered. An embarrassing minute passed with trivial formalities. Then King plunged into the matter nearest his heart.

"Gentlemen, I've got to have you with me in this fight. You two boys can make me a United States senator. If I am elected I shall owe you more than anyone else. My first obligation will be to you. You've heard a lot of rough things about me; but did anyone ever tell you I'd lie? Don't you suppose that if I'd ever deserted a friend he would be here to accuse me now? I know why you haven't voted for me. I couldn't convince you that all this stuff they've been peddling about me is lies. But you know Henry Myton. You know what he stands for. He has come all the way from Washington to tell you just what kind of a fellow I am." Myton fixed his eyes upon King during the recital of the electioneering patter, and thought of a soap fakir. For the moment King forgot his trick of looking his auditors in the face and looked at the floor. His hands sank deeper and deeper into his trousers pockets. He turned to Myton; Haff and Morris followed with their eyes. They saw the two furrows that enclosed Myton's smile deepen, and a maze of little lines come out around his steely eyes.

"Now, Mr. Myton," said King, "I want you to tell these men, who believe in you, and who know you've known me in politics for ten years, just what you think of my candidacy. I want an honest opinion, and so do they."

Julia Fairbanks was Myton's prompter. He stood erect and spoke with a cigar in the corner of his mouth. But before he spoke he took one last hungry look, in fancy, at the lights on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

"Boys, I've been in this room fifteen minutes. In that time Sam King has offered to make me a congressman again, if I'll make you fellows believe that he's the man to send to the Senate."

King was slow in comprehending the meaning of the sentence, and before he could protest, Myton continued:

"I haven't a thing in the world against Sam King. He's a good fellow, and a friend of mine—but he's no more fitted to represent this State in the Senate than Captain Kidd is to act as recording angel."

There was a rapier-like twinkle in Myton's eyes, as he added:

"Of course, this is in confidence. Sam, you got a match?"

In his stupor King fumbled for a match. Myton picked one from the table, and, before Haff and Morris knew whether he was joking or in earnest, he had turned the lock and was in the hall doorway. There he heard King sneer:

"You're a hell of a feller, now, ain't you? But I'll cure you of suckin' eggs, all right."

Myton walked rapidly down the corridor, distributing an absent-minded smile to friends and foes and strangers alike. In an hour the story of what Myton had said of King had become the property of the gossips in the hotel lobby.

Now, no one is so entirely ignorant of the motives that move men as the practical politician—unless, perhaps, the imprac-

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tical fellow in politics is to be reckoned with. So it happened that when Myton's throwing over of King made the young ex-congressman a prominent figure in the political situation, no one guessed the spring that had controlled his action. It was agreed that he was a power; that he had displayed unlooked-for courage and uncommon honesty. And there was a score of wild surmises about the selfish end he had in view when he declined to combine with King.

The effect of Myton's rebuff of King was not perceptible upon the surface. Yet King felt that Myton had hurt him. A political boss is a hypnotist. He holds his power by a constant repetition, in a thousand ways, of the declaration that his power exists. Every denial of this direct suggestion weakens his influence. Sam King was not a psychologist; but he knew human nature—which amounts to the same thing in the long run. He felt in his bones that Myton's action would cripple him. He knew instinctively, that if one man could rebuke him publicly, others might cease to fear him. That night a rumor gained some corridor credence, that King had lost two votes—whose they were the rumor did not specify. The rumor was really a premonitory sign of the decay of King's prestige. A man had insulted the basswood joss. The man still lived. Was the joss a joss, or only a basswood image? Thus worked the logic of the crowd in the hotel lobby.

While Myton was off skylarking with Julia Fairbanks, in the latter part of the afternoon, the managers who controlled three groups, aggregating forty-four votes of the anti-King forces, had agreed to give Myton a complimentary vote at the caucus the evening of the following day. At supper-time these managers explained to Myton that he could probably get Haff, Norris, and Moulton, and with forty-seven votes for United States Senator he would be in excellent standing in his party when the congressional fight occurred in his district. But at the after-supper conference the anti-King managers were careful to lay polite stress on the fact that the vote would be merely complimentary.

When Julia Fairbanks came down the steps of the car at four o'clock that day and gave Myton her gloved hand, it seemed to him that everything that could happen for good in the world was occurring. The radiance of her smile entranced him. In the street-car they chatted in a strained way, as if they knew it was the preface of the story. Myton sat close to Julia Fairbanks, and he fancied that she leaned away from him. Their talk found its way into politics. As the car passed the State House, the young woman was saying: "Well, I do so hope that King won't get it. He stands for everything that is vile and disreputable in politics in this State."

"Yes," replied Myton, "King is bad enough, but he is a prattling babe in infamy compared to old Barton who owns him. I've something to tell you to-night when I see you. I've been on the Jericho road to-day—fell among thieves."

The girl laughed, "Well, just so you don't fall in with that King creature."

When Myton left Julia Fairbanks at the door of her aunt's house, he felt that her words had justified his course with King.

The afternoon slipped away and all the scenes of intrigue, rivalry, and strife that passed before Myton's eyes passed as the scenes upon a panorama. He was not moved from the mooring of his passion. He was longing for the night, as the hart panteth for the water of the brooks.

In the corner of the room wherein Myton waited for Julia Fairbanks stood a miniature figure of the Winged Victory. The mute figure, poised for flight, seemed to lift Myton upon its pinions. When he heard the rustle of silks, he rose to a subordinate heaven. She entered, and some demi-god in the particular heaven wherein Myton sojourned turned on all the splendors of a transcendent electrical display. And then Myton and Julia Fairbanks rose to another heaven—the heaven where journeys end in lovers' meeting.

Half an hour later, when Myton's eyes and those of Julia Fairbanks had become accustomed to the bright light of their new paradise of betrothal, they were sitting in front of the fire in the grate and Myton was saying:

"Julia, do you know you have been with me all day—helping me to be a better man than I could have been a year ago." The girl's hand was clasped in Myton's. The sense of possession was so strong in him that when Julia Fairbanks shook her

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head in protest, Myton all but forgot his pride in his self-conquest.

"Yes," he continued, "I could have told a lie about King to-day that would have sent me back to Congress and King to the Senate. But I would have deceived my friends and would have betrayed the faith they put in me; probably a year ago I would have done just what King wanted me to do, but, Julia, dear, you were with me. Your ideals braced me."

While Myton told his story, Julia Fairbanks listened in two selves—in a normal conscious self, attentive to the details of the incident; and in a second self, a woman learning for the first time the lesson that the serpent taught to Eve, the lesson of a woman's power. While Myton was telling his sweetheart about his grapple with King, the serpent was leading the woman toward the forbidden tree, to show her the excellent glory of Washington.

When he closed his story, Myton said: "Dearest, I don't care for politics. I don't care for Washington, I mean if I have to pay that price for it. We can go back to Pleasant Ridge—you and I—and live happy in the knowledge that we have kept clean and honest. I can make more money practising law than we can lay by in Washington. We can have a beautiful home, and even in Pleasant Ridge read the world's best books, and enjoy, in their times and seasons, the world's best things. Can't we—darling?"

Myton fondled that word; the permission to use it meant such a surrender of his sweetheart's body and soul into his keeping. When he had finished Julia Fairbanks did not seem to share Myton's exaltation. In a short pause that followed his speech, she shifted restlessly in her chair. She knitted her brow and said, reflectively: "Can he keep you out of that nomination, Henry?"

"Yes, I suppose he can," Myton answered.

He was surprised to find himself harboring a vague feeling that he had fumbled in some way. He asked: "You think I did right, don't you, Julia?"

Myton saw the gray wings of a doubt flit across Julia Fairbanks's face. She leaned forward with her chin in her hand, and her finger beating her lips nervously. Her large brown eyes met Myton's caressingly before she answered: "You are a good, brave man, Henry." Her voice dropped to a meditative monotone as she went on: "But you pay such a dear price for your courage."

Myton laughed and replied: "Honesty in politics is generally considered a luxury for a poor man."

Julia Fairbanks laughed with her lover. "Oh, I wish you could go back," and then she added, "I suppose King is very angry."

"Of course he's angry and of course I'll go back some time. The anti-King fellows are going to give me a complimentary vote in the caucus to-morrow night as a starter; but I wanted to do something worth bringing here to-night, something worthy your lover. Do you understand, Julia?"

Myton's face was serious as he spoke and his hand, obeying the yearning in his heart, reached toward her.

She almost whispered her reply, "Yes, yes, I understand, Henry," and then, in a surer voice, added: "I'm so ambitious for you. I'm so proud of you."

Her partisanship for him warmed Myton through. He forgot the vague hurt in his heart. He asked, gently: "Would you like to go to Washington, Julia?"

She learned forward and touched his hand with her cheek in a swift caress and whispered: "With you!"

The soft stir of her silks, the upward flash from her brown eyes and the touch of her cheek went over Henry Myton like fire. When the fire had waned he found himself kneeling by Julia Fairbanks's chair, her hands in his, drinking her smile in a mad thirst and exclaiming: "You shall go Julia, you shall, you shall."

And thus Julia Fairbanks discarded the serpent's primer. She opened the next book, and read.

"Henry, wouldn't it be well for you to go back soon—I mean very soon, while your prestige still holds?"

Myton had risen and was walking the floor with his fingers locked behind him when he answered, "Perhaps." He found a footstool and put it close to her, where he could sit with his head against her chair-arm and look into the fire.

Julia Fairbanks took up her words where Myton had cut them. "It would be so

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good to go back now, while we are both young, before we are jaded; with the zest of life still keen in us."

Myton touched her hand reverently. "We shall always be young, Julia, we shall never be jaded so long as we have each other."

"Henry, dearest, I don't want you to spend the best of your life in the Ridge. I wish there was some way you could fix it up honorably with King."

Before he could reply she bent toward him and touched his cheek shyly with her fingers. Her touch struck the pendulum of his heart and set it jumping. She smiled down upon him. "How handsome you are, Henry, and you are mine, mine, mine."

Myton turned toward her upon a foot and a knee. His lips trembled as he whispered her name and clasped his arms about her. The trustfulness that Henry Myton saw in her face stilled the tremble on his lips and deepened the light in his eyes.

The wind soughed mournfully in the elm-trees on the lawn outside. Myton heard the sighing wind, and resumed, tenderly: "The wind from home is here—our prairie wind, with all our familiar spirits that ride upon it. The good people have breathed your name, little girl, a thousand times to me while we have been apart; how they must envy us our flesh and the ecstacy of dancing blood."

She answered, in a voice as tender as his own:

"Maybe they do know our ecstacy, for I have stood and thrown my kisses to you upon the wind a thousand times these last months; did the ghosts bring them safely, dearest?"

The red blood from her heart stained the girl's cheeks and the man's lips were dry. Their eyes burned with an unsteady glow, hers through half-shut lids. Words were inadequate and the wind spoke for them.

She let her hands rest upon his shoulders and asked, with gentle earnestness: "Can't you fix it up with King? Some way, honorably?" She pitched her voice with the wind and crooned with it: "Think of Pleasant Ridge, Henry, dreary, dead, desolate; and then of the life you are leaving, with all its opportunities, all its riches. In the Ridge, you are buried; in Washington, you are a power for good. Can't you do more good in Congress, Henry, than King can do harm? I want you to be my great man."

Myton saw through a glass darkly. Yet he saw the vivid red of two half-closed lips, a new light beam alluringly in the eyes he loved and he felt—and that was the last of him—the frankincense of his sweetheart's breath upon his face. His lips made the words: "I'll do any thing in the world for you, Julia."

Her hands slipped from his shoulders, her fingers met and her arms were about his neck, and she answered: "Won't you fix it up with King, some way—honorably? to-morrow?"

Myton's arms drew her closer. The world spun under him a thousand ages away. The serpent slipped out of the garden.

Henry Myton went out into the glory of the night. He rejoiced in the awful miracle of the stars and he "wist not that God had departed from him." For he was planning, with an alert mind that knew no moral restraint, to gratify Julia Fairbanks's ambition at any cost. As he walked, a bold scheme spread its meshes before his fancy, and with a flush of exultation, Myton took it up and set it to snare his game.

Before Myton went to bed that night he secured the promises of Haff, Moulton, and Norris to vote for him in the party caucus the following evening, on a complimentary ballot. He was gratified to see his name in the headlines of four morning papers on the breakfast table, as a senatorial possibility.

An hour later Myton met King in an upper corridor of the hotel. Myton approached King with a cheerful, "Good-morning, Colonel!" King stared coolly at Myton a moment before replying: "So you want to go to the Senate, do you? You're a pretty damn smooth scoundrel, you are."

The two men were alone. Myton returned, in a lowered tone: "Colonel, will you meet me at Barton's office in half an hour? I'm going down there, and I want to talk to you."

King knew that Myton was in earnest. There was a grip about Myton's cigar that held a painful reminder for King of his recent meeting with Myton. A mutual

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friend joining them chaffed Myton and King about their candidacies, and King found no opportunity to answer Myton's question. But when Myton entered Barton's office he found King there. While the three men were in the threshold of their conference, the spidery little eyes of Barton crawled over Myton with revolting familiarity. This irritated Myton. Perhaps Barton knew that he could force Myton to come to a point with his business before Myton was ready, for Myton plunged into the object of the conference after wasting but a few minutes.

"I am in this senatorial race to stay; I can get forty-seven votes to-night on the first ballot. Colonel King is at the end of his rope. He is not as strong as he was two days ago. He can't be nominated. I can be. I need six votes. You gentlemen have got them. Can I have them?"

Myton rose as he spoke, put his foot in his chair, and leaned with one hand on the crooked knee. There was no reply to his request. He continued: "I will let Colonel King name a United States Marshal, a collector of the port, in his town, and a United States District Attorney. You can either take that offer, or I'll go to Metcalf and make the deal with him. You can't make a deal with him, because he doesn't trust you. You've tried. He has refused to cast his votes for me with the rest of the anti's, because I haven't had a down talk with him. I prefer to do business with you, because I know you can deliver the goods. Maybe he can, maybe he can't. But I want a yes or no answer from you before I leave."

The furrows in Myton's face bit into his cheek. His nerves worked like steel wires. His voice was steady and hard. King caught Barton's eyes and they dropped. He found no reassurance in them. King began to drum on his chair-arm. An instant later his fear of Barton was justified, for Barton's reply was:

"Of course we couldn't afford to do that." King knew that Barton was dallying with the proposition. Myton buttoned up his top-coat, picked up his hat, and said, as he reached for his gloves:

"All right, you gentlemen know your business; but I've given you a chance."

His face was toward the door. He did not see Barton pantomime King to call Myton back.

"Hold on, Henry, don't be so fast. We're your friends all right. Let's talk this thing over."

Barton's eyes and Myton's met; the two men gazed at each other for a moment, and King saw them reach an understanding.

"Your offer to Sam is generous enough, I guess," said Barton. "But you see, Mr. Myton, you don't know the situation;" Barton appeared to be looking over his desk for something, in a short pause that followed. He was really only marshalling his diplomacy to say: "You see he's spent quite a little money—all legitimately, you understand, but he isn't a rich man and can't afford to lose it."

Myton shuddered. The whimsical superstition that someone was walking over his grave caught his fancy. But his sane mind saw that the question was one of dollars and cents—a clear case of bargain. But Julia Fairbanks's eyes danced before him.

Myton stilted on Barton's pretence and addressed King.

"Colonel, if that's the way the land lays I can't help you, I have no money."

Barton waited for King to speak. King answered, dryly:

"What's the matter with your note?"

"It isn't worth a damn," returned Myton, relighting his cigar the second time in five minutes.

He was seated at a table. King was pacing the floor. Barton sat facing Myton. King asked: "Mr. Barton, will you discount Myton's note for $20,000?"

Myton caught his breath.

"Well, you better find out if he'll sign it first," replied Barton.

There was something almost humorous in the glitter of Barton's eyes as he spoke.

"What do you say, Henry?" This came from King.

Something dying in Myton's soul tried to rise, but it passed, and Myton answered:

"Bring on your note."

Myton was not looking at King, but at Barton, who coughed nervously, and said: "You understand I hold the note?"

Myton lighted his cigar again. After he had signed the note he gave it to Bar-

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ton. He did not fear treachery. He had debated that point. The three men rose and King spoke:

"It may be just as well if we don't hold any further conferences till after this nomination is made. It might arouse the suspicions of some of them Band of Hope fellows. The good St. Moulton of Arapahoe County might find some irregularities in the minutes of this meeting; eh, Henry?" Myton did not heed the thrust. He was enthralled by the vision of power. Desire to win puts a callous on a man that numbs him like the chill of death.

When Henry Myton returned to his hotel from Barton's office, he found a note from Julia Fairbanks waiting for him. It was a note that hailed him as Thane of Cawdor, who should be king thereafter. Julia Fairbanks had seen Myton's name in the head-lines in the morning papers, and under the head-lines she had read that he was a senatorial possibility. Her missive contained just the number of endearing words to recall to Myton for a vivid moment his sweetheart's personality. He put the note in his pocket and touched it fondly during the day as he went his way. All his energy was bent to his purpose. He simulated indifference, yet he racked his ingenuity to make excuses for being with the anti-King leaders during the entire afternoon. His anxiety did not abate until he walked with them into the Senate Chamber where the caucus was about to be held. But when the meeting had been called to order, Henry Myton sat alone in the back part of the hall.

The madness of the chase was gone. The tense cord of his passion for victory relaxed. His energy was spent, and a chill of horror began to creep over Myton as he realized, in a sober reaction from his folly, what he had done. The horror bound him about the body like cold iron. He shuddered as he saw himself more clearly. Self-loathing rose in him and filled the feverish ducts of remorse. The insanity of sheer terror made Myton hope that Barton would fail to fulfil their bargain.

The roll-call started. In the "A's and B" and "C's" the King men voted for King, the Metcalf men for Metcalf. The anti-King men voted for Myton. Each time his name was called down through the "E's" and "F's" and "D's," Myton felt that he must stop the balloting. When Haff voted for Myton there was a clapping of hands on the anti-King side of the house. Myton was writhing in his soul, with the grip of remorse that is fresh. He clutched Julia Fairbanks's letter. He tried to find sustaining grace in it. For a minute it buoyed him. Then Moulton voted for Myton. A faint cheer arose. A hundred faces looked toward him. Myton sank in his chair. The crowd thought that modesty drew him down; but he shrank from the eyes of his friends. In the "S's" the last of the anti-King votes was polled, and Myton had forty-seven votes. He lacked six. Taylor, a King supporter, voted for Myton. A cheer of surprise burst forth. Myton started to rise and stop the roll-call. While it progressed and until that moment he had hoped that something would happen to prevent the consummation of the fraud he had planned. He hoped as a doomed man hopes. Turner voted for Myton. He was dazed with the inevitableness of his fate. He tried to rise; something from his sweetheart fettered him. Perhaps it came from her note in his clinched hand. So he only leaned forward. Thorn voted for Myton. The cheer that went up had hats in it. Vernon's vote for Myton created pandemonium. Yates and Weston voted by mounting chairs and yelling with the mob.

When it was all over, when the speeches were said, when the crowd had dispersed, Myton's heart was numb. He felt a blind desire to be with Julia Fairbanks. It was not to share the triumph with her that he longed for her, not to be revived by the warmth of her smile, not even to reproach her; the indefinable yearning for something strong outside himself—the yearning that older men and women feel when they call on God—brought Myton to Julia Fairbanks, weary, sick, and sore.

The telephone had told her of his nomination. Myton, haggard and worn, entered the room where the figure of the winged victory was. He stood for a moment, waiting, and faced the white figure, leaning his head upon its pedestal. His breast was heavy with sobs that would not rise. He was heedless of the premonitory sounds that told of Julia Fairbanks's approach.

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She came to Myton with her head poised for the crown of her coming glory. Her eyes beamed, her cheeks glowed; her lips were parted and her countenance shone with the vanity of triumph that was palpitating her nerves. Her crinkly black hair was knotted high upon her head. A little pulse throbbing in her bare white throat was a visible sign of her spiritual exultation. The white wool house dress that she wore was girdled under her arms with white ribbon; from it the lines of drapery that fell to the hem of the garment suggested rather than traced her figure. She might have stepped from a picture.

On the threshold she greeted him with "Senator," and put the essence of her pride in a smile.

The smile and her greeting stung him. Another instant she was in his arms. He did not speak; but looked deeply into his sweetheart's eyes, and for all his remorse Henry Myton thrilled with the kiss she gave him; but a moment later he shuddered away from her and cried:

"No, no, Julia, go away from me—I'm unclean, Julia, don't touch me." She saw the marks of sadness upon him and that the spark in his eyes was dead. The lines in her forehead knit, but the flame in her cheeks did not quench.

"Why, Henry—dearest—" she exclaimed, "what is it?"

He took a chair and she came near him. He held his head in his hands and fixed his eyes on the floor.

"Julia," he began, "I have done a vile thing. I have sold my honor for money and have bought my way into the United States Senate." She punctuated his words with an exclamation. "I have deceived my best friends. I have traded upon their faith in me and have made mock of the highest sentiments a man may hold. Oh, Julia, Julia, I am in a hell, I, who was sanctified by your love, I, who was glorified even as the angels are. I am black and damned in perfidy."

The girl did not understand his mood. She did not wish to realize it. She felt that it placed no serious obstacle in the way of her happiness. She moved toward him and replied:

"Oh, no, Henry, you are tired to-night, to-morrow you will see things differently. Tell me about it, dearest—I am not ashamed of anything you could do. How have you sold yourself?"

When he finished his story, omitting none of the details, she replied:

"Dearest, that isn't so bad. You needn't sell yourself to Barton. Don't the senators make investments and make money honestly? I know you can. Oh, my dear boy, I have faith in you. I know you can."

Myton leaned back in the chair and shook his head.

"Julia, there's no use." The emotion had left his voice and he spoke in a hopeless tone. "Once in awhile there is a senator who goes in for investments, and the decent men in the Senate have an ugly name for him. Such a man is soon known. He is as a scarlet woman. Honest men shun him and soon they will shun me. They will say: 'There's Myton, he's gone over the hill. There's Henry Myton who used to live decently—he's on the make now. He will take money—or investments. He will be numbered with the doubtfuls.' They will know me for what I am, not for what I have been. The man they knew, the man you loved yesterday, is dead."

There was a silence between the two lovers. The girl slipped from her chair and knelt beside Myton's chair with her arms about his shoulders. She broke the silence:

"Henry, oh, Henry, maybe I can help you—you called me your guiding star last night. Have I set thus soon? Dearest, let us be brave and forget all this—something will come to make it all right."

She crept closer to his side. A long gust of wind sighed mournfully by. The girl looked up with a smile and said:

"Why, dearest—it's all the same—there's our wind, our very same wind that carries our old friends the ghosts singing their love-songs for you."

Myton let her slip from his arms and cried, in despair:

"Oh, my God, my God, and I shall ride with them—the fallen ones, the restless ones, who spend eternity sobbing for their yesterdays."

The wind crooned its dreary monody again. A sob shook Myton and he cried: "My dead self of yesterday is out there, Julia, hunting me, haunting me. Hear it? Hear it?"

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OVER SUNDAY

By Carolyn Wells

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HUTT

DICK, I do believe we've a spare Sunday next week. The Carmichaels can't come, and I don't want to ask the Blacks until August, and so I think I'll have Kitty Tracy down. Now let's make up the rest of the party. We ought to have four at least."

"I wish you'd ask Ingalls; I saw him a couple of weeks ago and I told him we'd taken a house in the country for the summer, and we'd ask him over."

"Frank Ingalls? The very one. Do you know I think he admires Kitty Tracy immensely, and really he'd be a splendid match for her. And to have them down here in this lovely place, with the vines and moonlight and all would help matters along wonderfully. And, Dick, how would it do not to have anybody else, and you and I could efface ourselves at our discretion, and I do believe before they went home they'd be engaged!"

"Gracious! Alice, what an inveterate match-maker you are! Ingalls is a good fellow and Miss Tracy is a charming girl, but I'm not sure you ought to throw them at each other's heads like that."

"Oh, I'm not committing them to anything serious. But I'll invite them both and give them a fair field and no favor, and if they see fit to fall into the trap I can't help it, can I?"

"Your metaphors are a little mixed, but evidently your motives are not. Go ahead with your plans. It suits me well enough to have a chance of securing a small portion of your attention to myself, which I can't often do, as your guests are usually of a gregarious nature."

"Oh, what a pretty compliment," said Mrs. Clifford, half absent-mindedly, "and I'll tell you what we'll do, Dick. You see, if those two people know they're invited to meet each other it will spoil it all. So I'll write to Kit, and you write to Mr. Ingalls, and we'll both tell each of them—I mean we'll each tell both of them that they're the only one to be here."

"Well, tell them more grammatically or they'll think it's to be quite a party."

"Oh, nonsense, you know well enough what I mean. And then when they come, each can think the other came unexpectedly. Oh, it will be lovely! So romantic, and they'll bless us all their lives."

"Perhaps," replied her husband, "but you know the human race is capable of base ingratitude, even in return for the most kindly meant efforts."

The invitations were sent, but up to Friday night no replies had been received, and it was with a sigh of relief that Mrs. Clifford spied in her mail Saturday morning an envelope addressed in Miss Tracy's smart, if illegible, chirography.

"It's all right, Dick, she's coming," said the prospective hostess, as she ran her eye hurriedly down the page, "but why—oh, my goodness! just listen to this—we've done a terrible thing—what can we do? It's too late now."

"What's the matter, Alice? Why is it too late? Is Miss Tracy married to Ingalls already? Hello, here's a letter from Frank himself."

"But wait a minute, Dick; wait a minute before you read it, and let me tell you what Kitty says. She's been at Southampton, and my letter had to be forwarded to her; that's why she was so late answering it. And Mr. Ingalls was there, too, at the same house, and he asked her to marry him, and she refused him, and oh, Dick, she says she's *so* glad to get away from him and from the other people, and spend a Sunday quietly alone with us. Isn't it awful? Now, do hurry and see what Mr. Ingalls says. Let me read it with you: ". . . Your invitation is a godsend. I'm specially anxious to get away from this house just now, and had no valid excuse. I'll be over on the five train, and I revel in the thought of a pleasant week-end alone

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Drawn by Henry Hutt.

"Oh . . . how unpardonably awkward of me!"—Page 482.

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with you and Mrs. Clifford. . . ." Oh, Dick, we *can't* have them both here, under the circumstances, and it's too late to head either of them off. Kitty is to arrive at four."

"Well, it's a blessing they're not coming on the same train. You meet Miss Tracy with the cart at four and bring her home, and I'll meet Ingalls at five, and explain to him and send him back——"

"But you can't send him back. The last train back goes at 3.45, and that's before either of them will arrive."

"Confound this one-horse railroad. Why, there are lots of trains *from* New York at that time of day."

"I know it, because all the commuters and suburbanites are coming home from the city. But there's no train the other way until morning and—oh, Dick, there are *no* Sunday trains! He'll have to stay until Monday and so will she—and they mustn't meet. It would be *too* embarrassing. *Do* you suppose we could have them both here and not let either of them know that the other is here?"

"I think we'll have to, after these two vehement letters. We can't torture our guests."

"No. But how could we manage it? Let me see—I'll go for Kitty first, and we'll come home and have dinner—no, that won't do. You'd come in with Mr. Ingalls while we were eating. I'll bring Kit home and make her lie down until after we've had an early dinner for Mr. Ingalls; then you must take him out for a walk or a drive and I'll have dinner over again for Kitty."

"Why, Alice, you can't keep up any such game of hide-and-seek for three days. So what's the use?"

"Yes, I can. And I will, if you'll do your part."

"Oh, I'll help. It'll be as exciting as a political intrigue. But I can't eat six or eight meals a day while they're here, and we haven't two dining-rooms anyway."

"Oh, you can eat all the meals that are set before you. I have unlimited confidence in your powers. We'll have to have," went on Mrs. Clifford, meditatively, "fricasseed chicken or something like that, so that the dish can be freshened up for the second dinner. Oh, I can fix it and I will, for I'm too fond of Kitty Tracy to let her be penned up over Sunday with a man whom she has just refused to marry."

"It would be awkward for Ingalls, too. Well, we can try it, and if we fail there's no real harm done. We can explain that we did it from the kindest motives."

After much planning and many and minute directions to the servants, who were financially persuaded to regard the affair as business and not as a joke, Mrs. Clifford drove off to meet her friend at the train.

"Oh, Kitty, I'm so glad to see you," she said, as her pretty visitor seated herself beside her.

"Not so glad as I am to see you," returned Miss Kitty; "and oh, Alice, I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't sent for me this week. I've had the most exciting times—and I hope I shall *never* see Mr. Ingalls again. I'll tell you all about it, when we're alone tomorrow, but don't let's talk about him now. He's just horrid, and I wish I didn't even have to live in the same country with him."

"Very well, dear, we won't talk about it now; I'll take you home and put you to bed for a good rest before dinner. We have dinner very late, not until eight o'clock or after."

"That *is* late, for plain country people, which you say you're posing for this summer."

"Yes, I know; but it suits Dick. He—he likes to fuss 'round the garden, you know."

"'M—yes he must be fond of it, if he fusses 'round till eight o'clock. Is this your house? Oh, how lovely. I want to sit right down on this veranda, and not stir until dinner-time."

"No, you can't do that, you must rest. But we'll sit here half an hour or so."

"Oh, bother—I'm not tired. But don't mind me. If you've any household duties, go and attend to them. I'm perfectly contented here alone. Where's Mr. Clifford?"

"He—he's around somewhere, I think. Ah, here he comes in the trap. Jump out Dick and come and welcome Miss Tracy."

"How do you do, Miss Tracy," said her host, cordially. "I'm very glad to see you. Pardon my sudden departure

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Sauntering along the rose-path to the house.—Page 485.

as you arrive, but I have to go over to the station for—to—to telegraph."

"Don't apologize," returned his guest. "We will sit here and await your return. I am enjoying the lovely country effects and the fresh air."

But half an hour later her hostess said, decidedly :

"Now you must go to your room for a rest. You can see just as good a view from your windows and—and I insist upon it."

Miss Tracy rose and followed her friend, surprised at the seeming tyranny to which she was being subjected, but too polite to make further remonstrance.

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"Now," said Mrs. Clifford, fussing about the guest-chamber, "here's a dressing-gown for you, and you must make yourself comfortable and get a good nap, so you'll be fresh and bright for dinner. I'll come and call you in time to dress, and don't you dare appear before that."

"I suppose I must do as you say," returned Miss Tracy, with a slight pout, "but I don't see why 'I have to go to bed by day.'"

"It's better for you to rest, dear. You're tired and nervous, and a nap will refresh you wonderfully."

Mrs. Clifford kissed her friend, and went away, holding the knob of the door a moment after she closed it, as if fearful that her prisoner would escape. Then, with a beating heart, she went out on the front veranda and saw her husband and Mr. Ingalls just driving in at the gate.

She welcomed them gayly, and then said, though with no trace of haste in her manner:

"Dick, I wish you'd take Mr. Ingalls to his room at once, please, for dinner is nearly ready. I hope you won't mind a six o'clock dinner," she added, turning to her guest, "for in the country, you know, we feel that we must keep early hours or we're not living up to our privileges."

"Yes," said Clifford, "and I'm a bit hurried to-night, Alice, for I have to drive over to Stone Point to see about that—er—hay."

"Oh, yes, that hay must be attended to. It's lovely moonlight, suppose you take Mr. Ingalls over with you."

"Leaving you alone?" inquired Mr. Ingalls, gallantly.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. I have some—some domestic duties to attend to."

"This strenuous country life, Frank," explained Mr. Clifford; "you see we must avail ourselves of all our prerogatives."

The dinner passed off smoothly and very pleasantly. Host and hostess were gay and affable, and apparently without a thought beyond the entertainment of their guest. But when Mr. Ingalls indulged in audible appreciation of a funny story, Mrs. Clifford was seized with consternation lest his ringing laugh should penetrate Miss Tracy's closed door.

So, although the evening was a warm one, she shivered slightly, expressed a fear of draughts, and asked Norah to shut all the doors of the dining-room and draw the portières.

However, as the windows remained open, there was no real danger of suffocation, and Mr. Clifford dilated sympathetically on his wife's susceptibility to colds. After dinner was over, Mr. Clifford and Mr. Ingalls started off in the trap to "see about the hay."

"You won't be gone long, will you, Dick?" inquired Mrs. Clifford, who had thoroughly learned her part.

"I'm afraid I will, dear," returned her husband, who was also letter-perfect. "It's a longish way over to Stone Point, you know. But we'll be back by ten. Wait up for us."

As soon as they had gone Mrs. Clifford flew to the kitchen and arranged for a second dinner to be served in half an hour. As she had carefully planned for this, and the dishes were *à la Russe*, it was really a simple enough proceeding.

Then she went to Miss Tracy's room and found that young woman just waking from a doze.

"You were right, Alice," she said, stretching her pretty arms above her head, "I *was* tired, and my nap did me a lot of good. I'll get ready for dinner right away."

"Yes, do. I'll help you dress. And I'm awfully sorry, Kitty, but Dick was called away unexpectedly. He had to drive 'way out in the country to see about some—some hay. So we'll have to dine alone, but you'll excuse him, won't you? He'll be home later and you'll see him this evening."

"Of course I'll excuse him, and we'll have a cosey visit together, you and I."

The second dinner went along as smoothly as the other, and as Mrs. Clifford had eaten very sparingly at the former meal, she was able to give Miss Tracy the impression that she had, at least, a normal appetite.

After dinner Miss Tracy suggested that they sit on the veranda, but Mrs. Clifford demurred, saying that she was afraid of the night-air.

"Why, Alice," said her friend, "I never knew you to think of your health before. What has come over you? Are you go-

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ing into a decline? The night is warm and balmy, and you can wrap a shawl round you."

"No, Kitty, I can't do it, and I won't let you, either. The dew is falling, and —and this is an awfully malarious country, you know."

Ignoring her guest's evident disappointment, Mrs. Clifford led the way to the brilliantly lighted parlor, where they awaited the return of Mr. Clifford.

And when that gentleman neared his home, he gave a long, low whistle, which, his wife hearing, she exclaimed :

"Oh, there's Dick ; excuse me just a moment, Kitty, I always run out to welcome him."

While Miss Tracy sat composedly awaiting her friend's return, a clever manœuvre was executed at the front steps.

"Hello," said Dick, as his wife appeared, "you take charge of Frank, will you, Alice, while I drive 'round to the barn and tell Parkins about the hay."

"We'll entertain each other here on the veranda until you come back," said Ingalls alighting from the trap.

"Yes," said Dick, "or go on into the billiard-room, and I'll join you there."

Without seeming to force her cards, Mrs. Clifford led the way around through the rose-walk to the side-entrance which led into the billiard-room. Here were all sorts of creature-comforts, and almost before he knew it, the blighted young lover found himself smoking, and confiding his troublous love-affair to his pretty and sympathetic hostess.

Meanwhile Dick Clifford had joined Miss Tracy in the parlor. "Awfully sorry, Miss Kitty," he said, "that I couldn't be with you at dinner, but it was really a bit of important business——"

"Oh, don't apologize," she interrupted ; "Alice and I were so glad to be together again, and we talked so continuously and even simultaneously that I doubt if you could have put in a word edgewise. But I'm worried about Alice, Mr. Clifford. She looks well, and yet she is so afraid of taking cold. It is unusual for her, for she has always been so recklessly imprudent."

"Yes, she is more delicate than she used to be, and a draught of air sets her sneezing at once. Why, she had to have all the doors closed at dinner to-night — I mean—at luncheon, last evening—that is to say, this noon ; pardon me, Miss Tracy, but this country life mixes our meals up so."

"Oh, perhaps you dine at noon, when you're alone?"

"Yes, yes, that's it ; that is, sometimes we do, and sometimes we don't."

"Oh, well, that's the beauty of country life, the opportunity of being as informal as you like. Your place here is delightful. I want to explore it all. I just love barns and hay and all that sort of thing."

"You shall see it all. I'll take you myself, to-morrow. It is a pretty bit of a place, though it needs a lot of improvement. By next year I mean to make a veritable Paradise of it."

With desultory chat, Mr. Clifford entertained his guest for an hour or more, then said, casually :

"Alice seems to have deserted us. I daresay she's in the kitchen pottering over to-morrow's *menu*. We haven't as many servants as I'd like, but it's so difficult to get them out here—or, rather, to keep them. I begin to see the point of the funny-paper jokes about the autocracy of the cooks in Lonelyville. If you'll excuse me I'll go and bring Alice captive."

A moment later Dick sauntered into the billiard-room.

"And so you see," Mr. Ingalls was saying, "and so you see I *couldn't* stay under the same roof with her, it was too horribly awkward."

"Yes, indeed," cooed Alice's soothing voice, and then, after a few parting remarks she bade the men good-night and disappeared.

She found Miss Tracy still in the parlor.

"Where's Dick?" his wife inquired, innocently, as she appeared at the door.

"He just went to look for you," replied Kitty. "He's been entertaining me delightfully, and he says you spend too much time over your domestic duties."

"Well, I don't, you know, but my new waitress is a bit incompetent, and I have to look after the silver and glass, and I love to fuss around. In the city one never gets time for such things. But come on, let's go to bed. I'm tired out. I dare say Dick has gone out to lock up the—er

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—chicken-houses, so you needn't wait to say good-night to him."

"Why, you two are positively bucolic. I never saw anything like it."

"Oh, call it pastoral. It sounds so much better, and suggests sheep and lambs. We haven't any, but I think next summer we'll go in for flocks and herds."

With subtle persistence, Mrs. Clifford persuaded her guest to her room and once more closed the door upon her, but she opened it again to say, "Don't come down to breakfast, Kit, it will be sent to your room. We all have it that way Sunday mornings."

"But I want to get up early, and investigate this lovely country-place, and the chicken-houses and all."

"Oh, you'll have time for that. Besides you can't get out. The doors aren't unbolted until—until ten o'clock."

"Why, Alice Clifford, what hours for country people!"

"I know it, but that's the way of the house. And it disturbs Dick dreadfully if anything upsets the regular routine. So stay in bed until Norah brings your breakfast-tray, won't you?"

"Of course I will," was the good-natured reply. "Probably I won't waken till then anyway."

Next morning the game went merrily on.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford and Mr. Ingalls met at a nine o'clock breakfast, and afterward dawdled about the veranda and rose-garden for an hour, care being taken by the principals not to get within eye or earshot of Miss Tracy's windows.

Then Mr. Clifford proposed a tramp in the woods. His wife declined to go, but urged Mr. Ingalls to accompany her husband.

The two men started off, and soon after Mrs. Clifford, in a dressing-gown, and with a manifestly suppressed yawn, and a general appearance of having just arisen, appeared at Miss Tracy's bedside to wish her good-morning.

"Get up, my dear," she cried. "It's a beautiful morning, and the birds are singing and the flowers are flowering and all nature is calling to you."

Miss Tracy responded amiably, and the two friends spent a delightful morning together roaming about the place and admiring its natural beauties. Mr. Clifford, his wife mendaciously averred, had gone to church, but would be home in ample time for the dinner-hour, which was three o'clock on Sundays. But a clever woman's plans, like those of mice and men, will sometimes gang a-gley, and so it came to pass that as Mrs. Clifford and Miss Tracy sat on the veranda, enjoying the quiet summer morning, the latter said, suddenly:

"Why, there comes Mr. Clifford, and there's somebody with him. Who can it be? It looks like——"

But she got no farther, for during her speech Mrs. Clifford had faced the emergency and proved herself quite equal to it.

She jumped up quickly, and in doing so managed to overturn, apparently unintentionally, a swinging globe of gold-fish, so that a deluge of cold water and one slimy, slippery fish descended on Miss Tracy's beautiful pompadour.

"Oh," exclaimed her hostess, with deep solicitude, "how unpardonably awkward of me! You dear thing, come into the house at once, and Norah shall rub your hair dry. How could I have done it? I jumped so excitedly, you know, because you spoke as if you knew the man who is with Dick. But it's only our neighbor on the next farm, Mr. Townley. Oh, you poor thing! I'm so sorry you're so wet."

"It doesn't matter a bit, Alice, dear, I'm going to dress for dinner now, anyway, and a shampoo will do my hair good. See, my gown is scarcely wet at all."

"I'm glad of that. Well, take your time, Kitty, make your toilette, and join us again as soon as you like. Dinner's at three, you know——"

"She's safe for an hour, at least," said Mrs. Clifford, to herself, as she went down stairs, "but how could Dick have blundered so? He's back half an hour before the scheduled time."

She met the men smiling and self-composed, and for a time they chatted on the veranda. Mr. Clifford had seen the episode of the gold-fish globe, though from a distance, and he felt afraid Ingalls might have recognized Miss Tracy. But that bland gentleman gave no hint of having done so, and the conspirators hoped for the best.

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Soon they allowed conversation to flag, and finally Dick Clifford said: "Look here, Frank, you're fagged with that long walk and I'm going to send you to your bunk for a rest. Sleep if you want to, or there's a ripping new novel on your dressing-table. Take a dip into that."

Mr. Ingalls objected very decidedly to this disposal of his able-bodied self, but his objections were politely overruled, and he was led away in triumph to his room, which chanced to be in the third story.

"There, old fellow," said his host, "keep yourself to yourself for a couple of hours. I'll do the same and we'll meet in the dining-room at five, when I daresay we'll be ready for our dinner."

Mr. Ingalls was quite sure he would be, for it seemed a long while since his nine-o'clock breakfast. Mr. Clifford had also appreciated this fact, but didn't dare suggest a lunch of any kind, as its possibilities were dangerous. He went down-stairs, embarrassed but victorious, and the Machiavellian host and hostess were soon presiding at a dinner at which Miss Tracy was the only guest.

Again, Mrs. Clifford, with her rooted fear of draughts, was obliged to have all the doors carefully closed, though the windows were flung wide open.

Her precaution was a wise one, for when dinner was about half over, her quick ear detected the sound of a man's step on the staircase.

"Dick," she said, hurriedly, "I'm sure there's a burglar in the front hall; won't you please go and see?"

Mr. Clifford left the table, and, closing the door behind him, went out into the hall.

"I'm a perfect idiot about burglars," said Mrs. Clifford to Miss Tracy, "but out here in the country, you know, one feels so unprotected. There are no policemen, of course, and no neighbors within half a mile."

"Do the burglars often come in the afternoon?" asked her guest, with a mild interest.

"Now, you're making fun of me, and I suppose it isn't really a burglar, anyway, but I can't help feeling timid."

Meantime Mr. Clifford, as he had expected, encountered Frank Ingalls coming down-stairs.

"Hello, old fellow," said the host, "had a nap?"

"No; I've been reading that book you spoke of, and, by Jove, it is a good one. But my room is too sunny, and I'm going into the billiard-room to finish the story. Don't let me disturb you. Where is Mrs. Clifford?"

"She's — she's asleep in the parlor. Just tiptoe around to the billiard-room, will you? and make yourself at home there —I'll join you later."

"Don't hurry yourself; I'll be lost in the book for an hour or more. When I get wrapped up in a story I never drop it until I've finished it."

"The saints be praised for that!" thought Dick Clifford, and as his friend tiptoed carefully away he returned to the dining-room.

"Your burglar was Parkins going up-stairs to water the window-boxes," he said to his wife, with a pleasant smile born of the consciousness that he was telling a good lie and telling it well.

"There usually is some such absurd explanation to my burglar scares," said Mrs. Clifford, tranquilly, and then the dinner went on uneventfully to its close.

But after dinner was over the struggle began again. Mrs. Clifford was for putting her friend to bed once more, but Miss Tracy openly rebelled.

"Do you think me an infant?" she inquired, "that I must spend half my time in sleep. No, indeed—I'm going into the music-room to sing to you." Here was a predicament indeed! she would probably sing "Then you'll remember me," or some equally touching ballad, and Mr. Ingalls would hear her, and think she was eating her heart out for him when she was really doing nothing of the sort, and he would laugh in his sleeve—and besides, what *would* he think of his host and hostess's duplicity?

No, the game had succeeded so far and it must be carried on successfully if they had to lock the piano. Happy thought! and Mrs. Clifford did slip in and lock the piano while her husband and Miss Tracy walked leisurely through the halls.

"Yes, do sing, there's a dear," said Mrs. Clifford, while her husband tried to keep his eyebrows down to their proper level.

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"Open the piano, will you please, Dick," and Mr. Clifford walked toward it wondering if Alice had given up the game.

"Why it's locked!" he exclaimed, in genuine surprise.

"Oh, is it?" said Mrs. Clifford in apparent perplexity. "Why, so it is, I locked it the day the Carey children came, for they do bang it so. But I can't think where I put the key. In this vase, I think. No, it isn't here."

Diligent search failed to produce the key, so the singing scheme was perforce abandoned.

But it was quarter to five, and Miss Tracy *must* be concealed somehow.

Mrs. Clifford snatched a moment to confer privately with her husband.

"We can't do anything," he responded to her urgent appeal for help. "The jig is up and besides I *couldn't* eat another dinner to-day."

"Oh, Dick, we *must* keep them apart. Kitty would die of shame if she knew what we've done, and Mr. Ingalls would be angry, and justly, too. And yet we couldn't help ourselves. Oh, here comes Fred Townley! I'll make him take Kit for a drive."

"The devil favors his own," whispered Mr. Clifford, wickedly. But his wife, nerved to fresh effort by this opportune assistance, introduced the caller to Miss Tracy, and gracefully, though somewhat hurriedly, arranged that he should undertake her entertainment for the next few hours.

Mr. Clifford declared afterward that his wife hypnotized Townley, but at any rate the plan worked to a charm. Miss Tracy went smilingly off with her new acquaintance, who was to escort her over to his farm, and from there take her for a drive behind his beautiful horses.

"You saw my sudden deluge when you were coming in the gate, this morning, didn't you?" asked Miss Tracy, as they went down the steps.

"I haven't been here before, to-day," answered Mr. Townley, in surprise.

Mrs. Clifford heard this, but dared not take time to offer a plausible explanation, for every moment she expected to hear Mr. Ingalls's step on the stairs.

So she let the two new acquaintances explain matters as best they could, and drew a long breath of relief that Kitty was disposed of for three hours anyway, and that was enough for dinner.

Dinner was hilarious. For the Cliffords were elated with success, and full of amusement at the whole situation, and Mr. Ingalls, in gratitude for their opportune hospitality, exerted himself to be entertaining.

Dick carved the second leg of spring lamb as gravely and carefully as he had carved its mate two hours before, and his wife's thoughts had an undercurrent of foreboding as she looked forward to inevitable platters of cold lamb for days to come.

Coffee was reached at last, and then all sought the pleasant front veranda, and the men began to smoke.

The dusk fell, and when, later, Mr. Clifford heard the sound of hoofs rapidly approaching, he gracefully and expeditiously beguiled Frank Ingalls around to the billiard-room.

Mrs. Clifford greeted the new-comers, welcoming Kitty back, and inviting Mr. Townley to stay.

But the invitation was declined, and the gentleman drove away, leaving Mrs. Clifford serene, for she felt that the game was almost over, and victory was perching on her banners.

"What time is supper?" said Miss Tracy, "my drive has made me hungry as a hunter."

"Oh, we don't have a formal supper Sunday nights," said her hostess. "Come with me to the dining-room and we'll forage for some food."

This informality came near to proving disastrous, for Kitty followed her friend into the pantry, where two cold roasts of lamb sat in unblushing duplicity, flanked by twin dishes of various kinds.

Mrs. Clifford endeavored to induce a hasty exit by exclaiming, "Oh, there's a mouse!" which ruse was instantaneously successful.

"Now," said the thoughtful hostess, after they had finished their supper, "I know you're tired, and we'll go up to your room and put on our dressing-gowns and have a cosey comfy chat."

To her relief, Kitty agreed to this, and up-stairs they went, Mrs. Clifford feeling like Napoleon at Austerlitz.

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All went well until the men came through the lower hall, and Frank Ingalls's voice was distinctly heard.

But Mrs. Clifford persuaded Miss Tracy that it was a doctor who had been called in to prescribe for the cook, and as that necessitated her presence in the cook's room, she would say good-night at once.

"And don't come down to breakfast until nine," she ordered, remembering, with unutterable relief, that Mr. Ingalls must depart on the nine o'clock train.

"Very well," said Miss Tracy, and she closed the door.

Then Mrs. Clifford, fairly beaming with glee over her assured success, went down stairs and presided over a supper for the two men.

Breakfast was to be at eight o'clock sharp the next morning, and at five minutes before eight Mrs. Clifford, fresh and lovely in her summer morning-gown, tripped down-stairs.

"Where is Mr. Ingalls, Dick?" she said, as she met her husband in the lower hall. "Isn't he down yet?"

"I don't know where he is," replied Mr. Clifford. "I banged at his door, and getting no response, I looked in, and he wasn't there. I've hunted the house for him, but I can't find him."

"Why, how very—oh, Dick, will you look there? There! out at the front door! For mercy's sake!"

Dick Clifford looked, and sauntering along the rose-path to the house were Mr. Ingalls and Miss Tracy!

"Hello, Dick," said the gentleman, with a most beaming smile, "is breakfast ready? Miss Tracy and I have been out here for an hour, and we're nearly starved. Ah, good-morning, Mrs. Clifford."

"What does it mean, Kitty?" said her hostess, looking bewildered and delighted, both at once.

"Oh, it means," said Kitty, airily, "that we made a mistake at Southampton, and we've straightened it out here."

"You see," said Mr. Ingalls, with an uncontrollable sigh of satisfaction at the remembrance, "early this morning I heard Miss Tracy serenading me beneath my window."

"Yes," said Dick, "that's where serenaders usually perform."

"It was nothing of the sort," said Miss Kitty, briskly. "I'll tell the story myself, if you please. You know, Alice, I wanted to get up and enjoy the early morning in the country yesterday, and you wouldn't let me, so this morning it was so lovely I just couldn't resist, and I crept down-stairs and opened the front door without making a sound, because I know how you and Dick hate to have your regular routine disturbed." This with a sly smile, in which Mrs. Clifford joined—"And then," went on Miss Kitty, "I was roaming round the rose-garden, and it was all so beautiful and so early and so larky that I couldn't help singing a little bit to myself. And your inquisitive third-story guest put his head out of his window, thinking, I suppose, that it was Norah, and——"

"From here, I'll take up the tale and spare your blushes," broke in Mr. Ingalls.

"I recognized the siren voice that had often charmed me of yore, and, though I thought I was dreaming, I determined that I would walk in my sleep, so I came down here, and——"

"And all our trouble was for nothing," said Mrs. Clifford, sinking limply into a chair. "We might just as well have let you two meet Saturday night."

"No," said Miss Tracy, "it was our thinking things over all day Sunday that brought us both to our senses. If we'd met Saturday night we'd have hated each other worse than ever."

"Well, then, Alice," said her husband, "you succeeded in your match-making after all, for your original intention was to invite these two people here to spend Sunday in hopes that thereby they'd be induced to spend the rest of their lives together."

"As we hope to do," said Mr. Ingalls, with an idiotic beam at Miss Tracy—and then they all went in to breakfast.

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INCIDENTS OF THE SLUMS

By Walter A. Wyckoff

IF anything is wanting to darken the picture of life in city slums, it is a sense of the needlessness of much of the suffering. And this is the sense which I cannot escape in looking back upon a winter in Chicago, from the vantage point of nearly a year of walking and working through regions west of that city. I left Chicago in May of 1892, and entered San Francisco in February of the following year, having gone on foot, in the meantime, through Illinois and southern Minnesota and western Iowa, and almost from end to end of Nebraska and Colorado and through some of New Mexico and much of Arizona and California. It was not in the character of a tramp, but as a wage-earner, that I made the journey; and the only notable fact about it was that I not only never lacked for labor, but I almost never had to ask for it, having scores of opportunities of work pressed upon me by employers hard up for hands. I am well aware of the abnormal in my experiment and of its little worth apart from the value of experience to myself, and I know how slight a connection with the deeper causes which give rise to congestion in labor centres the fact of ready employment in the country may have. Yet, as one result of personal contact, I cannot help seeing much of the misery of the mass in the light of individuals suffering wretchedly for want of knowledge of a better chance.

We speak in old-fashioned phrase of a city's slums as though they were a local evil in the town, quite remote in connection with the rest of the corporate whole, while in truth we know, in our haunting, new-found knowledge of social solidarity, that they form a sore which denotes disease in every part of the body politic. The conviction grows upon us that it is often at the cost of much suffering to our kind that we have food to eat and raiment to put on, and the immunity from personal responsibility which once we felt in paying high prices for our wares is fast being undermined by increased acquaintance with the ramifications of the "sweating system." Indeed, we seem to see that, from the very frame of things, if one enjoys, another suffers, and that the unwitting oppressors of the poor are often the poor themselves, while the destruction of the poor is their poverty. Men tell us that things are growing worse, and that hope lies that way, because it points to ultimate dissolution and a new order. I find it impossible to share this form of optimism, and I cannot see that things are really getting worse, but rather incomparably better as measured, for example, by the standard of the last century of social progress. And so far from seeing hope in a belief that matters are getting worse, I find it rather in the view that much that is worst in modern life is fast becoming intolerable in a society which grows increasingly conscious of vital interdependence and relationship. Meanwhile the concrete facts remain, and here is a glimpse of some of them as they appear in a partial record of fragments of two days' experience in Chicago.

I was working as a hand-truckman in a factory far out on Blue Island Avenue. My wages were $1.50 a day, and I was paying for board and lodging, in a tenement across the way, $4.25 a week. As one result, I was saving money and would soon be able to leave the job and write up my notes, while widening my acquaintance with the town before looking for other work. Already I had a little knowledge of the city. For two weeks after entering it I had been among its unemployed and had suffered some and had seen the real suffering among others of my class, before I found occupation in a West-side factory.

It was during those two weeks that I came to know a widow, with whom this tale is first concerned. I met her early in December; it was now nearing the end of January, and we factory hands were marking with delight the lengthening of the days, for we were beginning to have a lit-

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tle daylight left when work was over. At last one afternoon the setting sun came pouring through the kitchen window while we were washing up for supper at Mrs. Schultz's boarding-house. That was because it was Saturday, and we had quit at five o'clock, being given, as was the custom in the factory, a half hour on Saturday afternoons.

The usual week's end excitement was running high among the men. Gibes and louder talk than common were rife, as black hands and faces came white from soap and successive basins of hot water. Some of the men were going in the evening to a "show," others to a "fancy-dress ball," and a few were saying nothing. We scattered widely after supper, leaving the house to the family, which must have been a welcome change to them, for generally, through the week, we all foregathered in the sitting-room at night and romped with the children and played cards until bed-time.

Mrs. Stone will serve as the widow's name, and my first errand that evening took me to her home, which was in the basement of a building on Boston Avenue. We were both concerned in pressing a claim which she had upon her husband's people, a highly just claim, I thought; for he had deserted her some time before his death, leaving her alone in the support of herself and their two children. Why she had ever come to the city, I could never make clearly out, beyond what had seemed to be to her a strong appeal to her reason that, if she must make her own living and the children's, she could hope to do it better in town than in the country where she was born and bred. And the marvel was that she had succeeded in keeping them all alive. The city had, of course, furnished an awful disillusionment. The children proved an insuperable barrier to employment at domestic service, and, failing to find any other labor, she was rescued finally from starvation by getting a job from a "sweater." She deserved success, for she was an heroic creature. To hear her describe the struggle, you would gather that hers had been the best of luck. She merely wanted a chance to work, so that they might live; and had she not found it, just when she thought, for lack of it, that they must starve?

From the sweater's shop she would carry the goods two miles to her home, walking both ways, for she could not afford car-fare. Then all day and through much of the night she made the garments. They were boys' waists, and the materials, ready cut, besides the necessary thread and buttons, were furnished her. There was left for her to do all the remaining work, down to sewing on the buttons and making the button-holes, and she was paid for the finished waists at the rate of thirty-five cents a dozen.

It was hard, she did admit, to feed and clothe her family and pay the rent on a wage-rate like that, and she was near to going under when another and a crowning stroke of fortune fell. In answer to a notice tacked on her door, two women, who worked in a neighboring book-bindery, applied for board, and each agreed to pay two dollars a week. The five then lived together in the basement-room, whose furniture consisted chiefly of dry-goods boxes, but the boarders took kindly to the home and the children, and things had gone comfortably ever since. Gradually the children, a boy of nine and a girl two years younger, were learning to help at some of the simpler forms of sewing and in the house-work.

This, I beg to interpolate, was the small beginning of Mrs. Stone's success. Having shrewdness as well as energy, she soon discovered that keeping boarders was more profitable than making waists, and so she developed that side of her enterprise. When I saw her last, in the following May, she was mistress of a well-appointed mechanics' boarding-house on Milwaukee Avenue, but her troubles had taken new form, for the contamination of the slums had begun to appear in her son, who was fast developing into an incorrigible, and she had sent for me in order to consult about a plan of placing him in a reformatory.

But to return to the February evening, on which I called to talk with Mrs. Stone about a claim upon her husband's people: I found her at home. One ran little risk of failing to find Mrs. Stone at home, her engagements abroad being confined to trips to the sweater's shop for materials. I heard the swift clatter of her sewing-machine as I walked down the

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steps from the filthy pavement to the door of the basement where she lived. The room had always to me an effect of being brilliantly lighted. It was due to the illumination of two large lamps which were kept faultlessly clean and were burning often in the day as well as night, and in part to the general cleanliness of the room, not to mention the cheerfulness which radiated from Mrs. Stone. She turned from her machine as I drew up an empty soap-box and sat down in front of her, and one would have thought, from the contagion of her manner, that she never knew any mood but one of hopeful courage. But she had no time to spare, and when our talk was ended, she turned again to work, while I went over to another corner and chatted with the children and the boarders.

I was waiting for my friend Kovnitz, whom I had asked to meet me there. Kovnitz was himself employed in the same trade as Mrs. Stone, although in quite another branch of it. He was a coatmaker, and had been brought up to work under the sweating system. Much of the value of his acquaintance, apart from my personal liking for him, lay for me in his thorough knowledge of the trade. He was a socialist, and a very ardent one; but his efforts for reform were directed mainly toward effecting organization among the workers of his kind, and with this I warmly sympathized. We were to go together in the evening to a gathering of the cloakmakers, and, when he appeared at Mrs. Stone's, we lost no time in starting for the meeting-place on the South-side.

One was never at a loss for conversation with Kovnitz, but it was always conversation which had to do with the condition of his class. That was uppermost and foremost in his mind. Other things interested him only as they were related to that. Although a collectivist, he wasted little thought upon a future socialistic state, and he cared little for present concerted political action in his party. The one supreme necessity, in his view, was that all wage-earners should be led to act together as a class, until their predominance in an industrial age is recognized. When once wage-workers are known to be the most powerful as a class, then social institutions will change in accordance with their interests. It was curious to see how this, the central principle of his creed, absorbed him. It was the criterion of all his judgments, and it gave color and meaning to everything he saw. Generally he noticed little of what was about him. The inferno of those city streets at night seemed not to impress him as we passed. All the varied play of life upon them did not divert him from preoccupation in what he was telling me of the work of organization among wage-earners. Once only his attention was drawn off, and even then his habitual cast of thought moulded the new impression. In glancing up, his eyes had fallen upon a building newly occupied as a department store. It was Saturday evening, and, for some reason, the place was still open. Streams of shoppers were entering the doors and pouring from them. More even than by day, the store gave at night an impression of a bee-hive in full activity. The swarming of the crowds within, the lights from a hundred windows, and the brave array of goods formed the outer picture. But Kovnitz said nothing of that.

"There are two men in that store who are as different in general character as men can be," he remarked to me, as we stood at the curb. "One of them," he went on, "is a man of scholarly instincts. He is a disciple of Kant, and knows the Kantian philosophy well. Just now he is giving his leisure to reading Goethe. He is an enthusiast in philosophy and literature, and a man of really fine sensibilities. The other chap is a human brute, and looks it. Nothing interests him beyond his business and his dissipations. Both of these men are at the head of departments of ready-made garments in the store, and I know that they both draw salaries of $4,000 a year. They have good business heads, and manage their departments well, but what makes them specially valuable to their employers is the fact that they know thoroughly the sweating system. They keep carefully informed on the condition of the labor market, and the demand for work; and, when the competition is keenest among the sub-contractors and the workers, they know how to pit the bidders against one another, until the tasks are finally let out at the lowest possible figures. Mrs. Stone is making boys'

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waists for thirty-five cents a dozen, and there are more than 20,000 sweatshops in Chicago where similar prices prevail, and Chicago is but one of a score of cities in this country where sweating is in vogue."

Late that night, after the labor meeting, I was passing the store again. I was alone, for Kovnitz had gone home another way. The street lay quiet, and almost deserted through its length, and I could hear the echo of my tread under the glare of electrics. The sound of jangling music came faintly from a long line of almost continuous saloons. There was some movement in front of them which contrasted sharply with the general desertion of the street.

One is rarely at a loss to trace the antecedents of a sharp impression, and I can remember clearly that I was conscious of a man and woman who stood talking in low tones as I passed, and who disappeared that moment in an open passage. The next instant I was keenly alive to them, for I heard the woman scream as though in mortal fear, and turning, I saw the man dragging her violently out upon the pavement. Events followed one another then in quick succession. I was near enough to watch them at close range, and I had the sense of interpreting them as they moved. I saw the instant flash of anger in the face of a young mechanic who stood near, and the first quick thrust of his arm which sent the man reeling from the girl, then the swift onslaught of the two men, and I heard the rain of blows and oaths, and the loud asseverations of the one attacked that he was an officer, while the crowd thickened about them, and the girl pleaded piteously to be loosed from the grasp of someone who held her.

Two officers in uniform came down upon us from opposite quarters, and the fighting gave way to noisy explanations. It developed then that the attack had been made upon an officer in citizens' clothes who was doing detective duty against street-walkers. But he was wholly to blame for the disturbance, I thought; for he had handled his prisoner with needless violence, and the blow from the mechanic was so obviously the instinctive, chivalrous act of a man who sees a woman ill-treated. Technically, however, he was guilty of "resisting an officer while in the discharge of his duty," and he must answer for it, so that the group which started for the Harrison Street Station-house was made up of the three officers, the girl, the mechanic, and four or five stragglers, of whom I was one.

It was easy to learn at the station what course the case had taken. Both prisoners were admitted to bail, and bondsmen having been found, they went free that night under a charge to appear before the court on a certain morning of the following week. When the morning came I was on hand too, for by that time I had given up my job in the factory.

I went early, not knowing at what hour the case might come up, and, although there were already many persons seated on the wooden forms, I looked carefully through both of the court-rooms without seeing those in whom my interest lay. Finding a vacant seat in the inner room, I sat there, watching intently the changing groups at the bar. They were made up of the commonest criminals of the town, and it was rare that a novice appeared to disturb the atmosphere of perfect naturalness. Law-breakers they were without question; the magistrate knew them as well as the police, and frequently he spoke to them by familiar names, reminding them of earlier warnings and threatening them with severer penalties for the future. It was a sort of clearing-house, where a certain residuum of habitual criminals was dealt with by a doctrine of averages in an effort to regulate and control the crime inevitable in a great city.

Sitting beside me on the form was a young girl, plainly dressed, with an air of perfect neatness. Her gloved hands lay folded in her lap and in one of them she held a purse. Her mackintosh of dark material was unbuttoned and thrown open, with the cape falling loosely over her arms. It was the trimness of her hair and a certain trig simplicity in her hat which struck me first, and, when she spoke, the tone and manner were in keeping with her quietness of dress.

"Will you tell me, please, what time it is?" she asked, and, having learned the hour, "What are *you* up for?" she continued, abruptly.

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There was nothing about her which had in the least prepared me for the question, and I floundered about in an explanation that I was there merely out of interest in a case which I expected to come up in the course of the morning.

She smiled wearily at that, regarding me with eyes which asked whether I knew how young I was and how dreary that sort of thing made her feel. I was afraid that I had cut short the conversation and was delighted when she continued, quite simply :

"*I'm* up for shop-lifting. It was at Walker's, and it was the hardest luck, for I had everything well concealed. But they suspected me, and, when they brought me here, the matron searched me and soon found the goods. And there I was, red-handed! Now I'm trying to think up some story, but the judge knows me and he warned me well last time."

It was charming then, for we fell to talking as though we had known each other long. Her small gray eyes that looked straight into mine were as frank and innocent as a child's. There was little beauty but an entire composure in the lines of her face, heightened by a natural pallor very becoming to her. Her features betrayed no nervousness, and one saw the change of feeling only in her eyes and in a subtle quality in her smile which was expressive and sometimes sweet.

We were two children, who had met by chance, and, sitting there in the dingy light of a station-house court-room, we were presently unaware of anything but the fact that we had a great deal to tell each other. I told her of the mechanic and the girl, and she half believed me, and, in turn, began to tell me of herself. There was no system in her story, only a simple sequence of spontaneity that charmed me. I had but to listen and watch her inscrutable face and ask questions where my dull intuitions were at fault. In the foreground was the incident of shoplifting, and running from that was a chain of events which led back inevitably into the distant perspective of memory. She had never an air of giving me her confidence, rather of speaking freely as man to man.

It was bad to be caught at shop-lifting, and the more annoying because she had so often carried it off with success. At the best, shop-lifting was a wretched business, entailing much anxiety both in getting and disposing of the goods. But there was the stubborn fact that one must live. Of course she had worked as a shop-girl earning $3.50 a week. And here she began to count up on her fingers the items of bare subsistence with their cost, and the smile with which she concluded was touched with the question, "When you have spent your all upon mere living, what have you left to live on?" There had been something of this idea in her protest to her employer, and he met her frankly with the assurance that, if she found it impossible to live on her wages, it would give him pleasure to introduce her to a "gentleman friend." Other employments which were open to her were no better in point of wages; some of them were not so good, but they were all alike in offering relief by the way suggested at the department store.

"I'm not what you'd call a 'good girl,'" she said, "only, you know, I'd so much rather die than do that."

And the revulsion of the child's nature against what to her was this infinite terror led her to tell me of her bringing up. Her memory did not go back to the beginning of her stay in a convent near Dublin, where her parents placed her to be taught. Life had begun for her in the peaceful routine of the sisterhood. All her deepest impressions were got there, and, when as a child of twelve, she came out to emigrate with her people to America, she was instantly in a new world on leaving the convent walls. It had been an almost overwhelming discovery to her to find that the standards of goodness and purity which prevailed within were apparently almost unknown outside the convent. It staggered her intelligence as a child, and, during a long experience of earning her living as a girl, she had slowly constructed a philosophy of life which was drawn from the facts of hard struggle with a world which seemed bent upon compassing her ruin.

She spoke reverently of the teachings of the sisters, and of the influence of their devoted work. "But you know," she

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added, "I cannot believe any longer that only those are Christians who are members of the Catholic Church, and that all others will be lost. The world would be too horrible, if that were true. To be a Christian must be simply to follow Christ."

It was from this revery that we were roused by the loud calling of her name. I watched her walk to the bar and stand there with perfect composure, while the clerk read the indictment, and the witnesses were mechanically sworn, and the girl was heard, and the magistrate gave his verdict.

"Minnie," he said, in closing, "I told you, when you were here last, that the next time you came up, you should go to the Bridewell, and now to the Bridewell you shall go. Minnie, why can't a smart girl like you be decent?"

Her profile was toward me, and I saw a faint smile play for a moment on the clear lines of her face.

"Your honor," she replied, "it is a little late now, but when I began to earn my living I wanted nothing so much as the chance to be decent."

Meanwhile, two reporters were quickly sketching her where she stood—a singularly well-poised figure—while others were noting the salient facts of the case; for it was a good "story," having already attracted attention. With wide notoriety as a thief, she went to prison that day, and when she came out a not too hospitable world was the more on its guard against her. An officer accompanied her from the room, but she did not forget to nod to me and smile as she passed out.

Engrossed as I had been in Minnie, I had not noticed the coming of the mechanic and the girl whose case had drawn me there. I saw them now when I looked around. The sight of the girl was perplexing at first, for she sat with another woman at the end of a neighboring form, and they looked so much alike that I could not distinguish the one who was there on trial. Crossing the passage, I asked leave to sit beside them. They drew up at once to make room for me, and I saw then that the girl next me was the prisoner. The other was a twin sister, as she frankly told me, and the resemblance fully sustained her. I explained that I had come to the station-house because I happened to see the affair of a few nights before, and was anxious to find what course it would take in court. The girl agreed with me that the mechanic was in no way to blame.

"He never know'd that it was an officer that was draggin' me down the steps, and out into the street. I never know'd it neither till I see his star under his coat. I thought he was crazy, and was goin' to kill me like 'Jack the Ripper.'" She was a girl in age, and obviously one of the most helpless of her order.

There is a common impression that such women are attracted to their ruin by vanity and a love of dress. You lose that idea among the wrecks who walk the city streets at night. Anything to flatter their vanity or to gratify their taste is the least likely of all possible experiences to most of them. It is a matter of keeping soul and body together. Some are dexterous pick-pockets, who make large hauls at times, not always, however, for themselves; most are ill-fed, ill-dressed slaves, who, when their tributes are paid, are penniless. Any degree of viciousness may be found among them, and you may find as well a high degree of the innocence of the unmoral, the sense of morality completely lost in the instinct of self-preservation.

The girl beside me was like fragile porcelain, her thin lips and nostrils and delicate skin all marred by a pasty, white unwholesomeness. There was a hectic flush in her sister's face and her eyes were ablaze with disease. We were talking about the case and drifted naturally into further talk about themselves. They were orphans and had long supported themselves by working in a tobacco factory, but there their health had failed, and when they were well enough to work again, they found employment in a laundry. To supplement the "sweating" wages, they had taken to street-walking, and then their end was near. But they spoke as frankly of this last as a "business" as of the earlier occupations, and you saw that, to their thinking, it was only a degree more complete a sale of soul and body.

"But business is poor," the ill sister was saying, presently, "and I ain't very well, which I wouldn't mind, but there's my baby, and, if anything happens to me, who's goin' to take care of him? You don't

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think I've got consumption, do you?" And she turned upon me a face with the cheeks sunk to the bone and the eyes dilating with the fire which was burning out her life.

When our case came up, it went through without a hitch. The officer told his story with a pompousness that was due to wounded pride, and he dwelt over-much upon his efforts to make his assailant understand from the first that he himself was a member of the force. The girl was simplicity and frankness itself; not an effort to conceal her character, but a straightforwardness about the officer's brutal roughness which threw it into strong relief. But the young mechanic was the best. He was new to courts as he abundantly proved, and when his turn came to testify, he stood licking his dry lips like one with stage-fright. Speech came haltingly from him at the first, while his face flushed, but the sense of injustice urged him on to a perfectly clear statement of how, while "doing the town," he had seen this girl ill-treated and had struck the man without knowing that he was an officer.

I knew that all was well, for I saw a smile pass vaguely now and then over the magistrate's face, and when he spoke, the girl was dismissed with a fine and the young mechanic with a friendly warning against "doing the town," while the officer was held up in open court for reproof and told that, if he knew no better how to handle his prisoners, he was ignorant of the first principles of the special service to which he had been assigned.

It is only a few steps from the station-house to the heart of the business section of the city. I passed through it now, as I often did, for the sake of the feeling that it gives one of the reach and strength of the industrial forces which are centred there. Here is no sense of failure or of loss, but of energy and skill trained to high efficiency in the co-operation of productive powers. Men are there producing for all mankind, and in spite of the present waste of human life, I cannot doubt that, with the problems of production so widely solved, the genius of the race is turning surely to the subtler questions of a fairer distribution.

THE PINES OF LORY*

By J. A. Mitchell

IX—A SINNER'S RECOMPENSE

AFTER a lapse of time—an unremembered period of whose length he had no conception—Pats awoke.

Was it a little temple of carved wood in which he lay? At each corner stood a column; above him a little dome of silk, ancient and much faded. Gradually—and slowly—he realized that he was reposing on a bed of vast dimensions and in a room whose furnishings belonged to a previous century. A mellow, golden light pervaded the apartment. This light, which gave to all things in the room an air of unreality—as in an ancient painting luminous with age—came from the sunshine entering through a piece of antiquated silk, placed by considerate hands against the window.

Pats's wandering eyes encountered a lady in a chair. She sat facing him, a few feet away, her head resting easily against the carved woodwork behind, a hand upon each arm of the seat. She was asleep. In this golden mist she seemed to the half-dreaming man a vision from another world—something too good to be true—a divine presence that might vanish if he moved. Or, perhaps, she might fade back into a frame and prove to be only another

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of the portraits that hung about the room. So far as he could judge, with his slowly awakening senses, he was gazing upon the most entrancing face he had ever beheld. At first the face was unfamiliar, but soon, with returning memory, he recalled it. But it seemed thinner now. There were dark lines beneath the eyes, and something about the mouth gave an impression of weariness and care; and these were not in the face as he had known it. However, the closed lids, and the head resting calmly against the back of the high chair made a tranquil picture. For a long time he lay immovable, his eyes drinking in the vision. There was nothing to disturb the silence save the solemn ticking of a clock in another part of the cottage. He heard, beyond the big tapestry, the sound of a dog snapping at a fly. Pats smiled and would have whistled to Solomon, but he remembered the weary angel by his bed. With a sort of terror he recalled this lady's capacity for contempt.

Being too warm for comfort he pushed, with exceeding gentleness and caution, the bed-clothes farther from his chin. But the movement, although absolutely noiseless, as he believed, caused the eyes of the sleeper to open. She arose, then stood beside him. A cool hand was laid gently upon his forehead; another drew up the bed-clothes to his chin, as they were before. With anxious eyes he studied her face, and when he found therein neither contempt nor aversion he experienced an overwhelming joy. And she, detecting in the invalid's eyes an unwonted look, bent over and regarded him more intently. As his eyes looked into hers he smiled, faintly, experimentally, in humble adoration. The face above him lit up with pleasure. In a very low tone she exclaimed:

"You are feeling better!"

He undertook to reply but no voice responded. He tried again, and succeeded in whispering:

"Has anything happened?"

"You have been very ill."

"How long?"

"This is the eighth day."

"The eighth day!" He frowned in a mental effort to unravel the past. "Then I must have been—out of my head."

"Yes, most of the time." She was watching him with anxious eyes. "Perhaps you would better not talk much now. Try and sleep again."

"No, I am—full of sleep. Is this the same house — we discovered that first day?"

"Yes."

He closed his eyes, and again she rested a hand upon his brow.

"Who is here besides you?" he asked.

"No one—except Solomon."

"Solomon!" and he smiled. "Is Solomon well?"

"Oh, yes! Very well."

"Then you have taken care of me all this time?"

She turned away and took up a glass of water from a table near the bed.

"Yes; Solomon and I together. Are you thirsty? Would you like anything?"

Pats closed his eyes and took a long breath. There was no use in trying to say what he felt, so he answered in a husky voice, which he found difficult to control:

"Thank you. I *am* thirsty."

"Would you like tea or a glass of water?"

"Water, please."

"Or, would you prefer grapes?"

"Grapes!"

"Yes, grapes, or oranges, or pears, whichever you prefer."

His look of incredulity seemed to amuse her. "Do you remember the two boxes and the barrel left by the *Maid of the North* on the beach with our baggage?"

He nodded.

"Well, one of those boxes was filled with fruit."

"Is there plenty for both of us?"

"More than enough."

"Then I will have a glass of water first and then grapes—and all the other things."

He drank the water, and as she took away the empty glass, he said, in a serious tone: "Miss Marshall, I wish I could tell you how mortified I am and how—how——"

"Mortified! At what?"

"All this trouble—this—whole business."

"But you certainly could not help it!"

"That's very kind of you, but it's all wrong—all wrong!"

She smiled and moved away, and as she

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drew aside the tapestry and disappeared, he turned his face to the wall, and muttered, "Disgraceful! Disgraceful! I must get well fast."

And he carried out this resolve. Every hour brought new strength. In less than a week he was out of bed and sitting up. During this early period of convalescence —the period of tremulous legs and ravenous hunger—the Fourth of July arrived, and they celebrated the occasion by a sumptuous dinner. There was soup, sardines, cold tongue, dried-apple sauce, baked potatoes, fresh bread and preserved pears, and the last of the grapes. At table, Elinor faced the empty chair that held the miniature, for the absent lady's right to that place was always respected. Pats sat at the end facing the door. They dined at noon. A bottle of claret was opened and they drank to the health of Uncle Sam.

Toward the end of the dinner, Pats arose, and with one hand on the table to reinforce his treacherous legs, held aloft his glass. Looking over to the dog, who lay by the open door, his head upon his paws, he said:

"Solomon, here's to a certain woman; of all women on earth the most unselfish and forgiving, the most perfect in spirit and far and away the most beautiful—the Ministering Angel of the Pines. God bless her!"

At these words Solomon, as if in recognition of the sentiment, arose from his position near the door, walked to Elinor's side and, with his habitual solemnity, looked up into her eyes.

"Solomon," said Pats, "you have the soul of a gentleman."

In Elinor's pale face there was a warmer color as she bent over and caressed the dog.

After the dinner all three walked out into the pines, Pats leaning on the lady's arm. The day was warm. But the gentle, southerly breeze came full of life across the Gulf. And the water itself, this day, was the same deep, vivid blue as the water that lies between Naples and Vesuvius. The convalescent and his nurse stopped once or twice to drink in the air—and the scene.

Pats filled his lungs with a long, deep breath. "I feel very light. Hold me fast, or I may float away."

Both his head and his legs seemed flighty and precarious. Those two glasses of claret were proving a little too much—they had set his brain a-dancing. But this he kept to himself. She noticed the high spirits, but supposed them merely an invalid's delight in getting out of doors.

Under the big trees they rested for a time, in silence, Elinor gazing out across the point, over the glistening sea beyond. The shade of the pines they found refreshing. The convalescent lay at full length, upon his back, looking up with drowsy eyes into the cool, dark canopy, high above. Soothing to the senses was the sighing of the wind among the branches.

"This is good!" he murmured. "I could stay here forever."

"That may be your fate," and her eyes moved sadly over the distant, sailless sea. "It is a month to-day that we have been here."

"So it is, a whole month!"

Elinor sighed. "There is something wrong, somewhere. It seems to me the natural—the only thing—would be for somebody to hunt us up."

"Certainly."

"Could they have sailed by this bay and missed us?"

"Not unless they were idiots. Everybody on the steamer knew we sailed into a bay to get here."

"Still, they may have missed us."

"Well, suppose they did go by us, once or twice, or several times; people don't abandon their best friends and brothers in that off-hand fashion."

After a pause he added, "Something may have happened to Father Burke or to Louise."

"But even then," said Elinor, turning toward him, "wouldn't they try and discover why I had not arrived? And wouldn't they hunt *you* up?"

"No, I was to be a surprise. None of them knew I was coming. They think I am still in South Africa."

There was a long silence, broken at last by Pats. "What a hideous practical joke I have turned out! In the first place I strand you here and——"

"No! I was very unjust that day and have repented—and tried to atone."

"Atone! You! Angels defend us!

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If atonement was due from you, where am I? Instead of getting you away, I go out of my head and have a fever—and am fed—like a baby."

She smiled. "That is hardly your fault."

"Yes, it is. No *man* would do it. Pugs and Persian cats do that sort of thing. For men there are proper times for giving out. But there is one thing I should like to say—that is, that my life is yours. This skeleton belongs to you, and the soul that goes with it. Henceforth I shall be your slave. I do not aspire to be treated as your equal; just an abject, reverent, willing slave."

She smiled and played with the ears of the sleeping Solomon.

"I am serious," and Pats raised himself on one elbow. "Just from plain, unvarnished gratitude—if from nothing else—I shall always do whatever you command—live, die, steal, commit murder, scrub floors, anything—I don't care what."

"Do you really mean it?"

"I do."

"Then stop talking."

With closed eyes he fell back into his former position. But again, partially raising himself, he asked, "May I say just one thing more?"

"No."

Again he fell back, and there was silence.

For a time Elinor sat with folded hands gazing dreamily beyond the point over the distant gulf, a dazzling, vivid blue beneath the July sun. When at last she turned with a question upon her lips and saw the closed eyes and tranquil breathing of the convalescent, she held her peace. Then came a drowsy sense of her own fatigue. Cautiously, that the sleeper might not awake, she also reclined, at full length, and closed her eyes. Delicious was the soft air; restful the carpet of pine-needles. No cradle-song could be more soothing than the muffled voices of the pines: and the lady slept.

But Pats was not asleep. He soon opened his eyes and gazed dreamily upward among the branches overhead, then moved his eyes in her direction. For an easier study of the inviting creature not two yards away, he partially raised himself on an elbow. The contemplation of this lady he had found at all times entrancing; but now, from her unconscious carelessness and freedom she became of absorbing interest. Her dignity was asleep, as it were: her caution forgotten. With captivated eyes he drank in the graceful outlines of her figure beneath the white dress, the gentle movement of the chest, the limp hands on the pine-needles. Some of the pride and reserve of the clean-cut, patrician face—of which he stood in awe—had melted away in slumber.

Maybe the murmur of the pines with the drowsy, languorous breeze relaxed his conscience; at all events the contours of the upturned lips were irresistible. Silently he rolled over once—the soft carpet of pine-needles abetting the manœuvre—until his face was at right angles to her own, and very near. Then cautiously and slowly he pressed his lips to hers. This contact brought a thrill of ecstasy—an intoxication to his senses. But the joy was brief.

More quickly than his startled wits could follow she had pushed away his face and risen to her feet. Erect, with burning cheeks, she looked down into his startled eyes with an expression that brought him sharply to his senses. It was a look of amazement, of incredulity, of contempt—of everything in short that he had hoped never to encounter in her face again. For a moment she stood regarding him, her breast heaving, a stray lock of hair across a hot cheek, the most distant, the most exalted, and the most beautiful figure he had ever seen. Then, without a word, she walked away. Across the open, sunlit space his eyes followed her, until, through the doorway of the cottage, she disappeared.

For a moment he remained as he was, upon the ground, half reclining, staring blankly at the doorway. Then, slowly, he lowered himself and lay at full length along the ground, his face in his hands.

Of the flight of time he had no knowledge: but, at last, when he rose to his feet he appeared older. He was paler. His eyes were duller. About the mouth had come lines which seemed to indicate a painful resolution. But to the shrunken legs he had summoned a sufficient force to carry him, without wavering, to the cottage door. He entered and dropped, as

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a man uncertain of his strength, into the nearest chair—the one beside the doorway. Solomon, who had followed at his heels, looked up inquiringly into the emaciated face. Its extraordinary melancholy may have alarmed him. But Pats paid no attention to his dog. He looked at Elinor who was ironing, at the heavy table—the dining-table—in the centre of the room. Her sleeves were rolled back to the elbow; her head bent slightly over as she worked.

The afternoon sun flooded the space in his vicinity and reached far along the floor, touching the skirt of her dress. Behind her the old tapestry with the two marble busts formed a stately background. To the new arrivals she paid no attention.

After a short rest to recover his breath, and his strength, Pats cleared his throat.

"Miss Marshall, you will never know, for I could not begin to tell you—how sorry—how, how ashamed I am for having done—what I did. I don't ask you to forgive me. If you were my sister and another man did it, I should—" He leaned back, at a loss for words.

"I don't say it was the claret. I don't try to excuse myself in any way. But one thing I ask you to believe: that I did not realize what I was doing."

He arose and stood with his hand on the back of the chair. As he went on his voice grew less steady. "Why, I look upon you as something sacred; you are so much finer, higher, better than other people. In a way I feel toward you as toward my mother's memory; and that is a holy thing. I could as soon insult one as the other. And I realize and shall never forget all that you have done for me."

In a voice over which he seemed to be losing control, he went on, more rapidly:

"And it's more than all that—it's more than gratitude and respect. I—" For an instant he hesitated, then his words came hotly, with a reckless haste. "I love you as I never thought of loving any human being. It began when I first saw you on the wharf. You don't know what it means. Why, I could lay down my life for you—a thousand times—and joyfully."

From Elinor these words met with no outward recognition. She went quietly on with her ironing.

Pats drew a deep breath, sank into his chair and muttered, in a lower tone, "I never meant to tell you that. Now I—I—have done it."

During the pause that followed these last words she said, quietly, without looking up:

"I knew it already."

He straightened up. "Knew what already?"

She lifted a collar she was ironing and examined it, but made no reply.

"You knew what already?" he repeated. "That I was in love with you?"

She nodded, still regarding the collar.

"Impossible!"

She laid the collar beside other collars already ironed and took up another; but he heard no answer.

"How did you know?" he asked. "From what?"

"From various things."

"What things?"

There was no reply.

"From things I did?"

She nodded, rather solemnly, and her face, what he could see of it—seemed very serious. Pats was watching her intently, and exclaimed, in surprise:

"That is very curious, for I kept it to myself!"

"Any woman would have known."

Pats leaned back, and frowned. A torturing thought possessed him. In an anxious tone he said: "I hope I did not talk much when I had the fever."

As she made no reply he studied the back of her head for some responsive motion. But none came.

"Did I?" he demanded.

"Yes."

A look of terror came into his face and his voice grew fainter as he asked: "Did I talk much at that time—about you?"

"Freely."

With trembling fingers he felt for his handkerchief and drew it across his brow. "Did I say things that—that—I should be ashamed of?"

She nodded.

Pats sunk lower in his chair and closed his eyes. Judging from the lines in his cadaverous face the last three minutes had added years to his age.

"Would you mind telling me," he asked in a deferential voice, so low that it barely

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reached her, "whether they were impertinent and ungentlemanly—or—or—what?"

"Everything."

His lips were dry, and on his face came a look of anguish—of unspeakable shame. There was a pause, broken only by the faint sound of the flat iron.

"Then I really talked about you—at one time?"

She nodded.

"More than once?"

"For days together."

Pats closed his eyes in pain, and there was a silence. Then he opened them. "Would you mind telling me some of the things I said?"

"I could not remember."

"Have you forgotten *all?*"

"No—but I prefer not repeating them."

On Pats's face the look of shame deepened. In a very low voice he said: "Please remember that I was not myself."

"I make allowance for that."

"Excuse my asking, but if I was out of my head and irresponsible what could I have said to make you believe that I was—in love with you?"

"You protested so violently that you were not."

With unspeakable horror and humiliation, Pats began to realize the awful possibilities of that divulgence of his most secret thoughts. A cold chill crept up his spine. He looked down, at the floor, from fear that she might glance in his direction and meet his eyes. Solomon, who felt there was trouble in the air, came nearer and placed his cold wet snout against the clinched hands of his master. But the hands were unresponsive.

At last, the stricken man mustered courage enough to ask, in a constrained voice: "It is not from curiosity I ask it, but would you mind telling me—giving me at least some idea of what I said?"

Elinor carefully deposited a neatly folded handkerchief upon a little pile of other handkerchiefs. Then, looking down at the table and not at Pats, she said calmly, as she continued her work:

"You said I was a pious hypocrite—cold-blooded and heartless—and a fool. You repeated a great many times that I was superior, pretentious, and 'everlastingly stuck on myself'—I think that was the expression. Of course I cannot repeat your own words. They were forcible, but exceedingly profane."

"Oh!"

"You kept mentioning three other men who could have me for all you cared."

Pats felt himself blushing. He frowned, grew hot and bit his lip. Mingled with his mortification came an impotent rage. He felt that behind her contempt she was laughing at him. As there was a pause he muttered, bitterly:

"Go on."

But she continued silently with her ironing.

"Please go on. Tell me more; the worst. I should like to know it."

Raising one of the handkerchiefs higher for a closer examination, she added: "You sang comic songs, inserting my name, and with language I supposed no gentleman could use——"

Pats gasped. His cheeks tingled. In shame he closed his eyes. The ticking of the old clock behind the door seemed to hammer his degradation still deeper into his aching soul. As his wandering, miserable gaze encountered the marble face of the Marshal of France he thought the old soldier was watching him in contemptuous enjoyment.

But Elinor went on quietly with her ironing.

Suddenly, into his feverish brain there came a thought, heaven-born, inspiring. It lifted him to his feet. With a firm stride he approached the table. No legs could have done it better. He stood beside her, but she turned her back as she went on with the ironing. His expression was of a man, exalted, yet anxious; and he spoke in a low but unruly voice.

"You say you have known I was in love with you ever since the fever."

She nodded slightly, without looking up.

"And yet you have been very—kind, and not, not annoyed or offended. Perhaps after all, you—you, oh, please turn around!"

But she did not turn, so he stepped around in front. Into her cheeks had come a sudden color, and in her eyes he saw the light that lifts a lover to the highest heaven.

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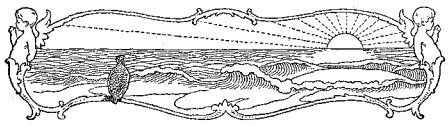
It was Pats's cry of joy and his impulsive and somewhat violent embrace of this lady that awakened the dog reposing by the door. Looking in the direction of the voice Solomon seemed to see but a single figure. This was a natural mistake. In another moment, however, he realized that extraordinary things were happening —that these two distinct and separate beings with a single outline signified some momentous change in human life. Whether from an overmastering sympathy, from envy, delicacy, or disgust, Solomon looked the other way. Then, thoughtfully, with drooping head, he walked slowly out and left the lovers to themselves.



X—TRAPPING A QUAIL

HAPPY were the days that followed. Pats, uplifted with his own joy, became a lavish dispenser of cheerfulness and folly. Elinor, with unclouded eyes and a warmer color in her cheeks, seemed to have drifted into the Harbor of Serenity. Both were at peace with creation.

In pleasant weather they strolled among the pines, worked in the little garden behind the house, fished, played upon the beach, or explored the neighborhood. When it rained, which was seldom, they cleaned up the house, read books and old letters, ransacking trunks and drawers trying to discover the secret of the departed owner. But in vain. The departed owner had been careful to leave no clew of his identity or of his reason for abiding there. They did find, however, between the leaves of a book, a little chart of the point done by his own hand apparently, and beneath it was written

La Pointe de Lory.

So they felt they had learned the name of the place, but whether it was the official name or one given by the old gentleman for his private use they could not discover.

"There is a town of St. Lory in the south of France," said Pats. "I knew a man who came from there. Perhaps our host was from that vicinity."

The days went by and no sail appeared. This, however, was of slight importance. In fact, during that first ecstatic period, nothing was important—that is, nothing like a ship. It was during this period they forgot to keep tally of time, and they either lost or gained a day, they knew not which —nor cared.

All days were good, whatever the weather. Time never dragged. With a companion of another temperament Elinor could easily have passed moments of depression. For a girl in her position there certainly was abundant material for regret. But the courage and the unwavering cheerfulness of Pats were contagious. He and melancholy were never partners. A discovery, however, was made one morning on the little beach that, for a moment at least, filled Elinor with misgivings.

Midway along this beach they found a bucket, rolling about on the sand, driven here and there by the incoming waves.

"That is worth saving," and Pats, watching his opportunity, followed up a receding breaker and procured the prize. It resembled a fire-bucket; and there were white letters around the centre. Elinor ran up and stood beside him, and, as he held it aloft, turning it slowly about to follow the words, both read aloud:

"Of—the—North—Maid."

"*Maid of the North!*" exclaimed Elinor, grasping Pats by the arm. "Oh, I hope nothing has happened to her!"

"Probably not. More likely some sailor lost it overboard." Then, looking up and down the beach, "There is no wreckage of any kind. If she had blown up or struck a rock there would surely be something more than one water-bucket to come ashore and tell us. I guess she is all right."

"But how exciting! It seems like meeting an old friend."

She held it in her own hands. "Poor thing! You did look so melancholy swashing about on this lonely beach."

When they returned to the house they carried the bucket with them.

Pats had his own misgivings, however. One or two other objects he had discerned floating on the water farther out, too far away to distinguish what they were. And the fact that no search had been made for Elinor was in itself disquieting.

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But as his chief aim at present was to bring contentment to the girl beside him, he carefully refrained from any betrayal of these doubts. Nothing else, however, that might cause alarm was washed ashore.

And Pats, all this time, was growing fat. His increasing plumpness was perceptible from day to day, and it proved a constant source of mirth to his companion. One morning he appeared in a pair of checkered trousers purchased in South Africa during his skeleton period. They seemed on the verge of exploding from the outward pressure of the legs within. Elinor made no effort to suppress her merriment. She called him "Fatsy." And to the dog, who regarded the trousers with his usual solemnity, she remarked,

"O, Solomon!
See him grow fat!
Our erstwhile skinny,
Diaphanous Pat."

But with "Fatsy's" flesh came increase of strength, and he proved a hard worker. As soon as he was strong enough he began to build the raft by which they hoped to cross the river. But progress was slow for his endurance had limits, and he could work but an hour or two each day. Their plan was to paddle across the river on this raft as they floated down. Owing to the swiftness of the current they built the raft nearly a mile farther up the stream. With the walk to and fro, which also taxed the builder's strength, the month of July brought little progress. One afternoon, they sauntered home, the broad, swift, silent river on their right, the sun just above the trees on the opposite bank. Close at hand, on their own side of the river the nearest pines stood forth in strong relief against the mysterious depths behind. Near the river's bank long shadows from these towering trunks lay in purple bars across the smooth, brown carpet. It was about half way home that the man, with an air of weariness, seated himself upon a fallen tree. Elinor regarded him with an anxious face.

"Patsy, you have done too much again." As he looked up, she saw in his eyes an expression she had learned to associate with levity and foolishness. "Be serious. You are very tired, now aren't you?"

"Just pleasantly tired. But if I were suddenly kissed by a popular belle it would give me new strength."

When, a moment later, he arose, fresh life and vigor seemed certainly to have been acquired. Catching her by the waist, he hummed a waltz and away they floated, over the pine-needles, he in gray and she in white, like wingless spirits of the wood. When the waltz had ended and they were walking hand in hand, and a little out of breath, the lady remarked:

"When I am frivolous in these woods I feel very wicked. They are so silent and reserved themselves, so solemn and so very high-minded that it seems a desecration."

"All wrong," said Pats. "This is a temple built for lovers: shady, spacious, and jammed full of mystery—and safe."

"But it's the spaciousness and mystery that make it so like a temple and suggest serious thoughts."

"Not to a healthy mind. Oh, no! This gloom is here for a purpose. Pious thoughts should seek the light, but lovers need obscurity. They always have and they always will."

A few steps farther on he stopped and faced her, still holding her hand: "If you will feed the hens to-night, bring in the wood and wash the dishes, you may embrace me once again—now, right here."

She snatched away her head. He sprang forward to catch her—but she was away, beyond his reach. She ran on ahead and Pats, after a short pursuit, gave up the chase, for his fallible legs were still unfit for speed. With a mocking laugh and a wave of the hand she hastened on toward the cottage. Following more leisurely he watched the graceful figure in the white dress hurrying on before him until it was lost among the pines.

Just at the edge of the woods, not a hundred feet from the house, he stopped. Standing behind a tree so that Elinor, if she came to the door, could not see him, he whistled three notes. These notes, clear and full, were in imitation of a quail. And he did it exceedingly well. The imitation was masterly.

But no one appeared at the cottage door, and after a short silence he repeated the call.

"Perfect!"

Pats started and turned about.

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"A very clever hoax!"

And as Elinor stepped forth from behind a neighboring tree, there was a look in her eyes that caused the skilful deceiver to bow his head. With a slight movement of the hands, the palms turned outward, as if in surrender, he offered a mute appeal for mercy.

"So you are that quail!" And slowly up and down she moved her head as if realizing with reluctance the bitterness of the discovery. "What fun you must have had in fooling me so often and so easily! And the many times that I have hurried to that door and waited to hear it again! What was my offence that you should pay me back in such a fashion?"

"Oh, don't put it that way! Don't speak like that!"

"And my sentiment about it! My saying that I loved the sound because it took me back to my own home in Massachusetts—all that must have been very amusing."

"Listen. Let me explain."

"And to keep on making me ridiculous, day after day, when I was on the verge of collapse from pure exhaustion—yes, it showed a nice feeling."

"Elinor, you are very unjust. Let me tell you just how it happened. The first morning that I could walk as far as this, you left me here at this very spot, and you went back to the house. I was told to whistle if I wanted anything. You remember?"

Almost imperceptibly and with contempt she nodded.

"Well, when I did whistle, I whistled in that way—like a quail. You thought it was a real quail and you didn't come out. When finally you helped me back you spoke of hearing a quail, and of how much pleasure it gave you. You hoped he would not go away." And he smiled, humbly, as he added: "And you made me promise not to shoot him."

She merely turned her eyes away, over the river, toward the sunset.

"And I thought then that if it gave you so much pleasure, why not keep on with it? The Lord knows the favors a helpless invalid can bestow are few enough! And the Lord also knows that I have no accomplishments. I cannot sing, or play, or recite poetry. At that time I could not even start a fire or bring in water. In fact, my sole accomplishment was to imitate a bird. 'Tis a humble gift, but I resolved to make the most of it."

She stood facing him, about a dozen feet away, a striking figure, with the light from the setting sun on her white dress, the dark recesses of the wood for a background. Into her face came no signs of relenting. But he detected in her eyebrows a slight movement as if to maintain a frown, and he ventured nearer; slowly, as a dog just punished manœuvres for forgiveness. Removing his straw hat he knelt before her, his eyes upon the ground.

"I confess to a guilty feeling every time I did it. I knew a day of reckoning would come. But I was postponing it. I am ashamed, really ashamed; but on my honor my motive was good. Please be merciful."

"Are you serious?—or trying to be funny, and not really caring much about it?"

"I am serious; very serious."

"Do you realize what a contemptible trick it was—how mean-spirited and ungrateful?"

Lower still sank his head. "I do."

"And you promise never to deceive me again?"

"I swear it."

"You value my good opinion, I suppose."

"I would rather die than lose it!"

"Well, you have lost it; and forever."

From the bowed head came a groan. At this point Solomon approached the kneeling figure and placed his nose inquiringly against the criminal's ear. And the criminal involuntarily shrank from the cold contact. At this the lady smiled, but unobserved by the kneeling man.

"Are you sincerely and thoroughly ashamed?"

"Yumps."

"What?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"I don't like your manner."

"Please like it. I am honest now. I shall always be good."

"You couldn't. It isn't in you."

"There is going to be a mighty effort."

"Get up!"

He obeyed. As their eyes met he smiled, but with a frown she pointed toward the cottage. "Turn around and walk humbly with your head down. You are not

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to speak until spoken to. And you are to be in disgrace for three days."

"Oh! Three days?"

"Go ahead."

And again he obeyed.

Elinor was firm. For three days the disgrace endured. But it was not of a nature to demolish hope or even to retard digestion. And Solomon, who was a keen observer, displayed no unusual sympathy, and evidently failed to realize that his master was in any serious trouble.

On pleasant evenings Pats and Elinor often went to the beach below and sat upon the rocks, always attended by Solomon, the only chaperon at hand. Here they were nearer the water. And one evening they found much happiness in watching a big, round moon as it rose from the surface of the Gulf. The silence, the shimmer of the moonlight on the waters —all tended to draw lovers closer together. Already the heads of these two people were so near that the faintest tones sufficed. And they murmured many things—things strictly between themselves, that would appear of an appalling foolishness if repeated here—or anywhere. They also talked on serious subjects; subjects so transcendentally serious as to be of interest only by night. Like all other lovers they exchanged confidences. Once, when Pats was speaking of his family she suddenly withdrew her hand. "By the way, there is something to be explained. Tell me about that interview with your father."

"Which interview?"

"The disgraceful, murderous one."

Pats reflected. "There were several."

"Oh, Patsy! Are you so bad as that?"

"As what?"

"But you did not mean to do him injury, did you?"

"*I* do *him* injury?" he inquired, in a mild surprise. "Why, what are you driving at, Elinor?"

"I mean the quarrel in the arbor."

"And what happened?"

"You know very well."

"Indeed I do! But there were several quarrels. Which one do you mean?"

"I mean the one when you were violent —and murderous."

"But I wasn't."

"Yes, you were. I know all about it."

"If you know all about it what do you want me to tell?"

"Tell about the worst quarrel of all."

"That must have been the last one."

"Well, tell me about that."

Pats took a long breath, then began: "The old gentleman was a hot Catholic. There was no harm in that, you will think. And I am not such a fool as to spoil a night like this by a religious discussion."

"Go on."

"Well, he insisted upon my becoming a Catholic priest. Now, for a young man just out of college—and Harvard College at that—it was a good deal to ask. Wasn't it?"

"Continue."

"One day in that summer-house he sailed away into one of his tempers—did you ever happen to see him in that condition?"

"No, but I have heard of them."

"Well, my mother was a Unitarian. So was I. And the gulf between a Unitarian and a Catholic priest is about as wide as from here to that moon. It was like asking me to become a beautiful young lady —or a green elephant—I simply couldn't. Perhaps you agree with me?"

"Go on. Don't ask so many questions."

"I told him, respectfully, it was impossible. Then as he made a rush for me I saw, from his eyes and his white face, that murder and sudden death were in the air. Being younger I could dodge him and get away, and that so increased his fury that he fell down on the gravel walk in a sort of convulsion—or fit. I ran into the house for assistance, and while Sally and Martha tried to bring him to I went for the doctor."

A silence followed this story. At last Elinor inquired if his father persisted.

"Persisted! That question, oh, Angel Cook, shows how little you knew my father! As soon as he recovered he lost no time in telling me to leave the house and never see him again."

"And what happened?"

"I vanished."

"Oh!" A sympathetic pressure of his hand and the girl beside him leaned closer still. "Horrible! So you wandered out into the world and this is your home-coming. Well, Patsy, I shall never treat you

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in that way. When you are very obstinate I shall just put my arms around your neck and treat you very differently."

"Well," said Pats, "I think it safer for you to be doing that most of the time, anyway. It might stave off any inclination to obstinacy."

Here followed a snug, celestial silence, broken at last by Pats. "Would you mind telling me, O Light of the North, where you heard I was the attacking party at that interview?"

"No, I must not tell."

"Did Father Burke make you promise?"

"Why do you mention *him?*"

"For lots of reasons. One is that he is the only person on earth who could possibly have told you. But it was clever of him to warn you against me. I knew from his expression when he said good-by, on the boat, that he thought he had settled my prospects, and to his perfect satisfaction. However, I don't ask you to betray him. And I bear no malice. He did his best to undo me, but Love and all the angels were on my side."

She laughed gently. "And you all made a strong combination, Patsy."

Then another long silence, and soon he felt the lady leaning more heavily against him. The head drooped and he knew she slumbered. Having no wish to disturb her, he sat for a while without moving, and watched the moon and thought delectable thoughts of the creature by his side. And as his thoughts, involuntarily, and in an amiable spirit, travelled back to Father Burke, he smiled as he pictured quite a different expression on the face of the priest when he should learn what had happened. And the smile seemed reflected in the radiant countenance of the big, round moon mounting slowly in the heavens. She appeared to beam approval upon him and upon the precious burden he supported. But with the drowsiness which soon came stealing over him he saw —or dreamed he saw—out in the glistening path of light between the moon and him, not far from where he sat, an object like a human face, upturned, moving gently with the waves. And mingling among the quivering moonbeams around the head was a silvery halo that might be the hair of Father Burke; for the face resembled his.

Pats was startled and became wide awake. Even then, he thought he had a glimpse of the face with its silver hair, as it drifted out of the bar of light into the darkness, slowly, toward the sea.

XI—FOOD FOR THOUGHT

THERE came, with August, a perceptible shortening of the days. Cooler nights gave warning that the brief Canadian summer was nearing its end.

Pats labored on the raft, but the work was long. A float that would bear in safety two people down the river's current —and possibly out to sea—demanded size and strength and weight. Felling trees, trimming logs, and steering them down the river to the "ship-yard," proved a slower undertaking than had been foreseen. But nobody complained. The air they breathed and the life they led were in themselves annihilators of despair. It was an exhilarating, out-of-door life; a life of love and labor and of ecstatic repose.

Both Elinor and Pats were up with the sun, and the days were never too long. To them it mattered little whether the evenings were long or short or cold or warm, for by the time the dishes were washed and the chores were done they became too sleepy to be of interest to each other. And when the lady retired to her own chamber behind the tapestries, Pats, at his end of the cottage, always whistled gently or broke the silence in one way or another as a guarantee of distance; that she might feel a greater security.

As for lovers' quarrels none occurred that were seriously respected by either party. In fact there was but little to break the monotony of that solid, absolute content with which all days began and ended.

'Tis love that makes the world go round.

There is no doubt of that, but two lovers, with unfailing appetites, however exalted their devotion, are sure, in time, to produce conspicuous results with any ordinary store of provisions. In the present instance the discovery—or realization—of

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this truth was accidental. It came one morning as Elinor, in a blue and white apron, with sleeves rolled up, was preparing corn-bread at the kitchen table—so they called the table near the fireplace at the end of the room. Pats came up from the cellar with a face of unusual seriousness. "I have been an awful fool!"

She looked up with her sweetest smile. "And that troubles you, darling?"

Without replying he laid three potatoes on the table.

"I told you to get four."

"These are the last."

"Isn't there a second barrel?"

"No."

"Why, Patsy! We both saw it!"

"That's where I was a fool. I took it for granted the other barrel held potatoes because it looked like the first one."

"But it was full of something."

"Yes, but not potatoes. It is crockery, glass-ware, a magnificent table-set. Old Sèvres, I should say."

"What a shame!" And with the back of a hand whose fingers were covered with corn-meal, she brushed a stray lock from her face.

"Yes," he went on, "it's a calamity, for we cannot afford it. I took an account of stock while I was down there, and all we have now in the way of vegetables is the dried apples. Of course, there's the garden truck—the peas, beans, and the corn—if it ever ripens."

After further conversation on that subject Elinor said, with a sigh: "Well, we did enjoy those baked potatoes! We shall have to eat more eggs, that's all."

"Eggs!" And his face became distorted. "I am so chock full of eggs now that everything looks yellow. I dream of them. I cackle in my sleep. My whole interior is egg. I breathe and think egg. I gag when I hear a hen."

"But you are going to eat them all the same. We have a dozen a day and you must do your share."

"I won't."

"Yes, you will."

As Pats's eye fell on Solomon he brightened up. "There's that dog eats only the very things we are unable to spare. Why shouldn't *he* eat eggs?"

"You might try and teach him."

"Tell me," said Pats, "why hens should lay nothing but eggs—always eggs? Why shouldn't they lay pears, lemons, tomatoes—things we really need?"

In silence the lady continued her work.

"Angel Cook."

"Well?"

"What do you think?"

"I think, considering your years, that your conversation is lamentable. Eggs are very nourishing, and we are lucky to have them. Didn't I make you a nice omelette only a few days ago"

"You did, and I never knew a better for its purpose. I still use it for cleaning the windows."

"Really! Well, you would better make it last, for you won't get another."

"Oh, don't be angry! I thought you meant it as a keepsake."

He approached with repentant air, but when threatened by her doughy hands he retreated and sat on the big chest by the window. This chest had served for his bed since his convalescence.

Elinor frowned and pointed to the fire. Pats arose and laid on a fresh stick, then knelt upon the hearth and with a seventeenth century bellows inlaid with silver, that would have graced the drawing-room of a palace, he coaxed the fire into a more active life.

"Now go out and bring in some wood. More small sticks. Not the big ones."

XII—THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

DURING dinner—which occurred at noon—there were fewer words that day, and with somewhat more reflection than was usual. The store of provisions now rapidly disappearing, together with no prospect of immediate escape, furnished rich material for thought.

Both knew the raft might prove a treacherous reliance. Instead of landing them on the opposite bank of the river there were excellent chances of its carrying them out to sea. And the prevailing westerly wind was almost sure to drive them backward to the east again. Pats had been all over this so many times in his own mind—and with Elinor—that

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the subject was pretty well exhausted. But still, from habit, he speculated.

"A penny for your thoughts."

He raised his eyes, and as they met her own his habitual cheerfulness returned. "My thoughts are worth more than that, for I was thinking of you."

"Something bad?"

"I was wondering how many days you could foot it through the wilderness before giving out."

"For ever, little Patsy, if you were with me."

"Then we have nothing to fear. We can both march on for ever. You are not only food and drink to me—that is, the equivalent of corncake, potatoes, marmalade and claret—but your presence is life and strength and a spiritual tonic."

"That is a good sentiment," and she reached forth a hand, which he took.

"Merely to look at you," he continued, "will be exhilarating on a long march. And to hear your voice, and touch you—why, my soul becomes drunk in thinking of it."

"Then you expect to be in a state of intoxication during the whole journey?"

"That is my hope."

It happened, a few minutes later, that she herself became preoccupied, her eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the little portrait on the opposite chair.

"A dollar for your thoughts."

"Why so much?"

"Because any thought of yours," said Pats, "is worth at least a dollar."

"Thanks."

"You were thinking, as usual, of that woman. The woman who has my place."

"It is *her* place; she had it before we came."

"But you ought to be looking at *me* all this time. I am the person for you to think about. I shall end by hating the woman."

"Oh, you mustn't be jealous. You *can't* hate her. Such a gentle face! And then all the mystery that goes with her! I would give anything to know who she was."

Pats scowled: "You would give Solomon and me, among other things."

"No, never!" And again she extended the hand, but he frowned upon it and drew back into the farther corner of his chair. She laughed. "And is Fatsy really jealous?"

"No, not jealous; but hurt, disgusted, outraged, and upset."

"Because I insist upon treating our hostess with respect and recognizing her rights?"

"Our hostess! More likely some female devil who beguiled the old man. Probably he was so ashamed of her he never dared go home again."

"Oh, Pats! I blush for you."

"It's a silly face."

"It is a face full of character."

"Oh, come now, Elinor! It would pass for a portrait of the full moon."

"Well, the full moon has character. And I love those big merry eyes with the funny little, melancholy kind of droop at the outer corners. Poor thing! She must have had a sad life out here in the wilderness."

"Thank you."

As their eyes met he frowned again, and she, for the third time, extended the hand. "A sad life, because she had no Pats."

But he refused the hand. "That is very clever, but too late. The stab had already reached home."

She smiled and began to fold her napkin.

"To return to business, Miss Marshall, of Boston, the provisions are so low that we really must decide on something."

"How long will they last?"

"Perhaps a month or six weeks. Could you pull through the winter on eggs and dried apples—and candles?"

"If necessary."

He laughed. "I believe you could! You are an angel, a Spartan, and a sport. Your nature is simply an extravagant profusion of the highest human attributes. And the worst of it is, you look it. You are too beautiful—in a superior, overtopping way. You scare me."

She pushed back her chair. "You have said all that before."

"You remember the frog who was in love with the moon?"

She regarded him from the corners of her eyes, but made no reply.

"He used to sit in his puddle and adore her. One pleasant evening she came down out of the sky and kissed him."

"That was very good of her. And then what happened?"

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"It killed him."

Elinor pushed back her chair, arose from the table and stood beside him. "Do you think it was a happy death?"

"Of course it was! Lucky devil!"

"Well, close your eyes and dream that I am the moon looking down at you."

With face upturned, just enough to make it easier for the moon, Pats closed his eyes. In serene anticipation he awaited the delectable contact that never failed to send a thrill of pleasure through all his being. But the tranquil, beatific smile changed swiftly to a very different expression as he felt against his lips—a slice of dried apple. And the cold moon stepped back beyond his reach, and laughed.

When the table had been cleared and the dishes washed Pats, Elinor, and Solomon went out behind the house and stood near the edge of the cliff. Eastward, across the bay, Pats pointed to a distant headland running out into the gulf, the highest land in sight.

"As near as I can guess that hill is about twenty miles away. If there is nothing between to hinder I can walk it in a day. Now, from that highest point I can probably get a view for many miles. Who knows what lies beyond? There may be a settlement very near. In that case we are saved."

"And suppose there is none?"

"Then I return, and we are no worse off than we were before."

Elinor stood beside him, regarding the distant promontory with thoughtful eyes. He put his arm around her waist. "You see the sense of it, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so. How long would you be gone?"

"Not over three days."

"That is, three days and two nights."

"Yes."

"And if the ground is very rough, and there are swamps, and divers things, it might be longer still."

"Hardly likely."

"And what am I to do while you are gone?"

"Oh, just wait."

She moved away and stood facing him. "Yes, that is like a man. Just wait! Just wait and worry. Just watch by day and lie awake at night. Just be sick with anxiety for four or five days. You would find me dead when you returned. Why should not I go with you?"

He seemed surprised. Into the ever-cheerful face came a look of anxiety. "I am afraid it would be a hard tramp for you, Angel Cook. And there would be twice as much luggage to carry, and we should be a longer time away."

"I will carry my own luggage."

"Never!"

"But I shall go with you."

"Is that a final decision?"

She nodded, an emphatic, half-fierce little nod, and frowned.

Pats smiled. "Miss Elinor Marshall, I am, as I have before remarked, your humble and adoring slave. Your will is law. When shall we start?"

"Whenever you say."

"To-morrow?"

She nodded, this time with a smile.

"Early?"

"As early as you please."

"Then at crack o' dawn we go."

And the next morning, at crack o' dawn, they started off, Pats with a knapsack so voluminous that he resembled a peddler.

Elinor thought it too much for him to carry. "You can never walk all day with that on your back. Pedestrians that I have seen never carry such loads."

"Then you have never seen pedestrians who carry their food and lodgings with them. And you forget that we are not in the zone of large hotels."

"I feel very guilty. If I were not along you would have less to carry."

"Have no fears, Light of the North. If one of us three falls by the wayside it will be neither Solomon nor myself."

This knapsack consisted of three blankets—two of flannel, one of rubber—some claret bottles filled with water, and food for five days. There was also coffee and a little brandy.

As they started off, along their own little beach, the sun was just appearing over the strip of land ahead. Solomon, in high spirits, galloped madly about on the hard sand, with an occasional plunge among the breakers. But Pats and Elinor, although similarly affected by the morning air, economized their steps, for a long day's tramp was before them.

At the eastern end of the beach, before

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entering the woods, both stopped and took a final look toward home. A rosy light was on sea and land. Beyond the beach, with its tumbling waves all aglow from the rising sun, stood the Point of Lory, and their eyes lingered about the cottage. Nestling peacefully among the pines, it also caught the morning light.

"Adieu, little house," said Elinor. And then, turning to Pats, "Why, I am really sorry to leave it."

"So am I, for it has given me the happiest days of my life—or of anybody's life."

In and out among the trees they tramped, three hours or more, with intervals for rest, generally through the woods, but always keeping near the coast unless for a shorter cut across the base of some little peninsula. Elinor stood it well and enjoyed with Pats the excitement of discovery. After a long nooning they pushed on until nearly sunset. When they halted for the night both explorers were still in good condition; but the next morning, in starting off, each confessed to a stiffness in the lower muscles. This disappeared, however, after an hour's walking.

Early in the afternoon of this second day's march they stood upon the top of the hill which, from a distance, had promised a commanding view. But they found, as so often happens to every kind of climber, that another hill, still higher and farther on, was the one to be attained. So they pushed ahead. Just before reaching the summit of this final hill Pats halted.

"Now comes a critical moment. What do you think we shall see?"

Elinor shook her head sadly. "I am prepared for the worst; for the wilderness, without a sign of human life."

Pats's ever-cheerful face took on a smile. "I suspect you are right, but I am not admitting it officially. I prophesy that we shall look down upon a large and very fashionable summer hotel."

"Awful thought!" And she smiled as she surveyed her own attire and that of Pats. "What a sensation we should create! You with that faded old flannel shirt, your two days' beard and those extraordinary South African trousers; and I, sunburnt as a gypsy, with my hair half down——"

"No hair like it in the world——"

"And this weather-beaten dress. What would they take us for?"

"For what we are—tramps, happy tramps."

Five minutes later they stood upon the summit. To the eastward, as far as sight could reach, lay the same wild coast. For several miles every detail of the shore stood clearly out beneath a cloudless sky. Of man or his habitation they saw no sign. To the vast sweep of pines—like an ocean of sombre green—there was no visible limit either to the east or north. And southward, over the blue expanse, no sail or craft of any kind disturbed the surface of the sea. Here and there along the coast shone a strip of yellow beach with its fringe of glistening foam. Not far away an opening among the trees, extending inland for several miles, showed the grasses of a salt marsh.

In silence Pats and Elinor gazed upon this scene. Beautiful it was; grand, indescribably impressive; but it brought to both observers the keenest sense of their isolation. The vastness of it, and the stillness, brought a vague despair; and, to the girl, a sort of terror. Tears came to her eyes.

Pats turned and saw them. His own face had taken on a sadder look than was often allowed there, but his eyes met hers with their customary cheerfulness. For the first time since their acquaintance, Elinor wept—very gently, but she wept. All that a sympathetic and unskilful lover could do was done by Pats. He patted her back, kissed her hair, and suggested brandy. Her collapse, however, was of short duration. She drew back and smiled and apologized for her weakness.

"I am ashamed of myself for breaking down. But it's the first time, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is; and I have wondered at your courage. But do it all the time if you feel the least bit better."

She smiled and shook her head. "No, I shall not collapse again. I shall follow your example. You are always in good spirits."

"I? Well, I should think I might be! Here I am alone in the wilderness with the girl that all men desire, and not a rival in sight! Why, I am in Heaven! I had never dreamed that a fellow could have such an existence. I am *too* happy."

When they descended the hill and started leisurely on the homeward march two smiling faces were illumined by the western sun.

(To be concluded.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

"A GREAT industrial community such as that of the United States," said Matthew Arnold in one of his American lectures, "must and will shape its education to suit its own needs." The truth of the comment is brought home to us by an event like the Yale bi-centennial, which marks, first of all, the passing of the traditional Yale as it merges into a modern university. The significance of such a change was tersely defined by President Pritchett, of the Institute of Technology, when he said at Harvard that the modern university fits the student "for the sort of environment which a man is to find in the world"—meaning the world of business. This definition emphasizes the displacement of what used to be called "the humanities" by what may be called the utilities, that is by "practical" studies needed for a given calling and not for general culture. A like thought was conspicuous in the discussions of last summer's convocation of the University of the State of New York. For example, Mr. St. Clair McKelway, in pleading for the continued usefulness of the small college under modern conditions, confessed, not without sarcasm, "to an admiration for the audacity and feasibility of the idea that the universities proper drop their literary and college features, and transform themselves into professional, special, technical, and post-graduate study-shops." While Professor Downing, of the New York Training School for Teachers, in welcoming signs of a reaction toward "humanistic studies," went so far as to affirm that the laboratory method, except in the hands of a master, fails to develop closeness of attention, exact knowledge, or the power to think.

The Question of the Humanities.

The *motif* of the new educational scheme, born of industrialism, is the axiomatic principle that the student will best do that which he is best adapted to do. This, of course, is absolutely true if educational results are to be measured by quantitative attainment. But this reckoning in the lump leaves out of account the discipline which comes from an even partial mastery of that for which one has an inaptitude. Professor Bernadotte Perrin, a man of university largeness of view, once put this strikingly in contrasting the Yale that was with the Yale that is. The old-fashioned method he described as one where "a teacher with more or less formal knowledge laid a small section of that knowledge before the pupil and compelled him to acquire it within a given time under pain of punishment." It was a method that lacked both "elucidation" and "enticement," driving the pupil, not leading him. But, continued Professor Perrin, "the rude process fostered in the pupil a confidence in his own powers, an expectation of conquest and a delight in it, a vigor and persistency of effort, which many of us miss in the products of the modern educational processes." The result of the application of this older method down to a rather recent Yale, one of about ten years ago, is interesting. The graduates of Yale, as a class, have been practical men of affairs, competent men in the world's work, and only occasionally idealists, men of literary and artistic leanings. They have enjoyed an apparent advantage of equipment over the technically trained student, in that they were forced to learn the art of adaptation to an adverse environment. If this be to any degree a warranted conclusion, may not the theory of training a man according to his aptitude—that is, of training him in college for his special calling or career—often fail at the very point at which it is most confidently expected to succeed?

The half-defined but widely felt fear lest liberty of individualism has already gone too far toward license, may not improbably lead to a new appreciation of the humanistic studies as an "educational tool." This need not involve a displacement of the scientific ideal, or mean a return to an outgrown and discarded curriculum. Rather the true compromise may be found in the suggestion of Hadley that university teaching be scientific rather than technical, not aiming so much to anticipate the things to be learned in practical life as to insist on the things not to be learned there. In short, a university, to elaborate Hadley's suggestion, should be a training-school no less than a study-shop, developing capacity even more than a special aptitude.

THE new American interest in international law and politics may be very usefully directed into suggestive channels of thought by such books as the recent translation of Gustav Rümelin's "Politics and the Moral Law." This is what the man in the street would call an academic discussion

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of the never-solved question as to the extent to which political morality and individual morality may or may not be held to be governed by the same laws. But as it presents its matter simply, succinctly, and as lucidly as the subject admits of, Mr. Frederick Holls, author of "The Peace Conference at the Hague," who has supplied it with notes and a preface, has evidently thought that it might win its way into the attention of a class of readers that usually does not occupy itself with the metaphysics of the subject. It is certainly desirable that the study of the higher political ethics should be popularized among us, or, in any case, that we should popularly recognize that there is such a distinct branch of ethics; our own concrete tendencies in politics, and absence of international affiliations, having hitherto kept us more indifferent to these topics than an intelligent public in European countries.

Future International Ethics.

As it happens, the conclusions put forward in the present little book are not such as would popularly be called academic. Gustav Rümelin's views were opportunist—were the views, in fact, of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, and many other "theorists," who, in their recognition of the greater chances for the conflict of equal claims in political than in private duties, have been as "practical" as anyone could desire in believing that, while politics and individual morals both belong to ethics, they cannot be judged as ethical on the same lines. This, however, is not, in any book of this kind, the main matter of interest to Americans. The great point to them is that this ancient subject of the ethics of politics is about to enter a fresh phase in the world; and that it is a phase with which, by reason of their particular organization, they have a very special concern.

Until there really was established, by closeness of mental and physical communication, a genuine, constant, and active interest among the different nations in each other's affairs, how little, or how much, politics, in the higher sense, could, or should, come under the moral law that is valid for the individual was, after all, a topic of speculation that did not closely touch the mass of people. If there never has yet been found a means of discharging all national and international obligations upon the exact principles that a moral man would use in solving the problems of his personal duties, it is not to be forgotten that statesmen and philosophers formerly pondered political puzzles largely *in camera*. This, certainly, is changing; and where, owing to our increased knowledge of each other, every practical solution of a political problem anywhere can be compared by intelligent laymen with all other similar solutions, it is not unreasonable to expect that the politico-ethical sense of mankind must receive a perfectly new development and, with that development, new lights.

Ideally, the American stands for the proposition that there *should* be no discrepancy between the idea of what is moral for the individual and what is moral for the state. That "laxity of principle," in the words of John Stuart Mill, "which has almost always prevailed in public matters, even when the moralities of private life have met with a tolerable amount of observance," the American has always declared, by his most representative men, not to be inevitable. Mr. Frederick Holls quotes James Russell Lowell, and E. J. Phelps's Harvard address in 1889, as substantially defining the ideal American position in these matters. The ideal American position is that "the highest morality and justice" should always prevail in international affairs as they should in private affairs; and, moreover, that the "right should always be preferred to the expedient"; which should be the less difficult that the right will, in the end, prove to have been the expedient.

These are not, it is certain, the opinions of the rest of the world; neither the opinions of philosophers nor of practical statesmen. They are desirable consummations, but they have never "worked." And there is really nothing to entitle the American to maintain that they ever can "work" but the altered situation in which all the nations of the earth now stand toward each other. That, however, is quite reason enough. He simply believes (whether his practical conduct invariably tallies with his belief is not to the purpose) that all nations will find a way to be fairer to each other in the future because, where all the circumstances of a given case are known and understood, to strike the medium honest course will be easier, just as it is in the dealings of individuals among themselves. This is not utopian. To believe that out of new elements new results may come is neither unpractical nor visionary. The service of all such discussions as that of the essay here considered is that they ultimately tend to make clear to the national consciousness the reasons for ideals that before, perhaps, were merely instinctive.

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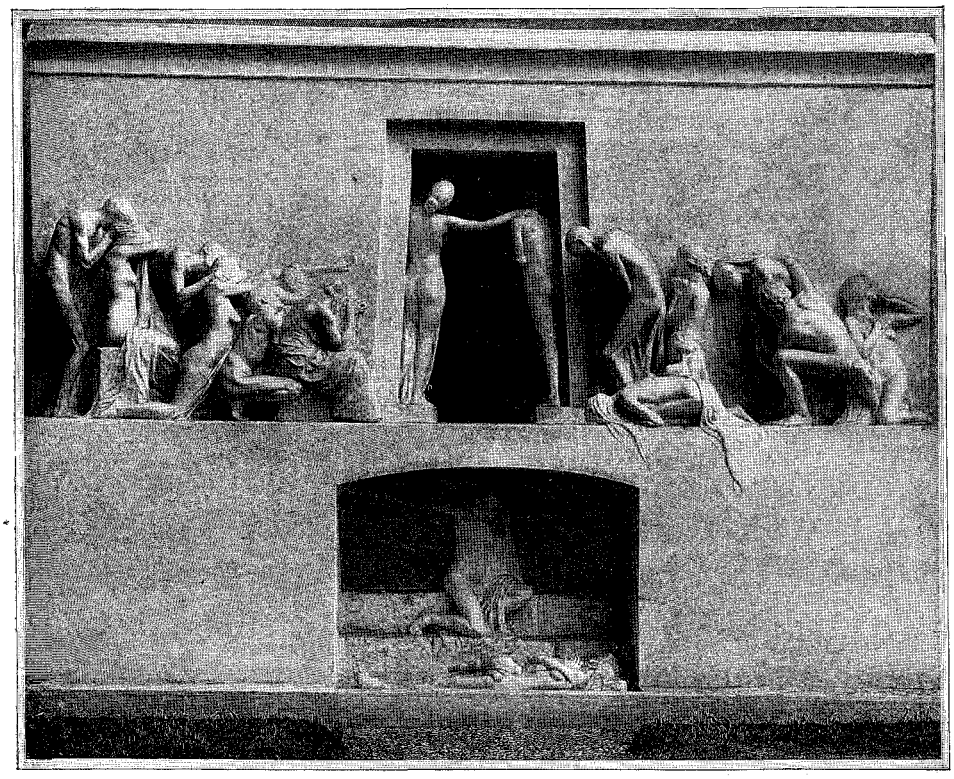
THE FIELD OF ART



I

SCULPTURE OF EXPRESSION AND ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ

IN the cemetery of Père Lachaise, facing those who have walked straight into the enclosure by the principal avenue, is the Monument of the Dead, very recently built and completed with its elaborate sculptures. For what concerns us now it is merely a frontispiece—a massive wall built across the end of the broad foot-path and stopping the way which is carried farther only by two *perrons* which leave the path and mount to right and to left. This solid wall is, however, fashioned into the semblance of a very elaborate tomb with two wings, each having a small, seeming doorway filled with a slab of stone, and a centre in two stories, the upper story receding from the face of the lower and finished at top with a cornice, whose large hollow cove, terminating the battering walls below, completes the distant resemblance to an Egyptian pylon. Above the largest and central doorway — the one in which are the two figures entering the darkness of the tomb (Fig. I)—are carved the words AUX MORTS. Our photographs, taken from the earlier models prepared by the sculptor, do not give this architectural distribution; but the sculpture is in all respects the same; and it is with the sculpture that we concern ourselves now.

As for the sculpture, however, there remains that most interesting question how far the artist, when he has a statue—still more a large group—to model, may go in abandoning quietness, immobility, the expression of repose. Let us not seem to give positive laws for the conceptions of the artist: the sculptor, like the painter, is free to do as he pleases under the penalty of displeasing. If, then, we ask whether it is well that sculpture should deal with vigorous expression, in the sense of move-

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ment, in the sense of violent grief and headlong passion, it is that the spectator, the student, reserves his right to disapprove strongly of that which seems to him an offence. And the question is now whether such sculpture as this is more an offence than a joy to the enlightened student of that art who may approach this monument without previously formed ideas of its immediate character. The fact that this sculpture adorns and completes a mortuary monument merely serves to add immediate interest to the question.

There can be no mistake about the pathetic character of the composition. The sculptor's attempt has been, it is clear, to express the diversity of passion (that word being used in its original sense of *strong feeling*) with which humanity faces the close of the present life. On the left of the entrance (the spectator's left) a very old woman sits with her head on her hands and her hair falling about her, the sentiment being, apparently, that regret of life which even the very old are thought to feel, that passionate clinging to this existence, with all its sorrows, fully as much as to its enjoyments merely. On the right, the contrasting feeling seems to be conveyed by the old man who seizes the jamb of the great door to steady his feeble steps. At his feet, however, is a young woman, her head bruised upon the stone in the extremity of her horror and distress, but again to contrast with this is the kneeling young girl who looks tranquilly at Death as something which she has been taught to reverence rather than to dread unduly. Behind her again a couple of lovers face death together, their diverse play of emotion too subtile to be expressed in words with any certainty, but all the more on this account forming a minor group, perhaps the most refined of the entire composition. Again, on this side, and at the extreme end of the group, a young woman turns to bid farewell to what she loves and is leaving behind her, completing so the gradation of sentiment from entire abandonment to death to the longing look back upon the lost world. On the left, behind the old woman described above, are other figures rendering diversity of sentiment with much delicacy, with considerable grace, and with the evidence of almost unlimited power of invention. It is in this, indeed, that the sculptor seems to excel, most markedly, other men of his time. Ideas occur to him, ideas of sentiment not strictly artistic, and of artistic ideas with which the former may be so easily combined that they seem as one; and the best of all in this respect seems to be the central group, where Man and Woman actually enter the door to the unknown, and walk along the narrow pathways which border the central avenue. Why do these narrow pathways exist? They are needed as bases to raise the two figures above the flat floor of the broad passage—in that they are artistically important; but beyond this have they a reason of sentiment—an expressional reason? If not, then in one item at least, the sculptural composition and the sentimental composition are not quite one; and this is a useful point to observe, as illustrating, more clearly than anything else could, the close connection between the management of the Thoughts on Death and the Thoughts of Form. The central idea, that of the two persons passing into the grave, the man completely occupied with the great question Whither, while the woman, at once needing and offering sympathy, thinks more of her companion than he of her, and lays an extended hand upon his shoulder—all this is most finely imagined. Below, in the great opening of the basement, a personage who may be thought to represent the Spirit of the Future, or the Spirit of Hope, contemplates the recumbent bodies of the dead, and seems to draw from their presence a message, or at least a suggestion, which has in it something that is not despair, not merely resignation to that which cannot be avoided, but an appeal whose full significance every looker-on may interpret for himself.

If now the modelling of these figures is full of refinement and strength, as is certainly true of them, the next question which concerns us is the propriety of such extremely realistic rendering of the body in age and in youth. That this was in a sense essential to the sculptor's thought is at once evident, and that necessity criticises the thought itself. It was evidently essential that the man entering the way to the grave should not be modelled on the lines of a Doryphoros—of a youthful athlete in the pride of Greek vigor, and expressing the culmination of ideal form. It was obviously right that the woman should not be studied as the typical female body, should not be studied as the torso of the Venus of Melos is studied, nor even as are thought out and created the forms of that giantess who is crouched upon the tomb of Lorenzo dei Medici. Each of these two figures had to be in a way expressive of the ex-

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III

Portrait Medallion by Albert Bartholomé.

isting man and woman as the sculptor knew them; not unidealized; not directly studied from any model in either case, not portraits nor anything like that. The modelling of the figure was, in either case, completely independent and abstract, expressing the thought of manhood and of womanhood in its simple, obvious, not too perfect modern character. And so with the figures on either side. The more vigorous action of those figures allows of more interest being given to the realistically imagined forms of man and woman, old and young; but here also there is the undoubted room for critical comment, and for an almost painful doubt as to whether such subjects are good for sculptural treatment. "Human worms," a phrase which has been applied to these and to other similar thoughts in realistic form, expresses very coarsely the bad side of such design. It is, perhaps, not the business of the sculptor to see things as they really are. Leave that to the writers who are not of necessity poets; but every sculptor is by his very nature a poet; or if not, he should be employed in another occupation, where poetry is not so essential. But on the whole it is to this present writer a gratification that the monument exists in all its realistic character. That it is as far away as Paris is a regret; for while one would not make his tranquil Sunday evening visits to it with the hope of drawing consolation therefrom, it is not consolation alone which the student of life most needs.

R. S.

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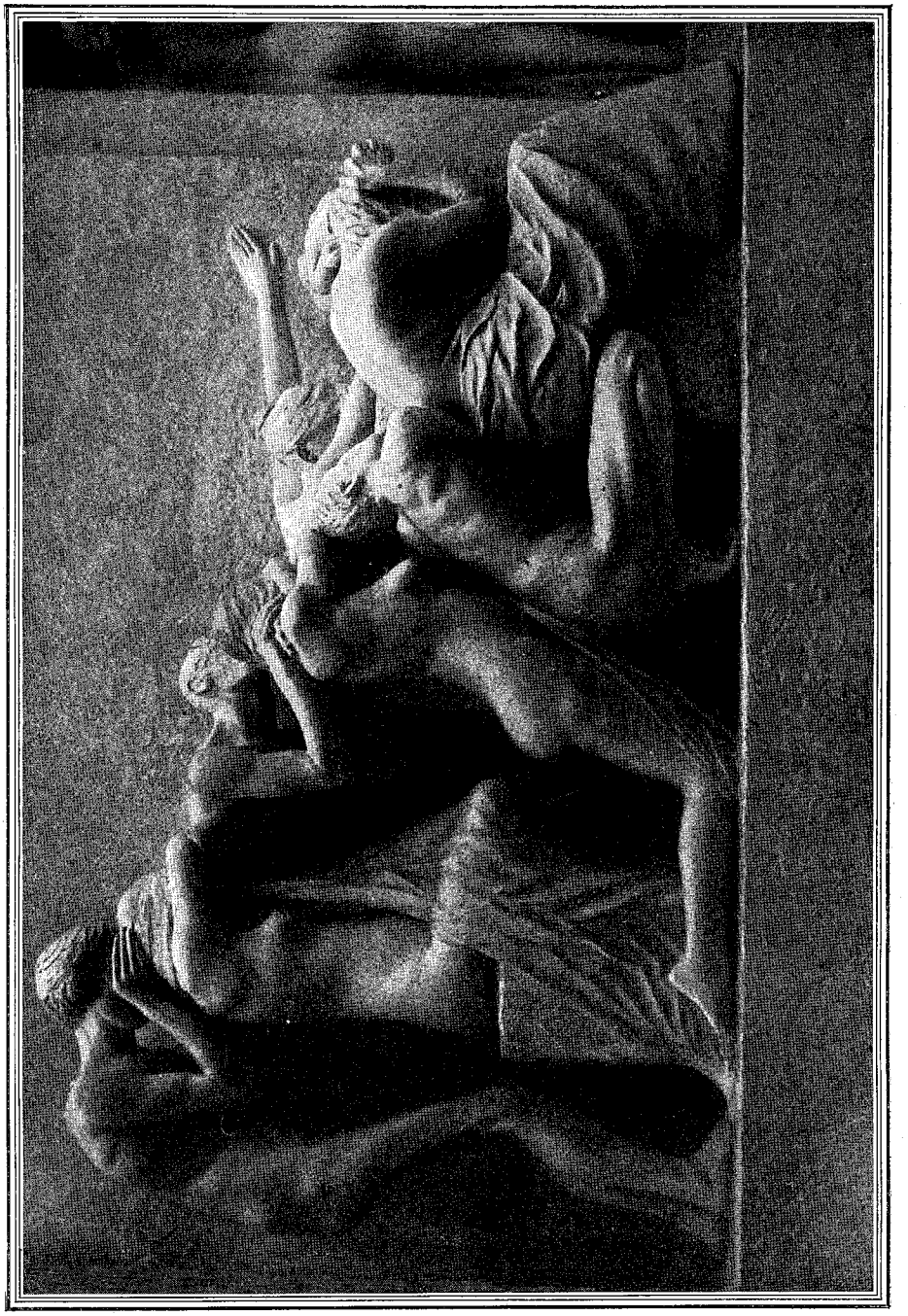

II

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